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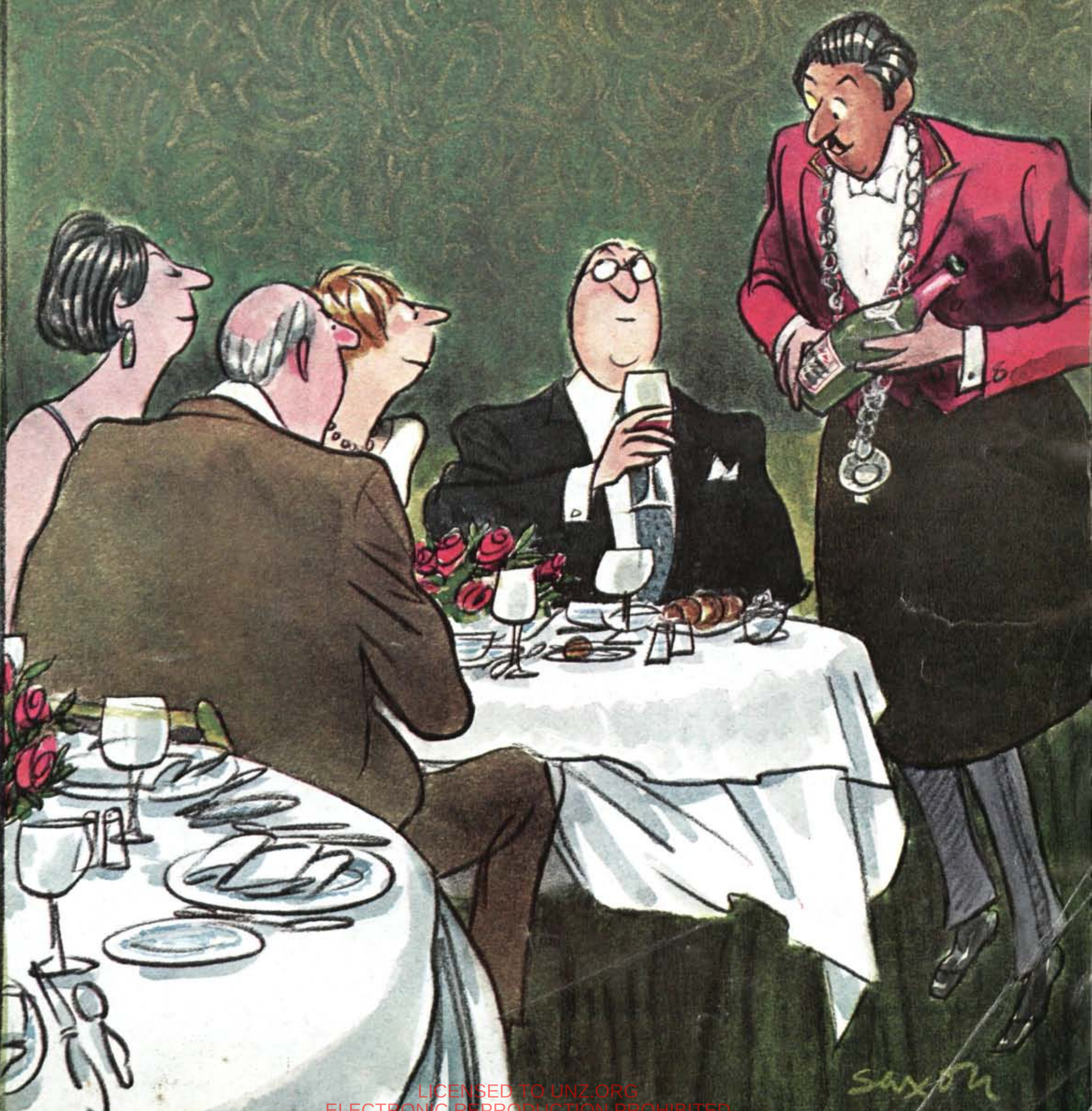
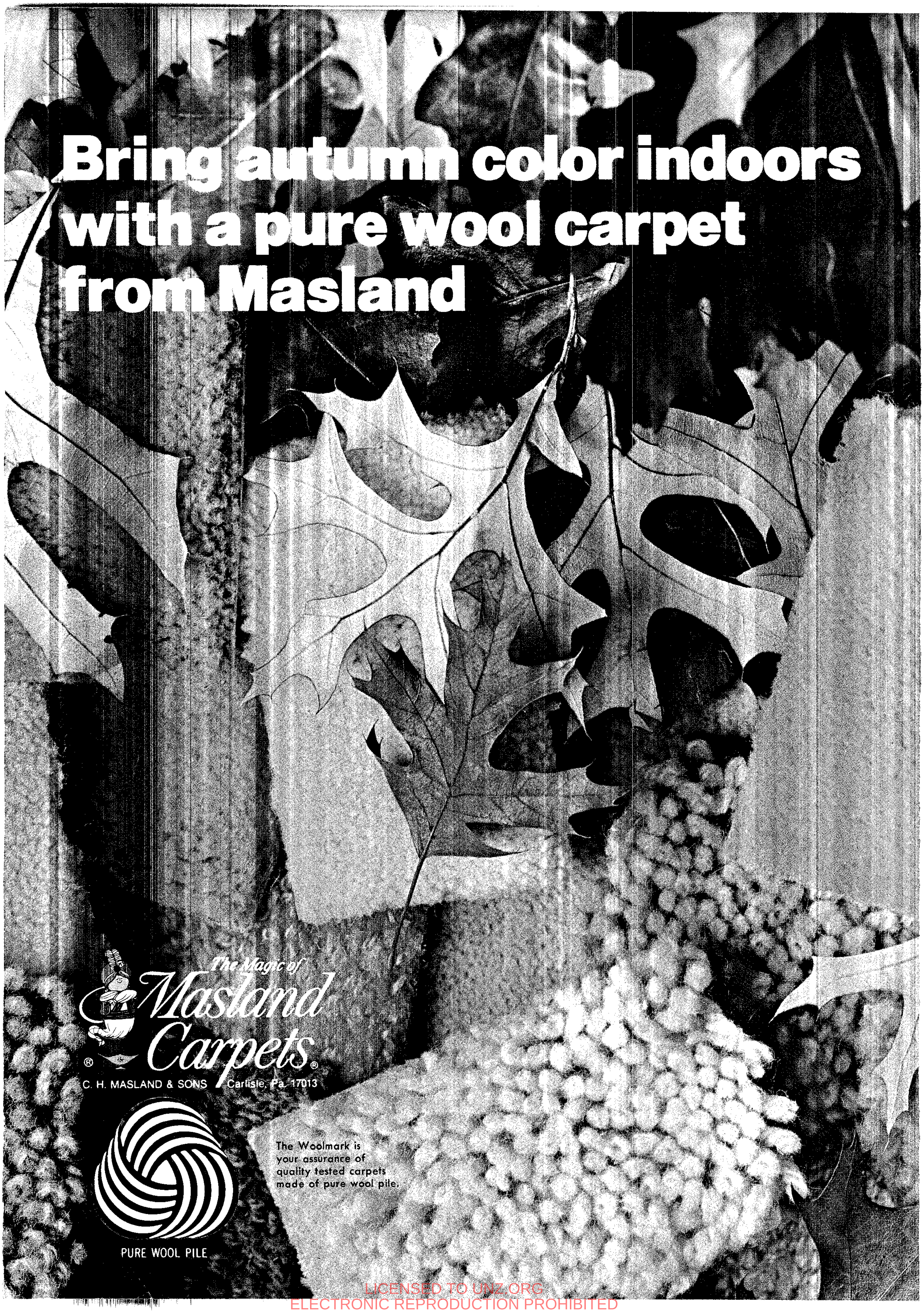
THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Bob and Ray–The Two and Only—A delightful evening of skits about radio and TV by two stars of radio and TV, cunningly directed by Joseph Hardy. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Boesman and Lena—Rudy Dee and James Earl Jones are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. Starting Tuesday, Oct. 6, Zakes Mokae will replace Mr. Jones. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cage—The horrors and brutality of prison life, as portrayed by six actors, all of them ex-convicts, including the play's author, Rick Cluchey. The situation depicted is indeed dreadful, but the play could be a lot better. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Children in the Rain—A three-character play by Dennis McIntyre. Previews Wednesday, Sept. 30, at 3 and 8, and Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8:30. Opens officially on Friday, Oct. 2, at 7:30. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Child's Play—Robert Marasco's spooky play about how pedagogy corrupts and absolute pedagogy corrupts absolutely. With brilliant performances by Pat Hingle, Fritz Weaver, and Ken Howard. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays, except Oct. 9, and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Special matinées Wednesday, Oct. 7, and Sunday, Oct. 11, at 3.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Swoosie Kurtz, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Happiness Cage—A play by Dennis Reardon, the opening production of the New York Shakespeare Festival's winter season. (Public/Newman, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Opium—Roc Brynner in his own adaptation of Jean Cocteau's "Opium, Journal of a Cure." Ranald Graham is the director. Previews Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 3, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 4, at 7:30. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 5. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Steambath—Purgatory is a steam bath, and God is a Puerto Rican attendant there. This comedy, by Bruce Jay Friedman, is not entirely successful, but it is much funnier than many tidier shows. Hector Elizondo is delightful as God, and Conrad Bain and Anthony Perkins, who also directed, are very good, too. Splendid setting by David Mitchell. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Trelawny of the "Wells"—A revival of the Arthur Wing Pinero comedy, and another offering of the New York Shakespeare Festival. First public performance Thursday, Oct. 1. (Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**adaptation** and **next:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performance Wednesday, Sept. 30.)... **butterflies are free:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Keir Dullea, Kathleen Miller, and Eileen Heckart. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **forty carats:** Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, this trifle offers an occasion for Zsa Zsa Gabor, Tom Poston, and a number of other actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **last of the red hot lovers:** Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **no place to be somebody:** Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sun-

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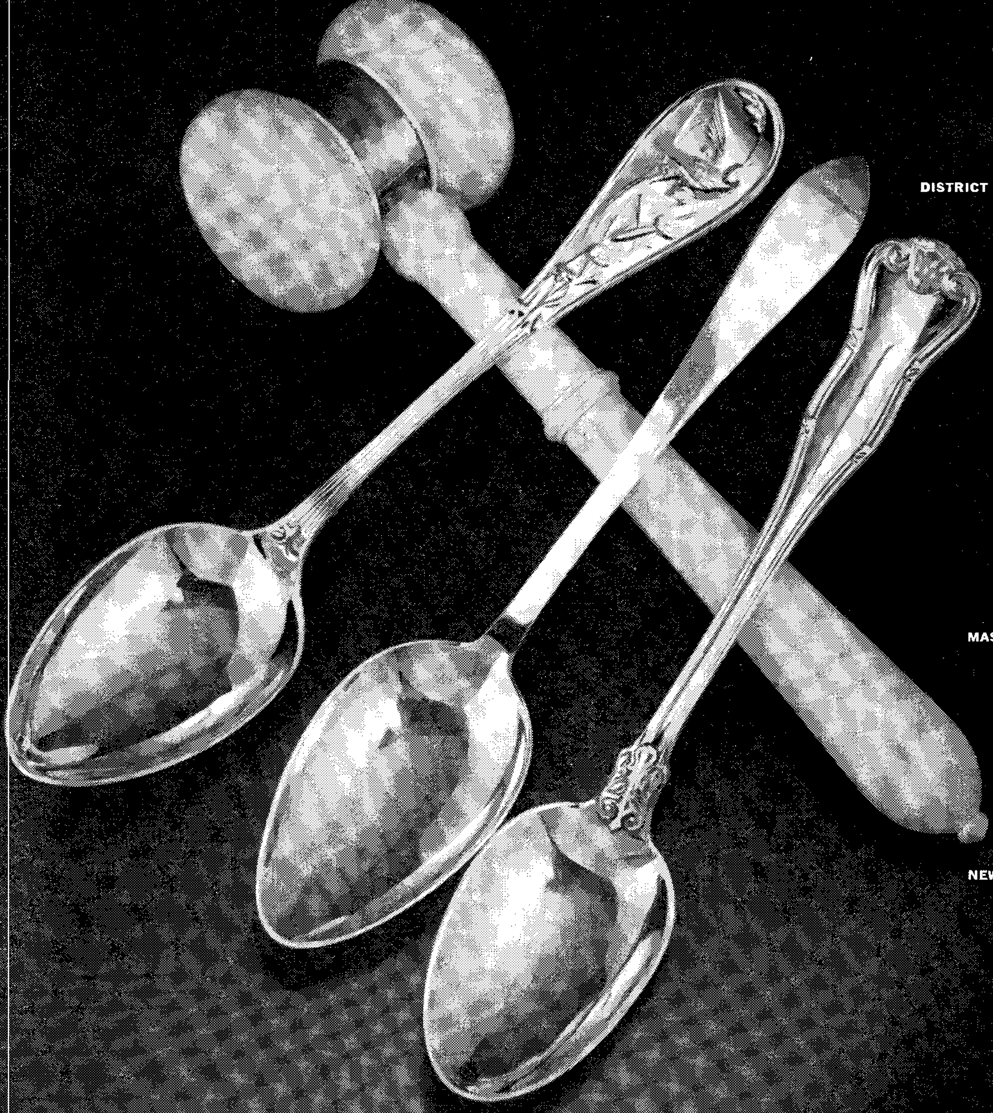

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

CORT
THEATRE
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days at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 3.)

MUSICALS

APPLAUSE—A rousing, tireless, immensely skillful retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COMPANY—A marvellous cast, headed by Larry Kert, Susan Browning, and Elaine Stritch, in a fresh and funny show. George Furth did the excellent book, and Stephen Sondheim did the equally attractive music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GOLDEN BAT—The humor and good humor, the delightful score and dancing, and the intermingling of ritual with openness of feeling combine to make this musical from Japan one of the most original, charming shows in town. The troupe, which calls itself the Tokyo Kid Brothers, fortunately includes quite a number of Kid Sisters. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words by Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE ME NOBODY KNOWS—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PURLIE—An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious," grown too big for its hand-me-down breeches. With Cleavon Little and Melba Moore, who are very good. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, at 8. Thereafter, Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **COCO:** Danielle Darrieux in a musical by Alan Jay Lerner and André Previn about the great Gabrielle Chanel of Paris, with sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** —By Jove, it is tea, Haines said. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Buck Mulligan went on hewing and wheedling: —*So I do, Mrs. Cahill,* says she. *Begob, ma'am,* says Mrs. Cahill, *God send you don't make them in the one pot.* (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** He lunged towards his messmates in turn a thick slice of bread, impaled on his knife. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Gideon Singer plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Wednesday, Sept. 30, at 8: "Petrouchka," "The Still Point" (première), and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "The Still Point," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 2, at 8: "Konservatoriet," "Fanfarita," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 2:30: "Konservatoriet," "Fanfarita," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 4, at 2:30: "Konservatoriet," "Fanfarita," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 4, at 7:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "The Still Point," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 8: "Moves," "Confetti," "The Still Point," and "Façade."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Trinity" (première), and "The Green Table."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8: "Moves," "Confetti," "The Still Point," and "Façade."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 9, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Trinity," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2:30: "Petrouchka," "William Tell Variations," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Konservatoriet," "The Still Point," and "Pineapple Poll." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 8.)

MARTHA GRAHAM AND DANCE COMPANY—Friday, Oct. 2, at 8: An unnamed ballet (première), "Deaths and Entrances," and "Every Soul Is a Circus."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8: "El Penitente," "Oases," and "Letter to the World."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 4, at 2: "Phaedra," "El Penitente," and "Oases."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 4, at 7:30: The new unnamed ballet, "Deaths and Entrances," and "Appalachian Spring."... ¶ Monday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Cave of the Heart," "Every Soul Is a Circus," and "Letter to the World."... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 8: "El Penitente," "Cave of the Heart," and "Every Soul Is a Circus."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Appalachian Spring," "Oases," and "Deaths and Entrances."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8: "Phaedra," the unnamed ballet, and "Letter to the World." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

MOISEYEV DANCE COMPANY—A two-week return engagement by a hundred and ten dancers from Moscow, plus a symphony orchestra. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 6, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 18. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

CIRO—And his Ballet Flamenco. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 4, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

ROYAL LIPIZZAN STALLION SHOW—Forty white stallions in demonstrations of the precision equestrian art of *haute école,* plus dressage performances by American Albinos, Andalusians, Arabians, quarter-horses, and Morgans. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Oct. 9, at 7:30; Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Oct. 11, at 2 and 6; and Monday, Oct. 12, at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Not for comfort-seekers, only for those who dig entertainment of a contemporary sort. Jake and the Family Jewels do some fairly predictable country-flavored things, alternating with singer-composer Peter Allen. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 2-4, the happily caustic David Steinberg will join the show. On Wednesday, Oct. 7, the reins will shift to singer John Hartford, who gets a lot of plinks and plunks into his rural music, and a couple known as Janie and Dennis. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Gregariousness is evident in this wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from eleven to three. Bobby Timmons' smooth and precise electric piano is accompanied by Mickey Bass's bass. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

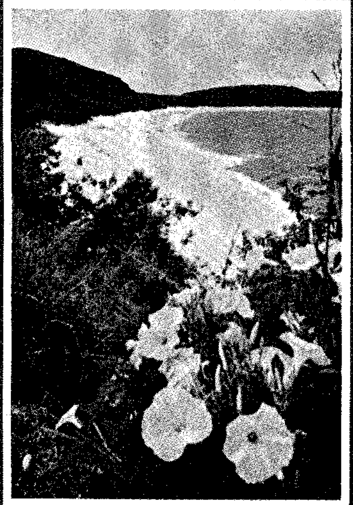
GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Way West, but near a crosstown bus, this spot offers music from the instrument it is named for, along with cooking from the Old Kentucky (or Georgia or Mississippi) Home. The schedule: Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 3, the Chuck Wayne duo. Sunday, Oct. 4, the Skeeter Best duo. Beginning Wednesday, Oct. 7, guitarists George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from ninethirty to three or four.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The history of jazz is immanent in this club, where innovation tends to rest on strong foundations. James Moody's quartet plays until Tuesday, Oct. 6, when the Al Cohn quartet will take charge. Fridays through Sundays, cool-jazz singer Anita O'Day is onstage too. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

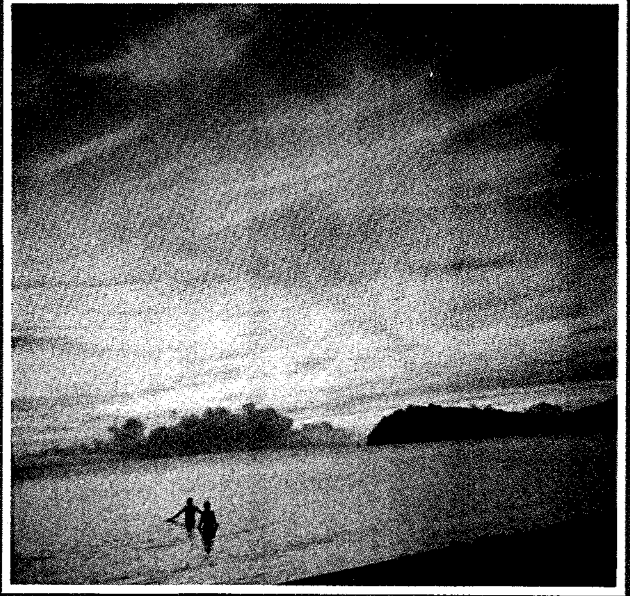
JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old hangout, a dependable haven for traditional jazz. The musicians, most of the time, are Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi, and they carry on from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Nostalgia efflorescent. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of

These are the beaches of the Caribbean Riviera.

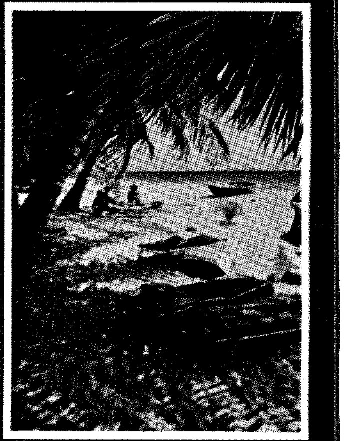


When you go to the beach in unspoiled French St. Martin, take a book along for company. Or a friend.



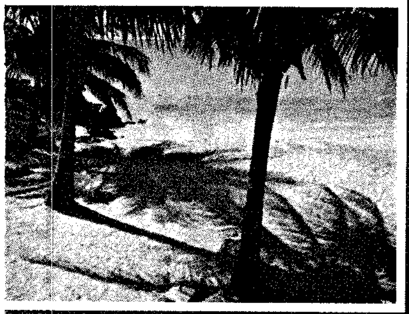
Some of our most romantic beaches are on Martinique. This one is a public beach not far from Empress Josephine's birthplace.

Guadeloupe has beaches that combine open stretches of white sand with the cool shade of giant palms.

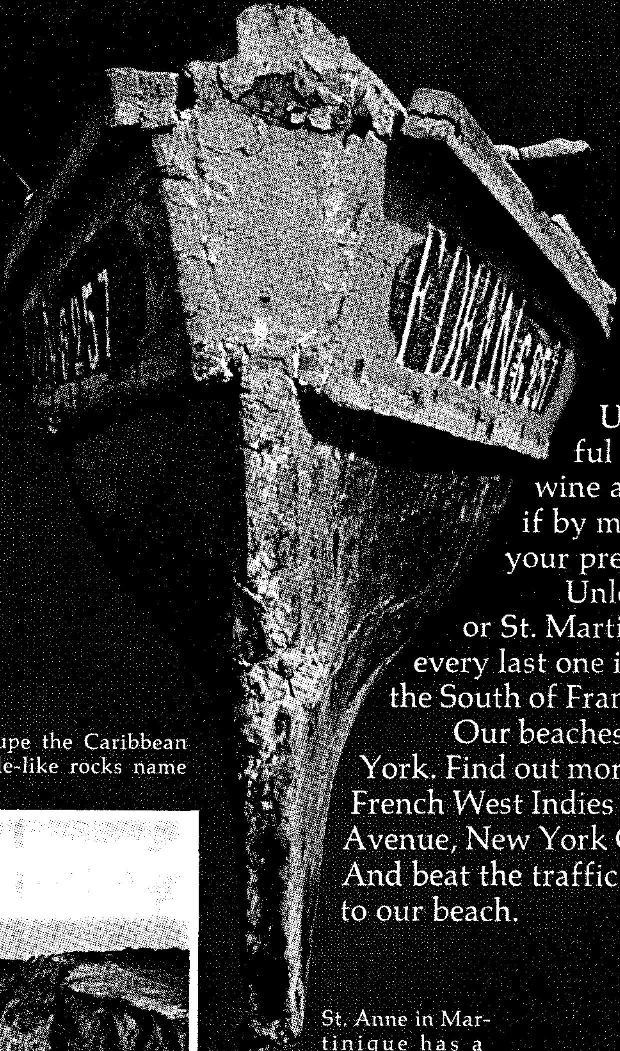


Every fishing village has a beach where the day's catch is sorted, weighed and sold.

Every hotel has its own private beach. The public ones are equally beautiful.



At the eastern tip of Guadeloupe the Caribbean meets the Atlantic. These castle-like rocks name the spot: Pointe des Châteaux.



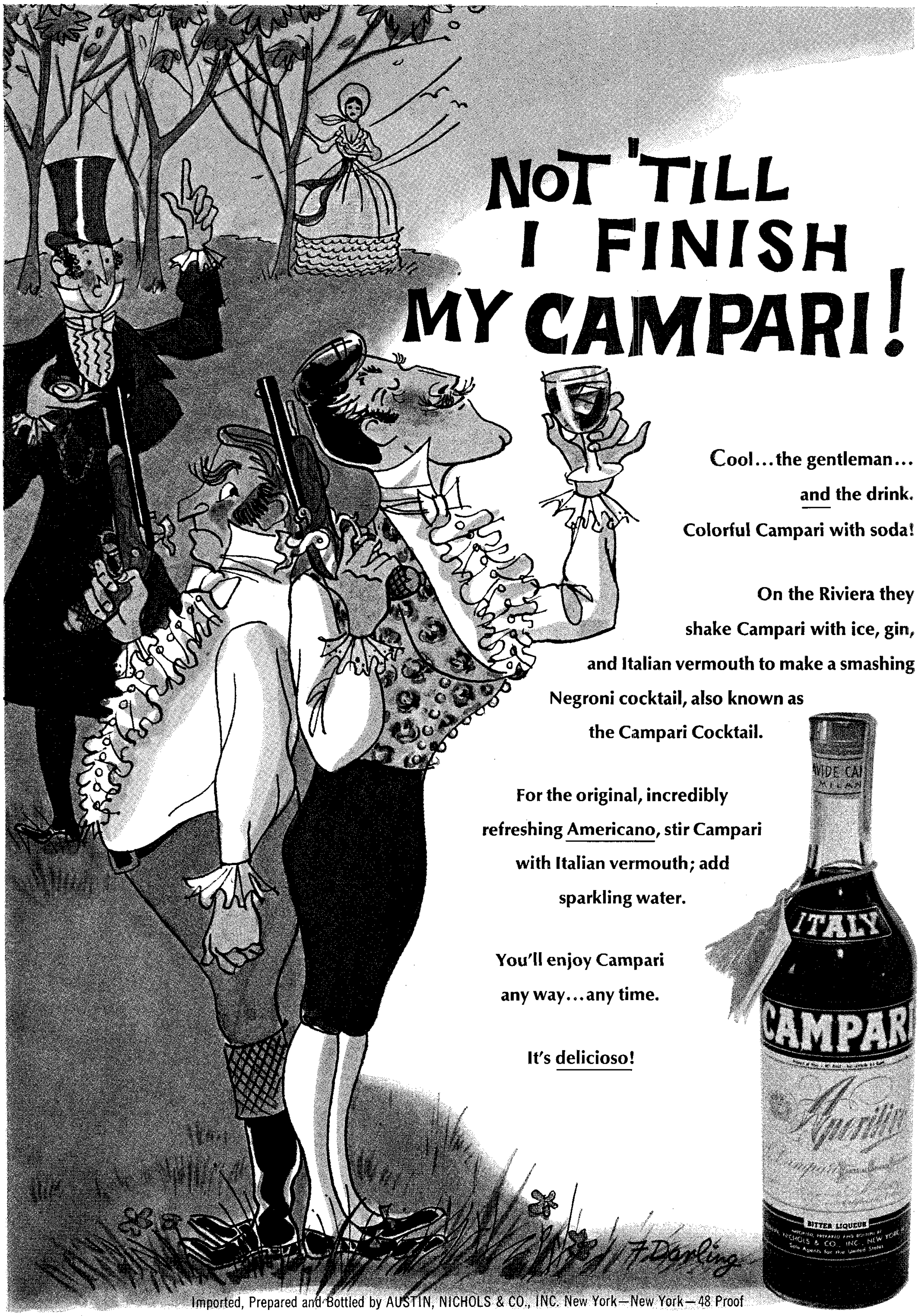
St. Anne in Martinique has a charming beach front restaurant, black sand and fishing boats like these.

A beach is a beach is a beach. Unless it's so French and flavorful that the spicy crab and chilled wine appear at the water's edge, as if by magic, when you emerge from your pre-lunch dip.

Unless it's Martinique, Guadeloupe or St. Martin, where a beach is a *plage*, and every last one is as colorfully unspoiled as the South of France was 20 years ago.

Our beaches are $128 away from New York. Find out more about them by writing the French West Indies Tourist Board, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Or call PLaza 7-1125. And beat the traffic to our beach.

Martinique Guadeloupe St. Martin
French West Indies


NOT 'TILL I FINISH MY CAMPARI!
ITALY
CAMPARI
Aperitivo
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Cool...the gentleman...
and the drink.
Colorful Campari with soda!

On the Riviera they shake Campari with ice, gin, and Italian vermouth to make a smashing Negroni cocktail, also known as the Campari Cocktail.

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It's delicioso!

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

which are skillfully played. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ersatz museum piece, where banjos vibrate bravely and everybody is supposed to feel peachy. Garters are available, as are straw hats and peanuts. The three-man band plays from nine to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Ornette Coleman, whose saxophone style has been trimmed over the years, but who has been fiddling with violin and trumpet lately, is on the stand with a quartet. On Tuesday, Oct. 6, McCoy Tyner will bring in his quintet. The atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, and so are the environs, but if the music beckons, you might as well enjoy it. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, the Yoel Sharr trio plays for cocktails and dinner, giving way, on Tuesday, Oct. 6, to the Mose Allison trio. On Mondays, the regulars are off and new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs, rock is the shape of things. Swinging sounds—and dancing—from ten Sundays through Thursdays and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. The schedule: Through Saturday, Oct. 3, the Holy Modal Rounders, Archie Whitewater, and Spring Plowing; Sunday, Oct. 4, 7th Century and Archie Whitewater; Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 6-10, Elephant's Memory and the Gates Gang. A different spirit on Mondays, when Symphony Sid brings in Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Reeds here, reeds there, three reeds at once—all played by Roland Kirk, who is highly talented as well as gimmicky. His quartet performs until Tuesday, Oct. 6, when Pharoah Sanders' febrile quintet will take over. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers what is known as soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The period commemorated was not a very successful one, but this place has done well. The décor can pass for elegant, and the dinners and suppers are near-Lucullan. The crowd, a svelte one, dances to 45s on a little floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Soft carpets, the names of famous Frenchmen etched on glass, and a relatively timeless atmosphere. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort. Dancing to discs from eleven until three or four, but only on Fridays and Saturdays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Assiduously scoring points in the Fairest-of-Them-All stakes, as is usual in the world of the discothèque. Frills and furbelows have an Anglo-Indian look. Dinners are ornate, and crowds dance to records over a good sound system. Reservations are required for dining. No food Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Small, intimate enough for the collegiate crowd that comes here, and musically subdued (records only). Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—Looking out the fifteenth-floor windows, you can see all manner of neon signs flashing, pulsing, and gleaming in the heart of the second biggest city in the world. The interior is all right, too. Dancing to music, both live and recorded, Mondays through Fridays from ten to three. Light suppers are served. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (752-4365)—A restaurant called the Penthouse Club by day, a discothèque by night. People dance to strong records from ten until three or four. Dinners are available, and the view of the Park is fine. Reservations are recommended.

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Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—This ornate room would have been a wow some forty-five years ago, during all the Tutankhamen bother. As it is, the place is loud, active, and sphinx-filled. Three times a night, a bunch called the Zaras performs. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—Can be compared to a quaint old village street, with shops, lampposts, tables, and people sitting or strolling about. Not bad, if quaint old village streets are your bag. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Wheels on the doors, wheels on the walls, and movement all over the place. Hang-loose clothing, youthful patrons, heavy music. Frontier is the live group. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Hey, Jude, your mother should know the fool on the hill. Yesterday, with a little help from my friends, lovely Rita let it be a day in the life. Michelle? She's leaving home. (Dancing to records from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for what they're worth—are a good idea on weekends.)

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

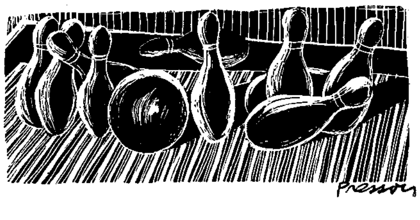
Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—For five days of the week, the Cellar is Bavarian, and so are the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the surroundings are beer-hall; the character is *volksspiel*, loud and clear, from seven until one. Dance music for all hands. But on Sundays (six to ten) and Mondays (seven to eleven), quite the other way: the mild-mannered Talbot Brothers (practically the entire night life of Bermuda during the season), on their annual crooning visit to the States. No dancing these nights.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—If nimbly choreographed pop singers are what we're going to get from now on, they might model themselves on Engelbert Humperdinck, possessor of an undeniable talent to amuse. He does dinner and supper tricks in the Royal Box, along with the band of Lee Evans, who knows a lot of good tricks himself. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Olga Guillot, a one-soprano spectacular, seems—in her declamatory yet dulcet Spanish—to espouse a number of causes, among them Cuba Libra and Women's Libra, for all of which she puts up a mighty good argument. On Thursday, Oct. 1, Miguelito Valdes and his effulgent tenor will be added to the cast. Twice a night, and no dark nights.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—On Thursday, Oct. 1, Joan Rivers, garrulous and gamine as the night is long (and it *is* long at the bountiful if boisterous old Copa), will begin doing her one-girl *Kaffeeklatsches* twice a night, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which has that open-all-night Las Vegas feeling, there is Las Vegas lounge music for homesick travellers.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Illustration, a large Canadian contingent, does not play Rock of Ages; its Rock is much more ebullient. The milieu is fair-to-middling ale-and-chophouse. On Friday, Oct. 2, Gas Mask, another crew firmly founded upon Rock, takes over. Dancing; closed Sundays.



Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Edie Adams, a panoply-and-pageantry soprano, is in full bloom and voice during the dinner and supper hours in the honorable old Persian Room, and the jaunty bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte are there all evening long. Miss A. departs on Tuesday, Oct. 6, and next evening, at ten-fifteen, Enzo Stuarti, that high-explosive Italian tenor, takes over. Thereafter, twice a night for him, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLAZA 9 MUSIC HALL** (PL 9-3933)—"Dames at Sea," the young musical onstage here, has absolutely no respect for its elders (those song-and-dance Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler movies), but it's a pretty funny kid to have around the house. The parody is the work of Jim Wise, George Haimsohn, and Robin Miller, and the delight of an excelling troupe, in which Carol Morley, Janie Sell, and Kurt Peterson are heavily and heartily involved. The entr'acte music is the piano of Baldwin Bergersen, a composer in his own right. At eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays; at eight-thirty and eleven Fridays and Saturdays; and at three and seven-thirty Sundays. Bar service, and edibles, too. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to ten-thirty (except Sundays), in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At nine the Palm Court becomes the right spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday and Tuesday nights belong to another fiddler.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The season for bringing in boy wonders is still open, so here, high on this admirable rooftop, is Steve De Pass, a singer who already has done Las Vegas. Dinner and supper are his times of night. Dancing begins at eight. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The canaries who chirruped their way through dinner and supper in the Maisonette have been discontinued (oh, well, the audience never listened), but the dance music is still Right On. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ The only change in La Boite this season brings in Ray Hartley, a pianist given to his own special arrangements of the worthier tunes of the day. No dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—José Feliciano, young at heart but not in the least young at singing to and for the young, is in the Empire Room during dinner and supper. Dance music, too. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER, belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Sunlit Grecian isle, afloat in a sea of assiduous Greek musicians and Greek singers, and surrounded by a *bordure* of unquestionable Greek cuisine. Architectural triumph, and a lively one. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Hark, what are the wild sound waves saying? "Hello, Young Lovers" and such from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her troupe, anything between the Seine and the Bosporus from her fiddlers three. Dinner until two, but no Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Strong measures are taken by the young men, equipped with guitar, clapping hands, and voice, who live in the plaza of a country town known to a fair number of off-the-beat Americans. The chef has never been out of the town in his life. Sound from seven-thirty until two, but not on Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and of the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian mixture as before—Tibor Rakossy for *régisseur*, Béla Babai's band for serenader, and Budapest for remembrance. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A small world, but a good one of its kind, especially when Bobby Short, fitted out with two sidemen, gets to his piano and his lyrics, which mostly deal with the small world so well exemplified by his locale. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The cheery musicians under the command of Ernie Warren run a generous course—seven or eight to one or two is their schedule—in the restaurant every evening but Sunday and Monday. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—takes the stand. The speechmaking begins at ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, at eleven the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Reopens on Friday, Oct. 2, as its old self: Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzim, the leader of whom is Avram Grobard. The music will be sort of Israeli bop, the song will be sort of Israeli pop, the latter the contribution of Ron Eliran. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home, too. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

SIGN OF THE DOVE, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and post-prandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in décor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays. . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one. No nights off. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and knights in armor. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, romantic pianist, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a town house can possibly be, and as formal, too. George Feyer, a celebrated Ringmaster (from the Viennese Ring, naturally), does hierarchical piano (and occasionally non-hierarchical words) from eight-thirty until one. No sound on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): A renaissance—dance tunes once again in a celebrated pleasure dome, and night after night. The course: seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Sundays and Mondays, eight-thirty until a late curfew Tuesdays through Saturdays. Further to brighten this corner: Tony Bujka, violinist, and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, pianist-accordionist, who deploy between five-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Lotus is not on the menu of this duplex chalet, but eaters of it will be at ease in this world unto itself. Perambulating song and guitar every night on the lower deck, and a menu full of other things. Piano on the deck above the cellar, every night but Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Josef Albers—Paintings from 1959 to 1969 in this artist's celebrated "Homage to the Square" series; starting Monday, Oct. 5. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Nell Blaine—Landscapes, New York cityscapes, and still-lifes, in oil and other mediums, by a veteran New York artist; through Oct. 15. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arbit Blatas—Forty paintings of European scenes and ten sculptures of prominent School of Paris personages, such as Picasso, Soutine, Utrillo, and de Chirico; through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Doris Chase—Plastic, wood, and steel sculptures that move and invite participation by the spectator; starting Saturday, Oct. 3. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Clancy—Constructions in steel and plastic; through Friday, Oct. 9. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

John Fischer—Eight sculptures made of bread preserved in epoxy, and one in bronze; through Friday, Oct. 9. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 1 A.M.)

Peter Forakis and Luis Camnitzer—Rope sculptures by the former and a single "environmental," "protest" piece made of boxes and mirrors and works by the latter; through Oct. 21. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

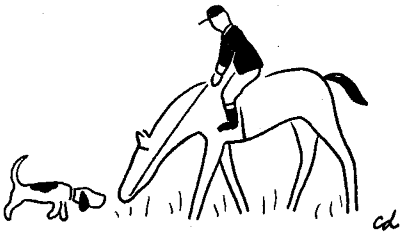
Ralph Goings and Donald Lewallen—Paintings of pickup trucks by the first and large color-field paintings by the second; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Gerald Hayes—Wall and ceiling pieces in plastic; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Bernhard Heiliger—Abstract sculptures in bronze; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Hoyland—Large Abstract paintings by a well-known Britisher; starting Saturday, Oct. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alex Katz—New paintings by an artist known for his poster-like portraits of his friends; through Oct. 22. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)



Felix Kelly—Historic mansions in imaginary landscapes by a British painter; starting Friday, Oct. 2. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred H. Maurer (1868-1932)—Gouaches and watercolors by a leading American artist of the early twentieth century; starting Tuesday, Oct. 6. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Howard Mehring—Paintings by a member of the "Washington, D.C., School;" starting Saturday, Oct. 3. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenneth Hayes Miller (1876-1952)—Paintings of the twenties and thirties by a prominent American teacher known for his canvases of women shoppers and strollers on the streets of New York; starting Tuesday, Oct. 6. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Brian O'Doherty—Fourteen columns of polished aluminum on wood, by an art critic; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—Thirty-seven works on paper in various mediums, done between 1967 and 1970; starting Tuesday, Oct. 6. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

James Rosati—Two large sculptures in painted steel, plus small sculptures in zinc, brass, or bronze; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

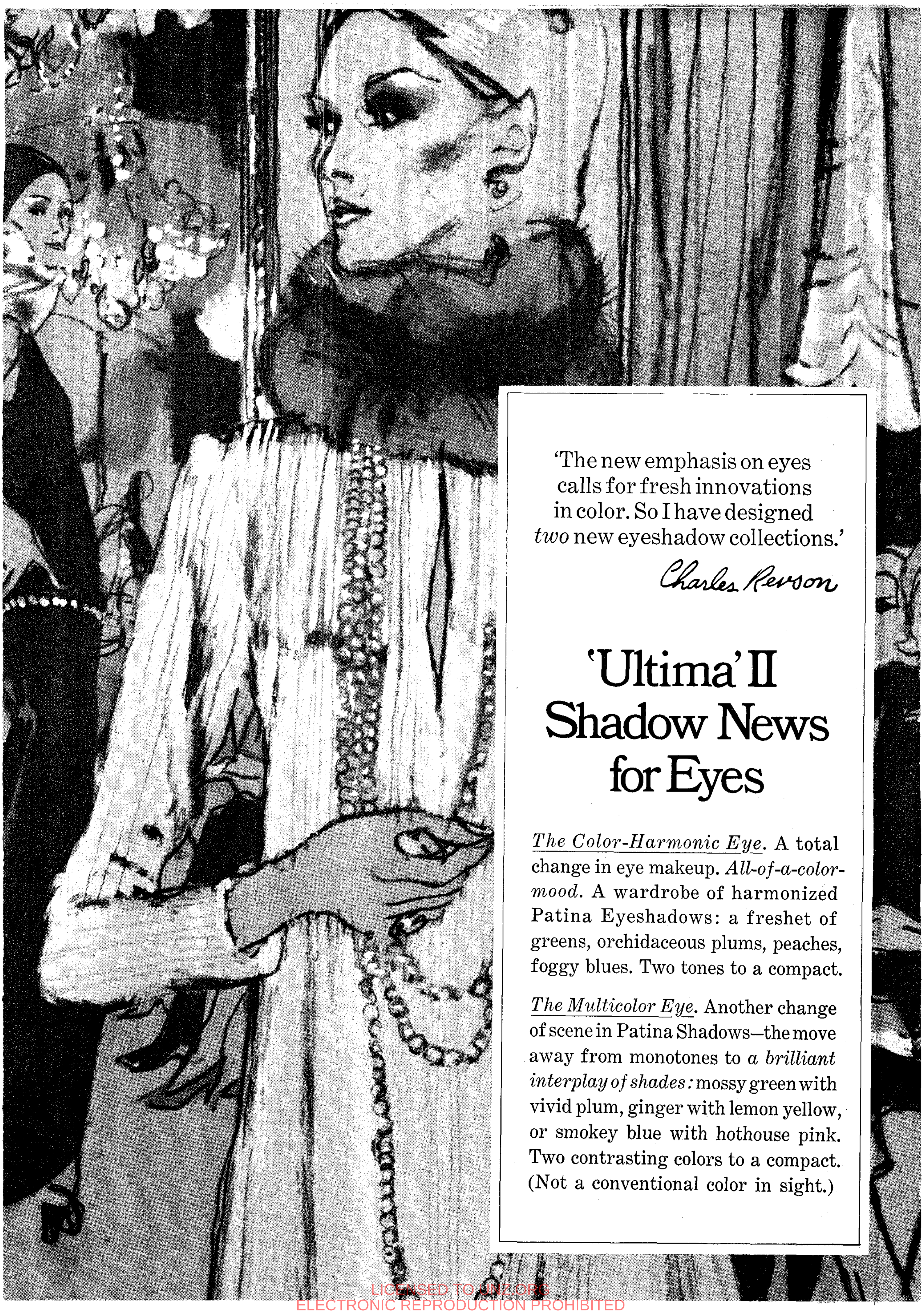
Lee Savage—Paintings of figures in interiors; through Oct. 17. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony Toney—Landscape and figure paintings; starting Tuesday, Oct. 6. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Stanley Twardowicz—Tonal compositions making use of the oval form; starting Saturday, Oct. 3. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

William T. Wiley—Constructions and watercolors, some dealing with politics and the art world, by a California "funk" artist; through Oct. 30. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **AMERICA-ISRAEL CULTURE HOUSE,** 4 E. 54th St.: Works by four Israeli painters indebted to Surrealism; starting Tuesday, Oct. 6. (Open Sundays.). . . **LA BOETIE,** 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures on the theme of the moon by, for example, Avery, Chagall, Delvaux, Ernst, Klee, Magritte, Miró, and Rouault; through Nov. 14. (Closed Mondays.). . . **COMMUNITY ART GALLERY,** 28 E. 35th St.: Works with New York motifs by artists who include such old-timers as Otto Botto, Leon Hartl, and Leslie Powell; through Oct. 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.). . . **DE NAGY,** 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings done in the fifties by artists associated with the gallery in that decade—Rivers, Hartigan, Goodnough, Blaine, and Frankenthaler, among others; through Thursday, Oct. 8. (Closed Mondays.). . . **FEIGEN,** 27 E. 79th St.: Works by Corot, Monet, Braque, Picasso, and Dubuffet; through Oct. 31. . . . **FEIGEN,** 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works of thirteen Chicago artists featuring variations on comic-strip techniques, also windows by Frank Lloyd Wright; through Oct. 14. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **GOLDOWSKY,** 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Works by exhibitors at the Armory Show in 1913, including Bellows, Davies, Glackens, Henri, Luks, and Walkowitz; through Oct. 24. (Closed Mondays.). . . **MISRACHI,** 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and constructions by seventeen Mexican artists—for instance, Tamayo, Cuevas, and Helen Escobedo; through Oct. 17. (Closed Mondays.). . . **777 UNITED NATIONS PLAZA,** at 44th St.: Sixty-two canvases from Indonesia, covering a variety of styles; starting Tuesday, Oct. 6. (Closes Saturdays at 1; open Sundays, 10 to 3.). . . **WEINTRAUB,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Sculptures and graphics by Arp, Picasso, Moore, Calder, Braque, Giacometti, and others; through Oct. 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WISE,** 50 W. 57th St.: Drawings and models for unrealized projects by Oldenburg, Buckminster Fuller, Piene, and Breuer, to name a few; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ZIERLER,** 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by artists from Arp and Avery to



'The new emphasis on eyes calls for fresh innovations in color. So I have designed *two* new eyeshadow collections.'

Charles Revson

'Ultima' II Shadow News for Eyes

The Color-Harmonic Eye. A total change in eye makeup. *All-of-a-color-mood.* A wardrobe of harmonized Patina Eyeshadows: a freshet of greens, orchidaceous plums, peaches, foggy blues. Two tones to a compact.

The Multicolor Eye. Another change of scene in Patina Shadows—the move away from monotones to *a brilliant interplay of shades:* mossy green with vivid plum, ginger with lemon yellow, or smokey blue with hothouse pink. Two contrasting colors to a compact. (Not a conventional color in sight.)

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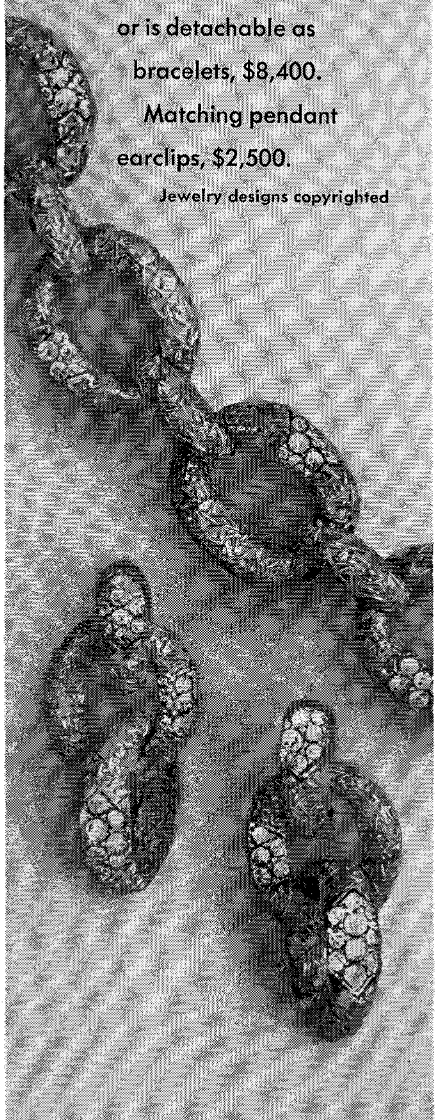

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Trova and Wesselmann; through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than three hundred sculptures in stone, ceramic, wood, mosaic, gold, jade, and other materials, produced in the region from central Mexico to Panama and the West Indies during nearly three thousand years before the arrival of Cortes; through Jan. 3. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-six sculptures and seven works on paper produced by Alexander Archipenko during his Paris period, 1908 to 1921; through Oct. 18. (No admission charge on Mondays, 1 to 8; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.75 will be charged. . . . ¶ Every Thursday at noon, the Museum is showing documentary films that comment on various topics of the day.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective, consisting of a hundred and forty works, of Francis Picabia, a major early-twentieth-century modernist who worked in several modes; through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ A survey of the works from 1958 to the present of Carl Andre, a sculptor known for his floor pieces in brick and steel plates; also examples of his "concrete" poems. Through Nov. 22. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Thomas Eakins, America's leading Realist of the nineteenth century; through Nov. 22. A good complement to this show is the show of his photographs at the New York Cultural Center. . . . ¶ Models of twenty housing and other projects to be built in New York City and upstate communities, including an engineering prototype of a modular house in the Museum's sculpture court; through Oct. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection will be the main show until an exhibit of Japanese prints opens Tuesday, Oct. 13. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit featuring "software," which has to do with information-processing systems: products of computers, teletype equipment, copying machines, closed television circuits, and so on; through Nov. 8. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6. Closed Thursday and Friday, Oct. 1-2.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Over a hundred volumes of French printing, from 1470 (the inception of printing into France) to 1510; through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ An arresting group of French photographs dated from 1820 to 1865; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Face coverings, from African, American Indian, Oriental, and South American masks to tattoos, makeup, and space helmets; through Jan. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday and Friday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—About a hundred objects, including sculptures and fetishes from Africa, ritual figures from New Guinea, pre-Columbian ornaments, and Eskimo and American-Indian artifacts; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Forty drawings by Adolf Hitler of his architectural visions—colossal monuments and stadiums—of the future Germania, his home in Berchtesgaden, and his bunker, plus photographs of Albert Speer's scale models and of events in the Nuremberg stadium. Through Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Oils, watercolors, drawings, prints, and sculptures covering German Expressionism from 1905 to 1930; through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ More than two hundred photographs by Thomas Eakins, whose paintings, sculptures, and drawings are presently at the Whitney; through Nov. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Contemporary paintings, prints, textiles, metal sculptures, and reliefs by thirteen artists working in West Africa; through Nov. 1. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Sept. 30: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Nedda Casei, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Anselmo Colzani; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 1: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Grace Bumbry, Gabriella Tucci, Gail Robinson, and Mary Ellen Pracht. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 2: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Reri Grist, Rosalind Elias, Pilar Lorengar, Frederica von Stade, Nicolai Gedda, Gabriel Bacquier, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 3: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Carlo Bergonzi, and Ruggero Raimondi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 3: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Montserrat Caballé, Reri Grist, Irene Dalis, Placido Domingo, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 5: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Grace Bumbry, Gabriella Tucci, Gail Robinson, and Mary Ellen Pracht. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 6: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Reri Grist, Rosalind Elias, Pilar Lorengar, Frederica von Stade, Nicolai Gedda, Gabriel Bacquier, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 7: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Fiorenza Cossotto, John Alexander, and Ivo Vinco. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Jeannette Pilou, Marcia Baldwin, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 9: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Lili Chookasian, Carlo Bergonzi, Anselmo Colzani, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 10: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Grace Bumbry, Gabriella Tucci, Gail Robinson, and Mary Ellen Pracht. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 10: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Montserrat Caballé, Reri Grist, Irene Dalis, Placido Domingo, and Robert Merrill. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—At the time of going to press, labor negotiations involving the musicians were in progress, so you would do well to check by telephone to make certain of the schedule—Wednesday, Sept. 30, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, Richard Fredricks, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Mary Cross Lueders, Janet Winburn, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 2, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, Nicholas Di-Virgilio, and Gary Glaze. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Milena Dal Piva, Johanna Meier, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Dominic Cossa, and Michael Devlin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8:15: "Manon," with Carol Neblett, Kay Creed, Lois Crane, Michele Molese, and John Darrenkamp. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 4, at 1:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Kay Creed, John Stewart, Seymour Schwartzman, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 4, at 7:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Janet Winburn, Nicholas DiVirgilio, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8:15: "Don Rodrigo," with Jeannine Crader, Kay Creed,

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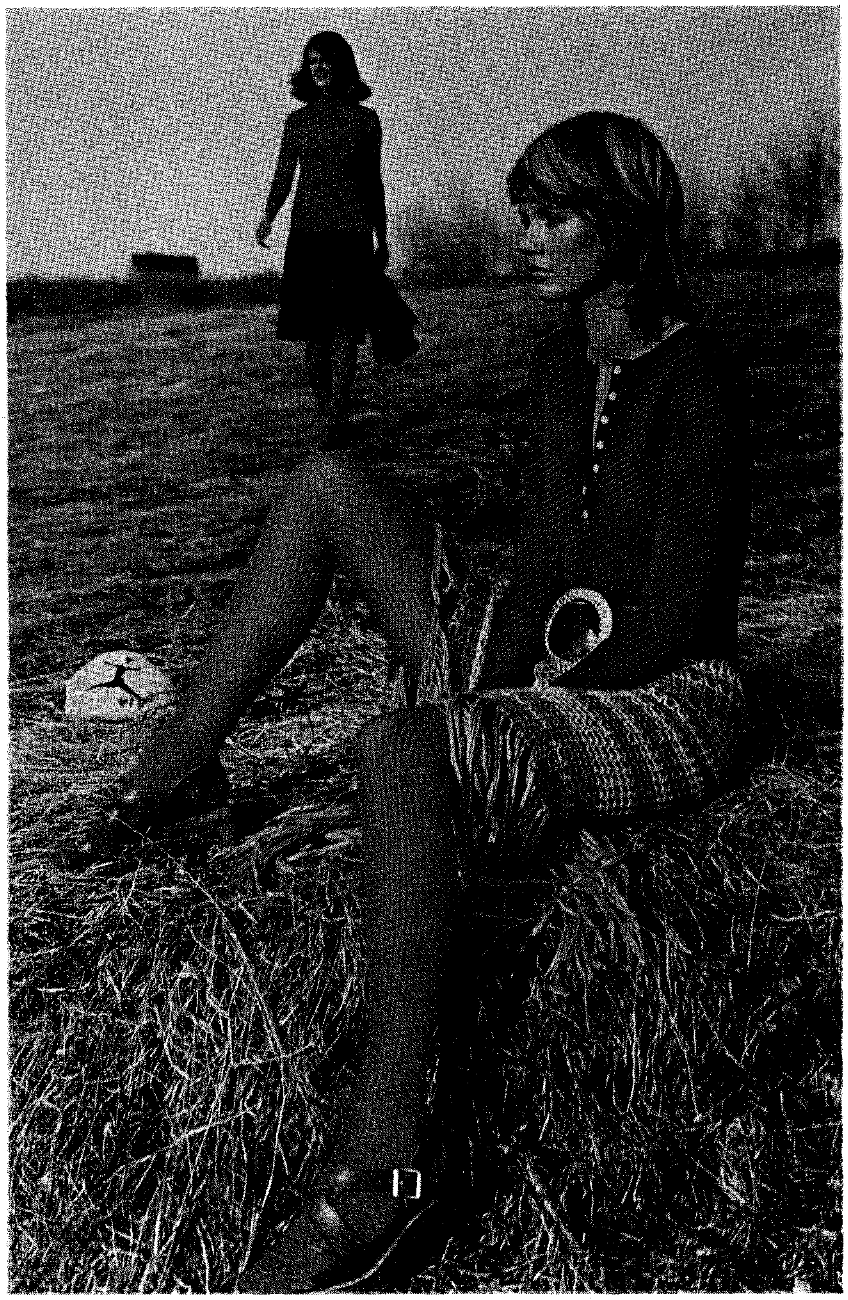

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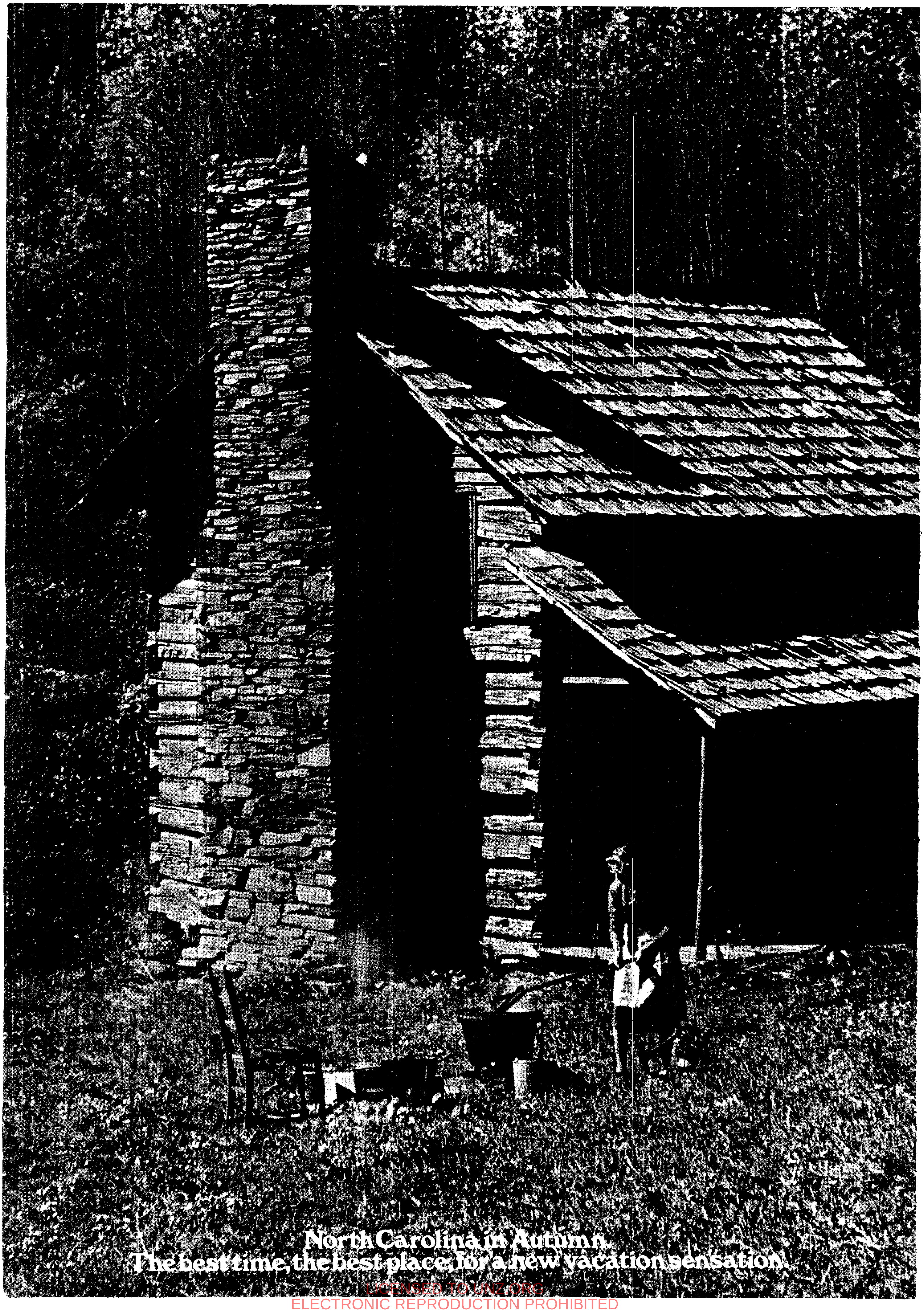
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Salvador Novoa, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, and Harry Theyard. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 9, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Johanna Meier, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Janet Winburn, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Mary Cross Lueders, Carlos Montane, and Dominic Cossa. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 2, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 5, at 7:30 (all with Mildred Allen, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Richard Shadley, tenor; William Metcalf, baritone; and the Camerata Singers); and Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 9, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 12, at 7:30 (all with the Swingle Singers).

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Earl Wild, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 11, at 2:30.)

RECITALS

Alexander Slobodyanik—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 4, at 3.)

Judith Raskin—Soprano. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8:30.)

Fernando Valenti—Harpsichord. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8:40.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano, in the first in a series of four concerts of Beethoven sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8:30.)

Julian Bream—Guitarist and lutanist, in the first of two concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Pianists Jorge Bolet, Ivan Davis, Bruce Hungerford, Gunnar Johansen, Alicia de Larrocha, Raymond Lewenthal, Guiomar Novaes, Jesús-Maria Sonromá, Rosalyn Tureck, and Earl Wild; Fernando Valenti, harpsichord; Beverly Sills, soprano; and others. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Johnny Winter And, Buddy Miles, and Tin House—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3, at 8 and 11:30.

Gordon Lightfoot—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8:30.

Milva—With Gli Arceri Quartet. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 4, at 2:30.)

Jeremy Steig—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, Oct. 4, at 3. For tickets, call 598-2116.

Delaney, Bonnie & Special Friends—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 4, at 8.

Leon Thomas—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, Oct. 5, at 8:30.

John Mayall, It's a Beautiful Day, and Flock—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Sept. 30, at 2:05, and Thursday, Oct. 1, at 7:05. . . . AMERICAN LEAGUE AND NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS: Start Saturday, Oct. 3, in Pittsburgh and Bloomington. The first two games will be played in those cities and the third and, if necessary, the fourth and fifth games in Cincinnati and in Baltimore. . . . WORLD SERIES: Starts Saturday, Oct. 10, in the home park of the National League champion. (The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores for both the playoffs and the series along with its time reports; call ME 7-1212.)

Professional Basketball—Exhibition games—Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 6: Baltimore vs. Atlanta and Knicks vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 8, at 6: Baltimore vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Atlanta. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400.)

Dog Show—Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 3.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 3: Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. St. Peter's, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Rutgers, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 10: Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 2.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Miami Dolphins. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:45.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Ridgewood Country Club, Ridgewood, N.J. Through Thursday, Oct. 1.)

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Oct. 7, and Saturday, Oct. 10.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 17. The Discovery Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 30; the Cowdin, Thursday, Oct. 1; the Woodward, Saturday, Oct. 3; the Interborough Handicap, Monday, Oct. 5; the Manhattan Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 7; and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 10. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 17. The Matchmaker, Saturday, Oct. 3. (Buses to the track leave the Port Authority Bus Terminal, Eighth Ave. at 41st St., between 9:30 and 10:30.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen: Sunday, Oct. 4, at 2.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 17.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the DRAGON MARIONETTES: "Puss in Boots." (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. WA 9-4336. Sunday, Oct. 4, at 2.) . . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan." (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291. Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The new show is called "Universe of Atoms." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

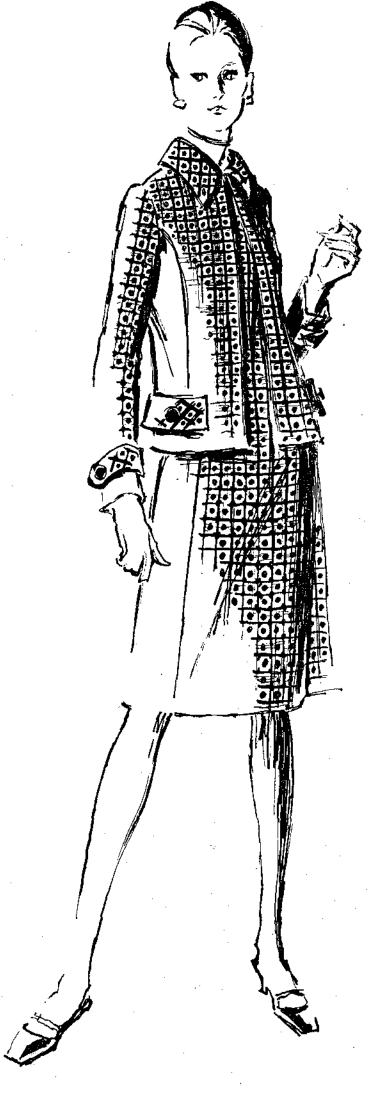
ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Walking Tours—"Upper Fifth Avenue—The Town House and the Private Palace," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Oct. 4. Meets at 1046 Fifth Ave., at 86th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

New York Flea Market—The Sunday sport in which adults, children, and dogs may participate. (Sixth Ave. at 25th St. Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, Oct. 3, at 2: English, French, and other furniture and decorations, from the estates of Mrs. A. Hamilton Rice and Gladys Swarthout Chapman and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 2: Chinese Export porcelain, from the collection of Lucile and Robert H. Gries. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, including works by Klee, Buffet, Rivera, and Mondrian; from several owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Oct. 8-9, at 2: Chinese snuff bottles, porcelain, and pottery; from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 3.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 3 elections are Saturday, Oct. 3, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 5-6, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 30 at 2 and 5:30: "A Star Is Born" (1954), with Judy Garland and James Mason. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Chapman Report" (1962), with Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., and Shelley Winters. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 11:30: "The Best Years of Our Lives" (1946), with Myrna Loy and Fredric March. . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 3:30: To be announced. . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 6 and Oct. 6 at 2: "Osaka Elegy" (1936), in Japanese; no English titles. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 5:30: A film by Robert Breer. . . . ¶ Nine programs in a series of French films directed by Claude Chabrol: Oct. 2 at 2, "Le Beau Serge" (1958); Oct. 2 at 5:30, "Ophelia" (1962, no English titles); Oct. 3 at 3 and 5:30, "Le Beau Serge" (1958); Oct. 4 at 2, "Ophelia" (1962, no English titles); Oct. 4 at 5:30 and Oct. 5 at 1:30, "A Double Tour" (1959); Oct. 7 at 2 and 5:30, "Landru" (1962); Oct. 8 at 2, "The Third Lover" (1961); Oct. 8 at 5:30, "The Cousins" (1958); Oct. 8 at 8, "La Rupture" (1970, no English titles). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Seven programs in a series of German films: Sept. 30, "The Threepenny Opera" (1931); Oct. 1, "Student of Prague" (1913); Oct. 2, "Warning Shadows" (1922); Oct. 3, "Dr. Mabuse der Spieler" (1922); Oct. 4, "Nosferatu" (1921); Oct. 7, "Metropolis" (1926); Oct. 8, "The Golem" (1920). (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Oct. 13, 17, 20, 22, 24, 27, 29, and 31, and Nov. 12 and 14.

Professional Football—At YANKEE STADIUM: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Oct. 11. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Washington Redskins, Nov. 15. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Giants, Nov. 1.

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Oct. 14, 18, 21, 25, and 28, and Nov. 1, 11, and 15.

Horse Shows—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Oct. 16-24.) . . . ¶ Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Oct. 26-Nov. 1.) . . . ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 3-10.)

Hunt Racing—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Oct. 17.) . . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Oct. 24.) . . . ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Oct. 31.) . . . ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Nov. 7.)

Racing—NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE DAYS AT BELMONT: Oct. 15-16. . . . AQUEDUCT: Oct. 19-Dec. 7. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Oct. 19-Nov. 14. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Oct. 26-Dec. 31.

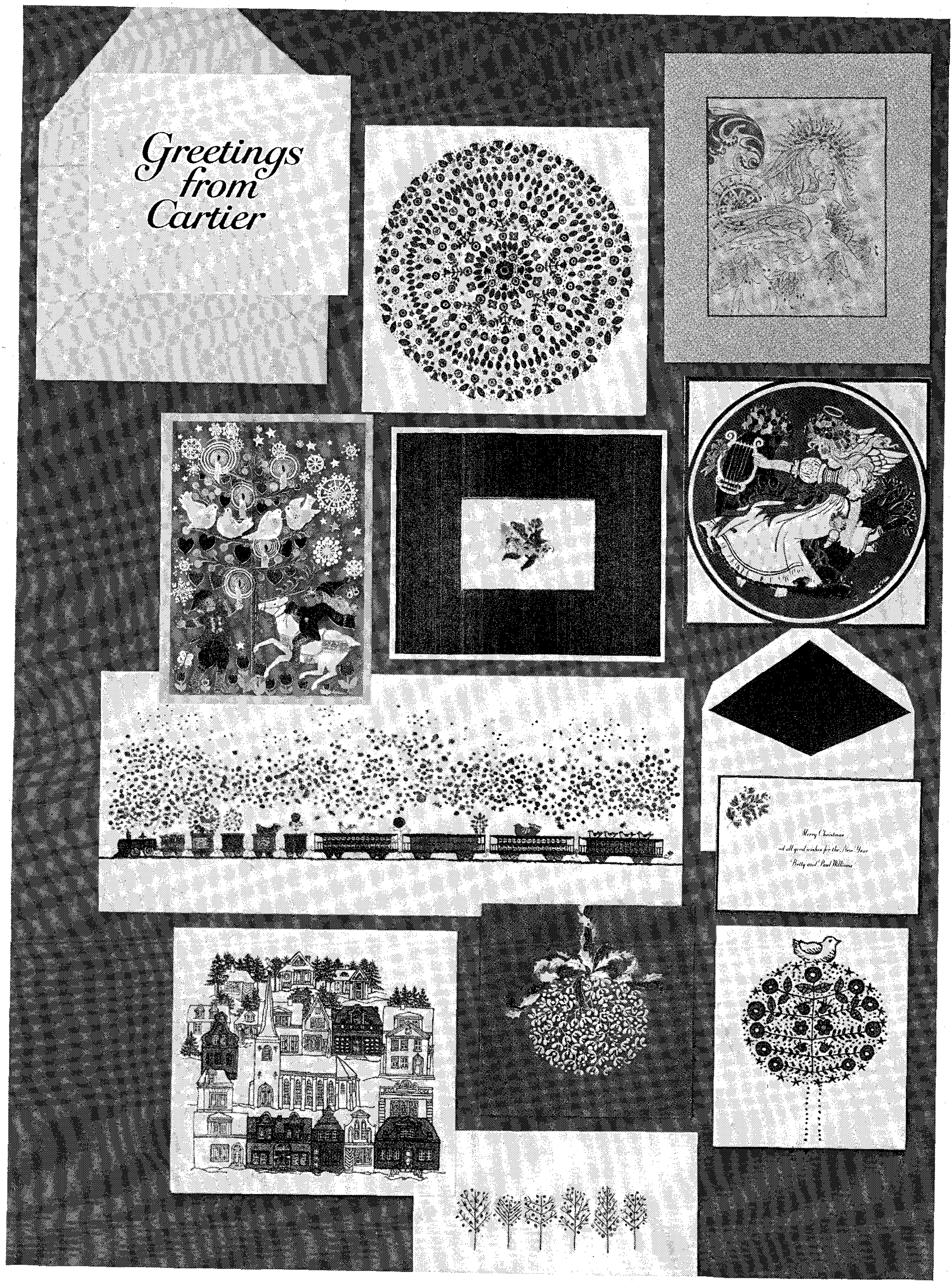
Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen: Oct. 17-18.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Oct. 19-Dec. 15.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season continues through April 17. . . . PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York *Philharmonic season continues through May* 15. . . . ¶ Opening performances here of the Boston Symphony, William Steinberg conducting, Oct. 14 and 16. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 20 and Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Emil Gilels, piano, Oct. 24 and Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Washington National Symphony, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Westminster Choir, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ French National Orchestra, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 1 and 3. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Rudolf Serkin, piano, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 18 and 20. . . . ¶ Rosalyn Tureck, harpsichord and piano, Oct. 26 and Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Los Angeles Philharmonic, Oct. 29-31. . . . ¶ Hermann Prey, baritone, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Royal Uppsala University Chorus of Sweden, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Melbourne Symphony, Nov. 10. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Oct. 16-17, 25, and 27. . . . ¶ Jerome Rose, piano, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Daniel Barenboim, piano, Oct. 19, 22, 26, and 29, and Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Julian Bream, guitarist and lutanist, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Nov. 10. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE (535-5350): Rafael Puyana, harpsichord, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Ivan Davis, piano, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Fernando Valenti and Rafael Puyana, harpsichords, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Henryk Szeryng, violin, and I Solisti di Zagreb, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Claude Frank, piano, Oct. 25 and Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Lili Kraus, piano, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Emil Gilels, piano, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Renata Scotto, soprano, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ New York Chamber Soloists and Hermione Gingold, *récitante,* Nov. 7. . . . ¶ National Chorale, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Virtuosi di Roma, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Yvonne Loriod, piano, Nov. 9. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Rosalyn Tureck, keyboard lecture-concert, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Gérard Souzay, baritone, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ New York Chamber Soloists, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna, Oct. 31-Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Nathan Milstein, violin, Nov. 7.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A London import, "Conduct Unbecoming," by Barry England, with Paul Jones, Jeremy Clyde, Michael Barrington, Donald Pickering, and Elizabeth Shepherd. . . . ¶ A musical, "The Rothschilds," based on the Frederick Morton biography, with music by Jerry Bock, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, a book by Sherman Yellen, and a cast that includes Paul Hecht, Leila Martin, Keene Curtis, Jill Clayburgh, and Hal Linden. . . . ¶ James Earl Jones and Cameron Mitchell in "Les Blancs," a drama by Lorraine Hansberry, adapted by Robert Nemiroff. . . . ¶ A comedy imported from London, "Not Now, Darling," by Ray Cooney and John Chapman. Norman Wisdom has the leading role. . . . ¶ "Paul Sills' Story Theatre," an adaptation by Mr. Sills of several Grimm fairy tales. . . . ¶ "Light, Lively, and Yiddish," a Ben Bonus musical. . . . ¶ Another Yiddish musical, "The President's Daughter," in which Chayele Rosenthal and Jacob Jacobs will appear. . . . ¶ "Two by Two," Richard Rodgers' musical version of Clifford Odets' "The Flowering Peach," starring Danny Kaye. Peter Stone did the book and Martin Charnin the lyrics. . . . ¶ A revival of Bertolt Brecht's "The Good Woman of Setzuan," in a new translation by Ralph Manheim, will be the first in this season's series of four plays by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. Colleen Dewhurst will play the title role. . . . ¶ Shirley Booth, John Williams, and Marian Mercer in a revival of Noël Coward's comedy "Hay Fever." . . . ¶ "Sleuth," a London thriller by Anthony Shaffer, with Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter at the head of the cast.

Other Dates—*Columbus Day is Monday, Oct.* 12. . . . ¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 69th Regiment Armory, Oct. 12-18. . . . ¶ National Arts and Antiques Festival, at the 7th Regiment Armory, Oct. 24-Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Veterans Day is Wednesday, Nov. 11.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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4	5	6	7	8		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Fellini Satyricon."

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"Quiet Days in Clichy."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Yellow Submarine" and "Let It Be."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Oct. 6: "The Lion in Winter" and "Take the Money and Run."
From Oct. 7: "Love Variations" and "Model Shop."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 6: "Woodstock."
From Oct. 7: "The Bird with the Crystal Plumage."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Oct. 6: "Getting Straight" and "Loving." (No afternoon performances Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 3-4, when children's movies will be shown.)
From Oct. 7: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Joe."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"M*A*S*H."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Catch-22."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Performance."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Things of Life."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Sept. 30: "Pound."
From Oct. 1: "The Baby Maker."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Patton."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Five Easy Pieces."

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Doctor Zhivago."

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Oct. 6: "Colossus: The Forbin Project."
From Oct. 7: "The People Next Door."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Quiet Days in Clichy."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Borsalino."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Oct. 4: "Eldridge Cleaver."
From Oct. 5: "Trash."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Diary of a Mad Housewife."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Virgin and the Gypsy."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 6: "A Quiet Place in the Country" and "The Loves of Isadora."
From Oct. 7: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"M*A*S*H."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 6: "Colossus: The Forbin Project."
From Oct. 7: "The Bird with the Crystal Plumage."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Oct. 6: "The Love Bug" and "The Jungle Book."
From Oct. 7: "Monte Walsh."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
"The Battle of Algiers" and "Black Roots."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Woodstock."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Women in Love."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 6: "The Rise of Louis XIV."
From Oct. 7: "Pound."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Oct. 6: "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon."
From Oct. 7: "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Buster Keaton festival.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Oct. 6: "Colossus: The Forbin Project."
From Oct. 7: "The People Next Door."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Tora! Tora! Tora!"

State I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
"R.P.M."

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
Through Oct. 6: "Little Caesar" and "The Public Enemy."
From Oct. 7: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Hello, Dolly!"

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Sunflower."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Soldier Blue."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"L'Enfant Sauvage."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"M*A*S*H."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Oct. 1: "Kes."
From Oct. 2: "Give Her the Moon."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Quiet Days in Clichy."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Tristana."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Oct. 6: "Something for Everyone."
From Oct. 7: "First Love."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Catch-22."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Oct. 6: "The Love Bug" and "The Jungle Book."
From Oct. 7: "Barquero."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Oct. 6: "Women in Love."
From Oct. 7: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Patton."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 30: "Children of Paradise" and "Zero for Conduct."
Oct. 1-7: "The Philadelphia Story" and "Wife Versus Secretary."
From Oct. 8: "Bombshell" and "On the Town."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 6: "The Revolutionary" and "Rider on the Rain."
From Oct. 7: "Fellini Satyricon" and "Life, Love, Death."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 30: "Repulsion" and "Contempt."
Oct. 1: "Ulysses."
Oct. 2-5: "Marius" and "Harvest."
Oct. 6-8: "The Lower Depths" and "Beauty and the Devil."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 6: To be announced.
From Oct. 7: "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The Baby Maker—With Barbara Hershey. Directed by James Bridges. (Plaza; starting Oct. 1.)

Barquero—With Lee Van Cleef. Directed by Gordon Douglas. (Cinema Studio; starting Oct. 7.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Beauty and the Devil (1949)—The American title is deceptive; it should be "The Beauty of the Devil." Michel Simon, as Mephistopheles, tempts the dashing young Faust of Gérard Philipe. There are no spiritual conflicts; in this René Clair film, the dangers of science and of absolute power are the targets, and the fantasy is urbane. The whole elaborate joke gets awfully smug. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 6-8.)

The Bird with the Crystal Plumage—Not to be caddish about giving away any surprising ending, the clue to the outcome of this horror picture lies in unisex midicoats. The action includes a scene about eating broiled cat. (Gramercy and Orpheum; starting Oct. 7.)

Black Roots—A rap documentary. The talk is about black culture in America. A Lionel Rogosin film. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Bombshell (1933)—Great fun in the uninhibited early-thirties style. A wisecracking comedy-satire, with Jean Harlow in the title role as a good-hearted dumb blond movie star, and Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone, Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, and Isabel Jewell. Victor Fleming directed, from a good screenplay by John Lee Mahin and Jules Furthman. (New Yorker; starting Oct. 8.)

Borsalino—Alain Delon and Jean-Paul Belmondo camping it up in a thriller set in Marseille in the thirties. The spoof doesn't hold, but there is a nice scene about a bad fish. In French. (Cinema I.)

Catch-22—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Sutton and Paramount.)

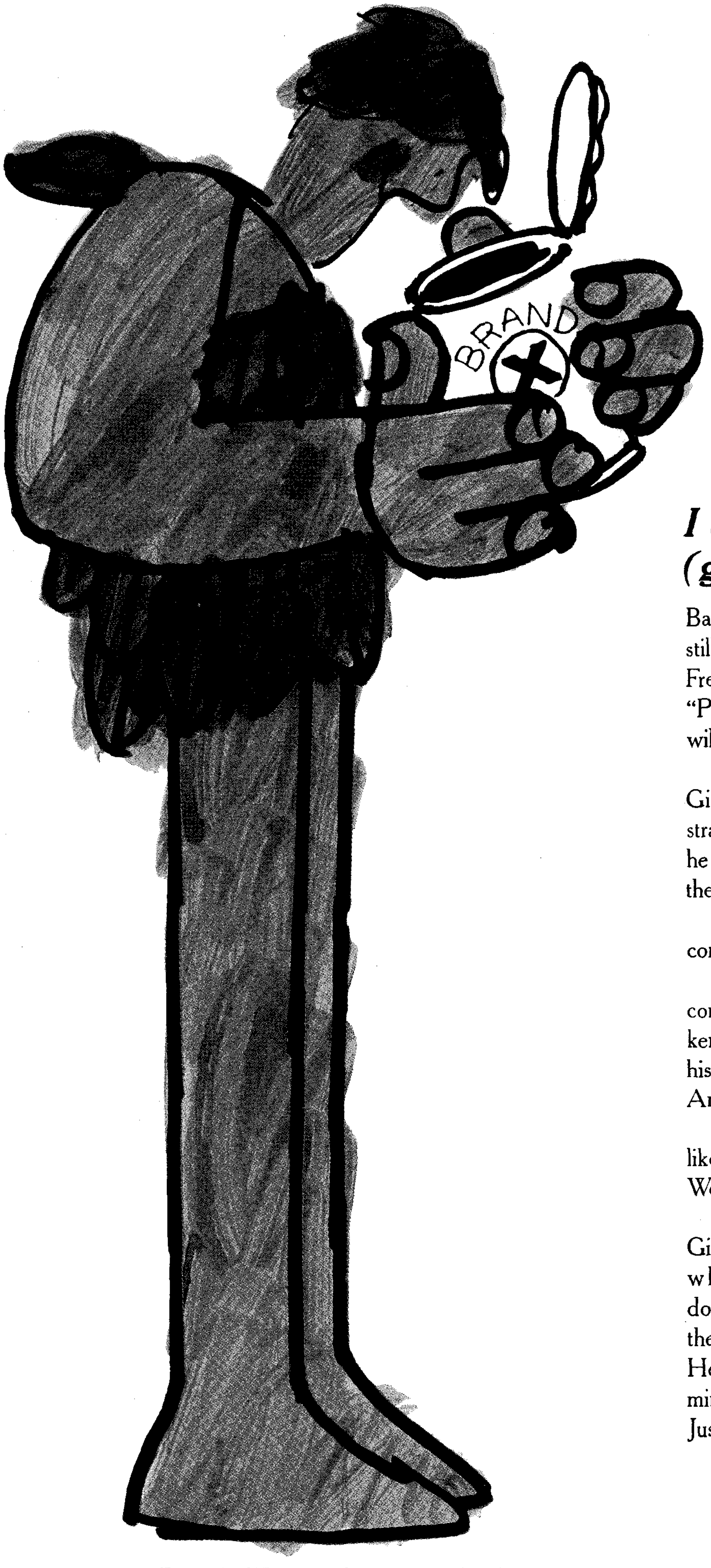
Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (New Yorker; Sept. 30.)

Eldridge Cleaver—William Klein's reportage from Algiers. A document about a witty man who is above most of the questions he is asked, and perhaps above most of the political situation he is thrust into. (Cinema II; through Oct. 4.)

Colossus: The Forbin Project—Colossus is a terrific American computer, very competitive with a Russian computer, and Charles Forbin is the worried man who invented it. The computers, which are clever, determined, and moody, start to take over the world. Forbin's position in regard to his invention is that of a Thurber husband to his wife. (Avco Embassy East, Orpheum, and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Oct. 6.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, sometimes maddening film about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey." With Brigitte Bardot, Michel Piccoli, and Jack Palance. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 30.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife—A rising young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), who is an alarm-



I am curious (green)

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ing pedant about food, wine, and ambitious entertaining, is married to a hard-driven girl, played by a gifted newcomer called Carrie Snodgress. Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, however, and everything works out. Directed and written by Frank and Eleanor Perry, respectively. (Beekman.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—David Lean's version of the Pasternak novel. Mostly settings, with such actors as Omar Sharif, Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Pacific East.)

L'Enfant Sauvage—François Truffaut's new film, set in the late seventeen-nineties, about a doctor, played by Truffaut himself, who grows passionately interested in teaching human skills to a boy who has spent eight or nine years learning to live like an animal in the forest. The picture is precise, moving, elegantly speculative; Truffaut is a lovable man. In French. (Festival.)

Fellini Satyricon—The pre-Christian Roman world as an analogue of the modern post-Christian period. A tired, oppressive movie, with many freaky people exhibiting their grossness or abnormalities and making faces to tell us they're soulless. In Italian. (Art. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting Oct. 7.)

First Love—A Turgenev story. Directed by Maximilian Schell. (Paris; starting Oct. 7.)

Five Easy Pieces—Terrific. Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directs, with wonderful feeling for the American actors' special talent in improvising. (Coronet.)

Getting Straight—Elliott Gould and Candice Bergen in a campus picture. One of the varyingly cheap new tear-gas romances. The film's student riots seem to be happening so that Elliott and Candy can patch up a lovers' fight. (Kips Bay; through Oct. 6.)

Give Her the Moon—With Bert Convy and Marthe Keller. Directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Little Carnegie; starting Oct. 2.)

Harvest (1937)—One of the true and essential French film classics. Jean Giono's novel—a love story set in an abandoned village that the lovers bring to life—was shot in Provence by Marcel Pagnol. With a superb cast, including Fernandel and Marguerite Moreno. Music by Arthur Honegger. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 2-5.)

Hello, Dolly!—A great star (Barbra Streisand) redeems an impersonal big circus of a show. (Guild.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (1963)—The first Cinerama comedy, bursting with actors and scary camera stunts but far too long and too unfunny. (86th St. East.)

Joe—A hardhat type, mouthing every prejudice about the young and the blacks and the freeloaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up an alliance. Good starting point, crassly developed. (Murray Hill.)

The Jungle Book (1967)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Loew's Ciné and Cinema Studio; through Oct. 6.)

Buster Keaton Festival—Raymond Rohauer has accumulated from all over the world a rare collection of ten silent features and twenty-one silent shorts. Sept. 30: "College" and two shorts. Oct. 1: "Steamboat Bill, Jr.," and two shorts. Oct. 2: "The Three Ages" and two shorts. Oct. 3: "Our Hospitality" and two shorts. Oct. 4: "Sherlock Jr." and three shorts. Oct. 5: "The Navigator" and two shorts. Oct. 6: "Go West" and two shorts. Oct. 7: "Seven Chances" and two shorts. Oct. 8: "Battling Butler" and two shorts. (Elgin.)

Kes—The best English picture for a long time. Ken Loach directs a boy named David Bradley, from industrial Yorkshire, aged all of fifteen, in a story that gives a true account of English intransigence. The hero lives his life in the teeth of almost everyone; his great mate is a kestrel, whom he trains, and admires for being immune to all attempts to turn him into a pet. (Little Carnegie; through Oct. 1.)

Let It Be—The Beatles at rehearsal—older and plumper and as fine company as ever—seen together on film for what's said to be the last time. It is a bad movie but a touching one; it turns out to be about change. "Get Back to Where You Once Belonged" goes one song, sounding self-addressed. (Cinema Village.)

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Life, Love, Death (1969)—A killer of prostitutes is turned in to the police by his mother-in-law and executed. Directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Symphony; starting Oct. 7.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Charles; through Oct. 6.)

Little Caesar (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is the prototype of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. (Trans-Lux West; through Oct. 6.)

The Love Bug (1969)—A Disney production about a Volkswagen with a mind of its own. With Dean Jones and Michele Lee. Directed by Robert Stevenson. (Loew's Ciné and Cinema Studio; through Oct. 6.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sound of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. (Tower East.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Karel Reisz directed this study of the life and character of the great Isadora Duncan, danced and acted by Vanessa Redgrave. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Oct. 6.)

Love Variations—An English film. (Charles; starting Oct. 7.)

Loving—George Segal gives his best performance yet as a commercial artist who doesn't like his life. An intelligent—often funny—movie, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Kips Bay; through Oct. 6.)

The Lower Depths (1936)—Jean Renoir's version of the Maxim Gorky play features those two magnetic poles of French acting—Louis Jouvet as the gambling baron who sinks to living in a flophouse, and Jean Gabin as the thief trying to climb up to a different life. Their scenes together are among the treasures of the French film tradition. The fine cast includes Le Vigan and Vladimir Sokoloff. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 6-8.)

Marius (1932)—Static and set-bound (Alexander Korda directed) but famous for its dialogue and characterization, and for the rich humanity Raimu brought to the role of César, the Marseille café owner, whose son, Marius (the elegant Pierre Fresnay, oddly miscast), longs to go to sea, though he loves Fanny (Orane Démazis). Written by Marcel Pagnol, the first in his celebrated trilogy. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 2-5.)

M*A*S*H—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (34th St. East, U. A. East, and Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Model Shop (1969)—The Jacques Demy movie, set in Los Angeles, about a young American's search for himself. With Gary Lockwood and Anouk Aimée. (Charles; starting Oct. 7.)

Monte Walsh—With Lee Marvin and Jeanne Moreau. Directed by William A. Fraker. (Loew's Ciné; starting Oct. 7.)

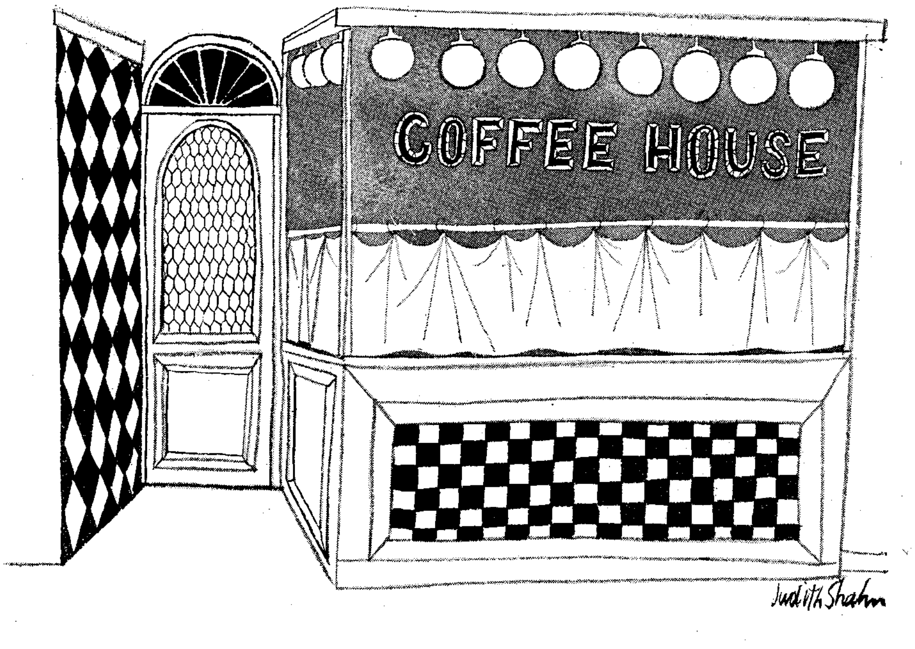
On the Town (1949)—Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera Ellen, Florence Bates, and Alice Pearce in the Comden and Green musical, with the Bernstein score. Not as good as all that may make it sound. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed. (New Yorker; starting Oct. 8.)

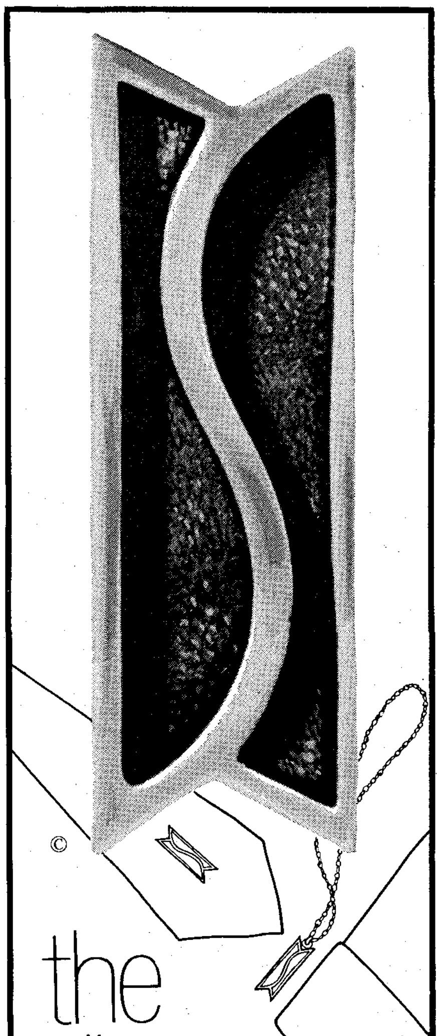
Patton—This huge epic was made in a style that might be called imperial; it's very impressive, despite the indications that it was designed to satisfy both war lovers and pacifists. George C. Scott is Patton; Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (Baronet and Embassy 72nd St.)

The People Next Door—Eli Wallach and Hal Holbrook in a film about the generation gap. The gap has been widened. (Avco Embassy East and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Oct. 7.)

Performance—Mick Jagger and James Fox in a swinging London not recognizable to natives. The climax of this bizarre and exquisitely humorless thriller is inspired by a meal of hallucinogenic mushrooms that drives the principals into some unusual and oddly muted sorts of outrageousness, including yelled literary plagiarism and overdressing. (Trans-Lux East.)

The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway and on the screen; shiny and commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of the big-studio system of moviemaking. As the priggish, wisecracking, patrician Tracy Lord, Hepburn has her choice of Cary Grant and James Stewart,





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HARRISBURG EAST MALL

both at their most attractive. Donald Ogden Stewart did the witty adaptation, George Cukor directed. (New Yorker; Oct. 1-7.)

Pound—Robert Downey's satire—plotless, as satire now has to be—about people who are represented as dogs, presumably standing for the bestial pass that we have come to. Sometimes (not always) you feel that Downey's idea of satire is to knock over a cripple in the street and crack up about it. But one grows fond of a gentle character played by Harry Rigby who asks what he's doing here since he's a penguin, meanwhile trotting off to white-tie parties. (Plaza; Sept. 30. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema; starting Oct. 7.)

The Public Enemy (1931)—William Wellman's gangster classic, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke as the girl who gets the grapefruit shoved in her "kisser." A good picture, even if the theme music *is* "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." (Trans-Lux West; through Oct. 6.)

Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx—Winsome comedy about a hero who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart. The film is laid in Dublin. It should be laid to rest somewhere. (Greenwich and Midtown; starting Oct. 7.)

Quiet Days in Clichy—Based on the Henry Miller novel. A worthy try at reproducing Miller's tone, but it seems bungled and technically gauche. Shot in Denmark, in English, with much post-synching. (Evergreen, Ciné Malibu, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

A Quiet Place in the Country—Franco Nero plays an artist who, like the true artist as shown in the history of daffy movies, is terrifically crazy. The camera itself goes mildly crackers as it photographs Mr. Nero tied up in rope by Vanessa Redgrave; Miss Redgrave at the time is in a black suspender belt. There is a charming sequence about the creative act when Mr. Nero, frenziedly painting a canvas on the floor, grabs some passing workman by the foot and splodges paint onto the huge canvas with the sole of his shoe. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Oct. 6.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl (Catherine Deneuve). (Thalia; Sept. 30.)

The Revolutionary—Jon Voight, rather expressionless, in a good film directed by Paul Williams, aged twenty-five. It's about the changing course of a young radical from a bookish, well-heeled leftist into an activist. (Symphony; through Oct. 6.)

Rider on the Rain—René Clément's new film is a thriller with a beautiful heroine called Mélancolie. The picture is as much about that state of mind as about the plot, in which she murders a rapist and dares not tell her husband. She seems to be falling down a hole into chaos, with plenty of time to wonder what's going to happen next, like Alice. In French. (Symphony; through Oct. 6.)

The Rise of Louis XIV—Rossellini's fine picture about a man whom he sees as the first French king to understand the motor of the class system. It is scripted by Philippe Erlanger, very intelligently. Full of impassive long takes and shrewdly placed dissolves, the film is a witty study of the squalor and cringing that went on in the world of *luxe* and *volupté*. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Oct. 6.)

R.P.M.—Coarse jokes and a campus riot. Anthony Quinn and Ann-Margret. Directed by Stanley Kramer, from Erich Segal's rubbish. (State 1.)

Soldier Blue—Candice Bergen in a Western. Indian women and children are massacred by the U.S. cavalry. Based on real events, but the movie seems to have a rather overblown and off-putting idea of its social importance. What we get is blood, mostly. (Ziegfeld.)

Something for Everyone—Angela Lansbury practices high-comedy techniques in a sort of broken Hans Andersen fairy tale mixed up with "Midnight Cowboy" and a lot of *Lederhosen*. Michael York plays a bisexual footman. (Paris; through Oct. 6.)

Sunflower—With Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. Directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Music Hall.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Charles; through Oct. 6.)

Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon—Liza Minnelli as the irrepressible ringleader of a jolly club of the maimed. She has been horribly burned by an acid-throwing lover; her mates are a homosexual paraplegic and a man with an undiagnosable neurological disorder that makes him shake like a terrified puppy forced to swim for the first time. Directed by Otto Preminger, from a novel by Marjorie Kellogg that possesses a mawkish sensibility which Preminger reproduces all too truthfully. (Greenwich; through Oct. 6.)

The Things of Life—A French love story that turns out to be heartbroken about the wreck of a car. A man with a mistress and a wife (Michel Piccoli, Romy Schneider, Lea Massari) resolves the awful question by crashing into a truck. In French. (Fine Arts.)

Tora! Tora! Tora!—An account of the attack on Pearl Harbor. (Criterion. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Trash—With Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn. Directed by Paul Morrissey, one of the Warhol group. (Cinema II; starting Oct. 5.)

Tristana—A masterpiece by Luis Buñuel about a grandee Spaniard (a wonderful study of an oddly unlenient sort of sensualist) who is the guardian of a ward, played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of a crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty; it also uses that power to blaspheme which only he seems to possess in world cinema, anti-clericalist though he is. In Spanish. (Lincoln Art.)

Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Thalia; Oct. 1.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy—Sunday matins, the Sunday joint. Ah, England. One of the aunts at the meal has nothing but a single boiled potato. Christopher Miles' film of a short D. H. Lawrence novel transmits the true feeling of a Midland rectory family, a tribe practicing proscription and sarcasm. The virgin daughter is Joanna Shimkus, the gypsy Franco Nero. The picture is a bit busy but very intelligent, with Lawrence's strength and a passing silent humor of its own. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Wife Versus Secretary (1936)—Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, James Stewart, and Myrna Loy in the kind of picture M-G-M was famous for. The Faith Baldwin story still shows, but Norman Krasna, John Lee Mahin, and Alice Duer Miller all worked to give it a brittle shine. Clarence Brown directed. (New Yorker; Oct. 1-7.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Regency; through Oct. 6.)

Woodstock—An amiable gloss on the Woodstock Festival, which was the mob scene we got away with. None of the troubles are shown, none of the muddles of organization, none of the freak-outs. Michael Wadleigh directs. The good-natured hippies who put up with so much are depicted in a way that is perfectly true, but not enough of the whole truth, so that the picture emerges with an odd obsequiousness to the law-and-order paternalists who want mostly manners out of the young. (Waverly. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Oct. 6.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Cinema Village.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If. . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (New Yorker; Sept. 30.)

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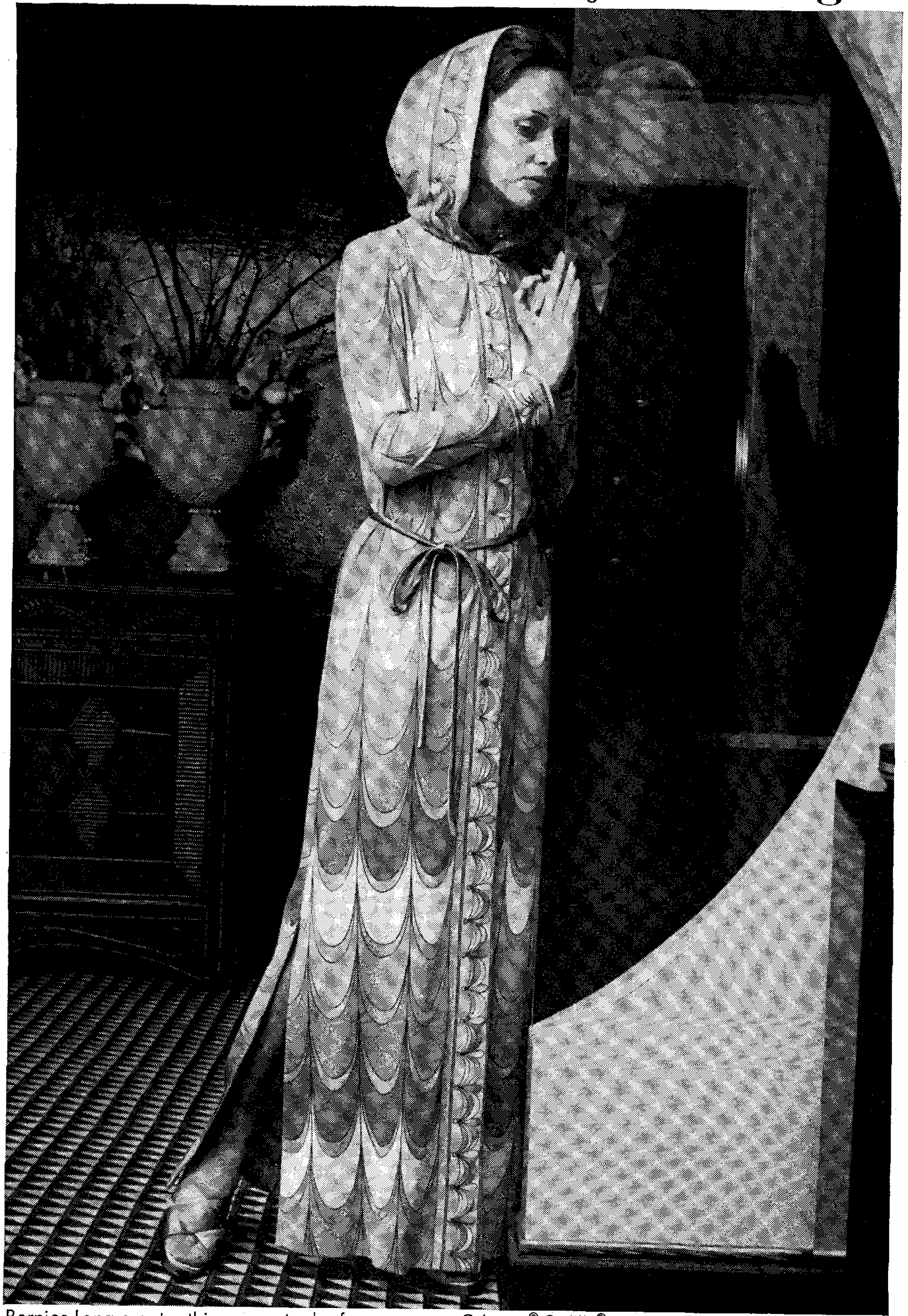

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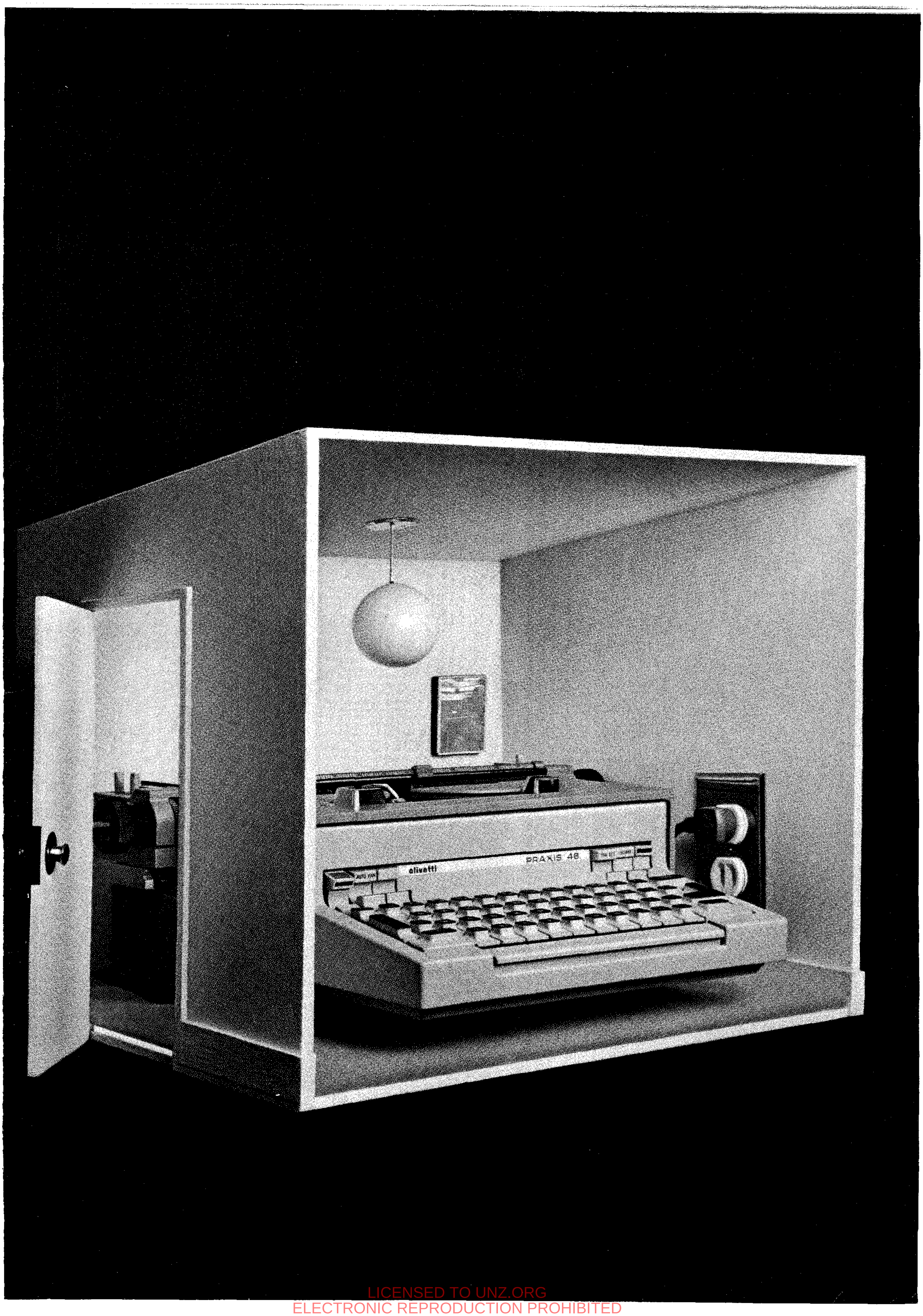
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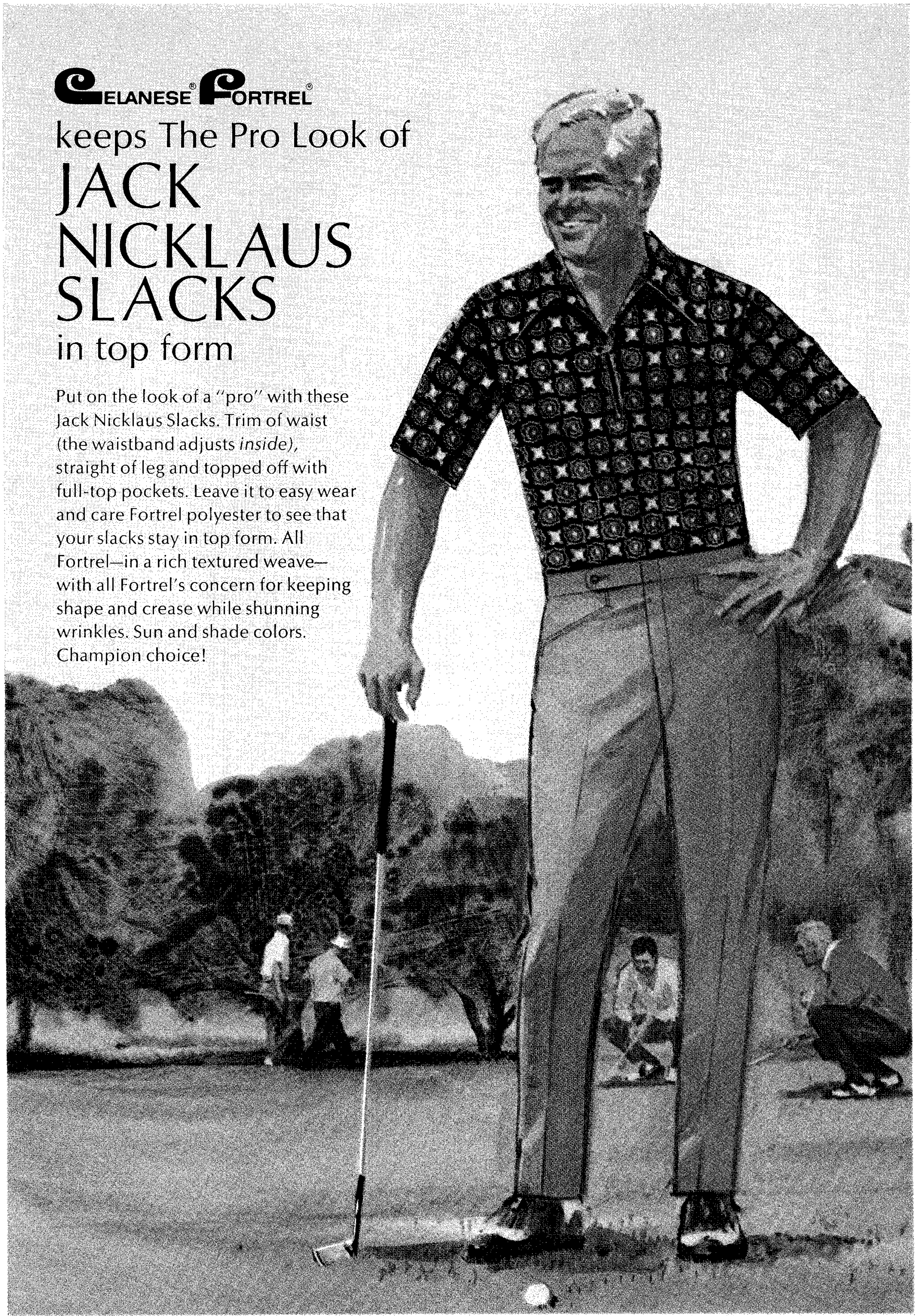

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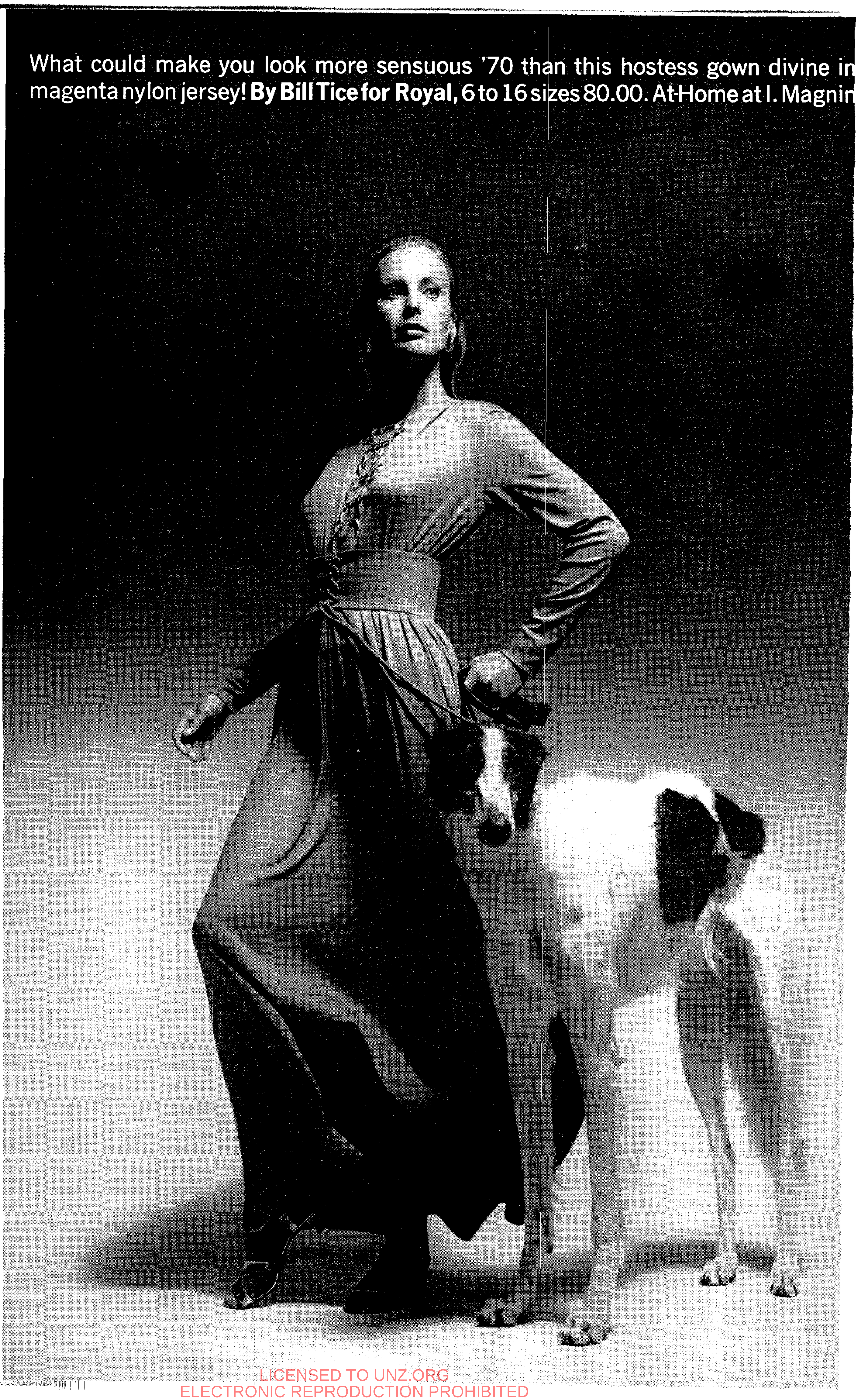

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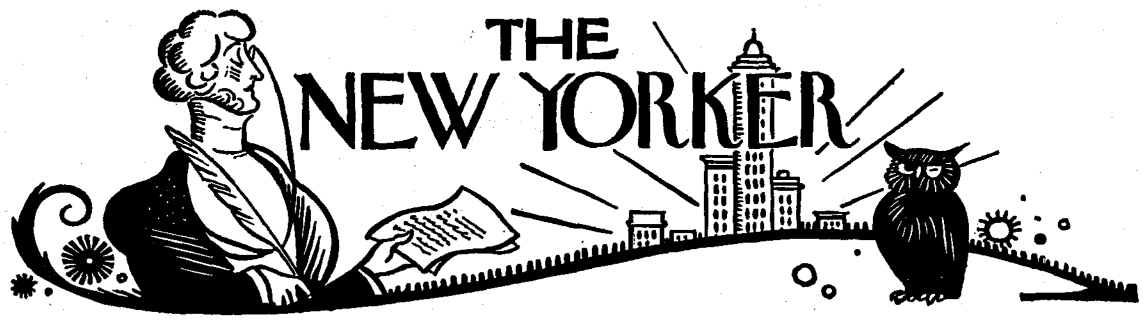


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

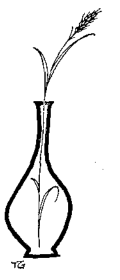
Notes and Comment

THIS fair land was settled in the odor of original sin, by Puritans grimly determined to forge a paradise, and ecological self-consciousness returns us to the bracing sense of unavoidable guilt. Our existence is a continuing, helpless pollution. Consider the suburban housewife innocently shopping to feed her children. The automobile she drives blues the air and consumes at each piston stroke the irreplaceable legacy of a million tiny fossils. The auto itself is a future disposal problem and a present eyesore. The asphalt parking lot not only is an eyesore (and a footsore) but, by displacing green plants, helps erode the oxygen cycle that made animal life possible in the first place. Not only are the things the housewife buys glistening inside and out with carcinogenic chemicals but they come wrapped in an infinite and needless variety of plastics and papers whose proliferation promises to blanket the land in a windblown welter of ash, trash, and half-melted polyethylene. And not only (and may this be our last "not only") that but the maintenance and perpetuation of this messy affluence demands, according to some accountings, the exhaustion of natural resources around the globe and the economic oppression of five-sixths of the world's people so that the remaining sixth can suffocate in stuff they don't much want. Truly, there is no hiding place down here, and we are an abomination unto the Lord. Having confessed this, we feel partly clean, and perhaps, like our forefathers, having savored the apple fully, we can embark upon the series of small practical steps that tames a wilderness and makes it habitable.

Modular

WE stopped off at the Whitney Museum last week to look at a new building that could have emerged from the pages of "Brave New World"—a modular house, which is one of the first to be designed as part of an industrialized housing system. The model we inspected was an engineering prototype that had been dropped into the Museum's sculpture garden, with a foot or so to spare on either side, as part of an exhibit optimistically titled "Another Chance for Cities." The house is a two-story boxlike structure consisting of four factory-produced modules equipped with plumbing, heating, lighting, kitchen equipment, and wall-to-wall carpeting. The modules can be stacked on almost any kind of site and bolted together along a center seam. The one at the Whitney is a four-bedroom, two-bath house, and an extra module has been attached to the front of the living room, forming a small, pleasant outdoor terrace.

The main attractions of the house are its low building cost (twelve dollars per square foot), its simple construction (the Whitney version was lifted into place and bolted together in five and a half hours), and its flexibility (windows and doors can be introduced in any wall surface, and the modules themselves can be combined in an almost endless variety of floor plans). Early next year, the modules, which are twelve feet wide and can be anywhere from twelve to fifty-two feet long, will be put into mass production by the General Shelter Corporation, a firm that has acquired some experience in the low-cost-housing business by supplying portable shelters to the armed forces.



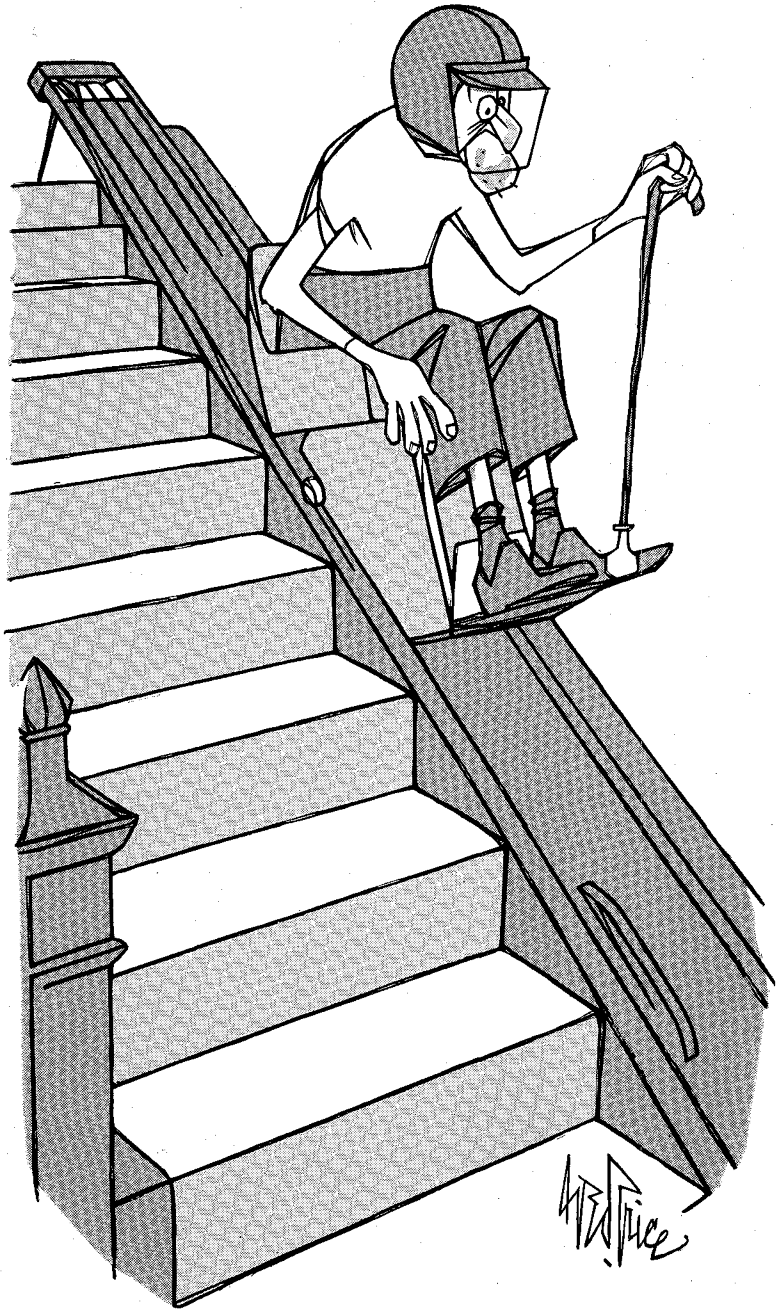
We obtained this information from Louis Berg, a courtly, gray-haired General Shelter representative, who introduced himself as we stood under the Whitney overhang gazing up at the exterior of the house. "The prototype has exposed steel framing with cedar-faced wall panels, but the design is so flexible that you can bolt on anything from redwood to weather-resistant aluminum," Mr. Berg said. "Speaking personally, I'd like to put one of these houses up near a beach, but I suspect that the day of the individual buyer is pretty far off." As we followed Mr. Berg into a spacious two-story living room, with sunlight streaming through an upper wall of glass panels, he explained that the modules are currently for sale in units of fifty or more. "We're trying to refine our manufacturing techniques to bring the cost down to ten dollars a square foot, but this would be possible only in a bulk product," he said.

We explored the rest of the house—dining area, bedroom, kitchen, and bath on the ground floor, two bedrooms, a bedroom-den, and a bath upstairs—and found it compact but surprisingly comfortable. "It's the open space in the living room that gives this house personality," Mr. Berg said as we paused in the upper hall and looked down into the living room, which had been decorated (by the Whitney staff) with abstract prints and black leather-and-chrome chairs. "The other important point is that everything is designed for the factory process. A completely finished module will come rolling off the production line just like a car, a refrigerator, or a washing machine."

We descended the staircase (which, Mr. Berg told us, can be stored inside one of the bottom modules for transportation) to find two young men kneeling on the carpet and fitting a wide strip of plastic material along the living-room floor. "These are the architects," Mr. Berg said, and he introduced us to Jerry Wells, who is tall and dark and comes from Texas, and Fred Koetter, who is tall and blond and comes from Montana.

"We're covering up the center joint, where two modules meet," Mr. Wells explained as he cut a neat square out of the plastic to fit it around a free-standing post. "The frames fit together beautifully, but the carpeting was a little ragged."

"We can fix that in the factory," Mr. Koetter said, smoothing the plastic



up to a wall. “A minor detail.”

When the two men—who turned out to be partners in an Ithaca architectural firm and fellow-professors at Cornell—had completed the repair job, the three of us sat down in adjoining Corbusier chairs, and we asked them why their house was regarded as a revolutionary piece of design.

“To answer that, I have to start with the difference between prefabs and modules,” Mr. Wells said. “In prefabrication, flat pieces of a house are built in a plant and assembled on a site. Plumbing, electrical wiring, and heating are then installed by conventional methods. Modules are larger, three-dimensional units, which are completely finished in the factory and then bolted together at the site in a much shorter time. Modular housing gives you more control in the plant, but up to now the average modular unit has been relatively inflexible. The problem we set for ourselves was to design a modular housing *system* that would adapt to many different situations and that could be industrialized.”

“Our basic module is framed with light-gauge-steel members connected by tamper-proof fasteners,” Mr. Koetter said. “We did consider the possibility that somebody might try to unbolt a house. We chose steel because it has a stable cost base—important in mass production—and because you can tool it precisely. The basic strategy of each module is that the weight is carried by the frame, so we can fill the spaces in between with all kinds of panels—windows, doors, insulated walls, plumbing in preassembled boards like printed TV circuits, hollow heating floors that include bonded-on carpeting, roofs made of corrugated-metal decking sprayed with a plastic roofing membrane. This gives us flexibility. We can change the light sources to suit each site, move hot-air registers around simply by making holes in the floor, and bolt on additional modules as they are needed.”

“We’re trying to use technology to prove that cheap housing does not have to be spiritually poverty-stricken,” Mr. Wells said. “By putting one unique space in a house—in this case, it’s the two-story living room—you make it more than a minimal dwelling. It’s not enough just to accommodate. Something in the mix has to be transcendental.”

“It has been said that the problem of poverty is not to provide bread but to get people to eat cake without becoming sick,” Mr. Koetter remarked. “Then you can go on and make really good bread. Now, if we can just leapfrog the stylistic image of what Middle America is living in (we call it the Ranchburger) and provide anyone who needs a house with a genuinely livable building—no frills, but a reasonable price—then we’ll have done our bit to upgrade taste.”

“Let’s just say we’ve come up with a modest little house that deals with horrendous problems in terms of economic restrictions and manufacturing limitations,” Mr. Wells said. “As a matter of fact, I shudder to think of the implications of hundreds of thousands of these houses spread all over the landscape.”

“Of course, it would depend on how they were stacked and organized,” Mr. Koetter said.

“That could be very dangerous unless it was handled by clever people,” Mr. Wells said.

“Back to Palladio,” said Mr. Koetter. “You’d be surprised at what he can teach you about industrialized housing.”

• •

Mr. Pindling

THE Bahamas are about seven hundred islands stretching in an arc of seven hundred and sixty miles between Florida and Haiti. Their total land area is about five thousand square miles, and they have a population of just over a hundred and seventy thousand—approximately eighty-five per cent black and fifteen per cent white. Not all the islands are inhabited, or even habitable. The majority of them are tiny atolls and small cays. Some have vegetation but no water, and others have neither vegetation nor water. Only nineteen of the islands are inhabited and developed. They are Abaco, Acklins, Andros, the Berry Islands, the Bimini Islands, Cat, Cay Lobos, Eleuthera, Exuma, Grand Bahama, Harbour, Spanish Wells, Inagua, Long, Mayaguana, Ragged, New Providence, Rum Cay, and San Salvador—where Columbus landed in the New World. All except New Providence are called “out islands.” New Providence, which may or may not be called the "in island," is where Nassau, the capital, is, where roughly sixty per cent of the population lives, and therefore where most of the action is. The Bahamas have been a British colony since 1718, when they were taken away from South Carolina by an English seafarer named Woodes Rogers. They are still a colony, but since 1967, when they elected their first popular—and predominantly black—government, they have been running more and more of their affairs. Last year, England granted them full internal autonomy, retaining control only over foreign affairs and defense.

The man now "taking care o' business" in the Bahamas, as his admirers like to say, is Prime Minister Lynden O. (for Oscar) Pindling. He is the first black Bahamian to hold that office—in fact, the first Bahamian to hold it, since the title was created under last year's new Constitution. (From 1967 to 1969, Mr. Pindling's title was Premier.) He is forty, is of Jamaican and Bahamian parentage, and was trained as a barrister at London's Middle Temple. The people who ran the Bahamas before Mr. Pindling—who heads the Progressive Liberal Party—took over were a small élite headed by a group of businessmen popularly known as the Bay Street Boys. Their party, now in opposition, is the United Bahamian Party. According to one biographical sketch, the Prime Minister, when he celebrated the granting of full internal self-government last year, planted a fig tree in Nassau and urged the Bahamians "to count their blessings and eschew complacency."

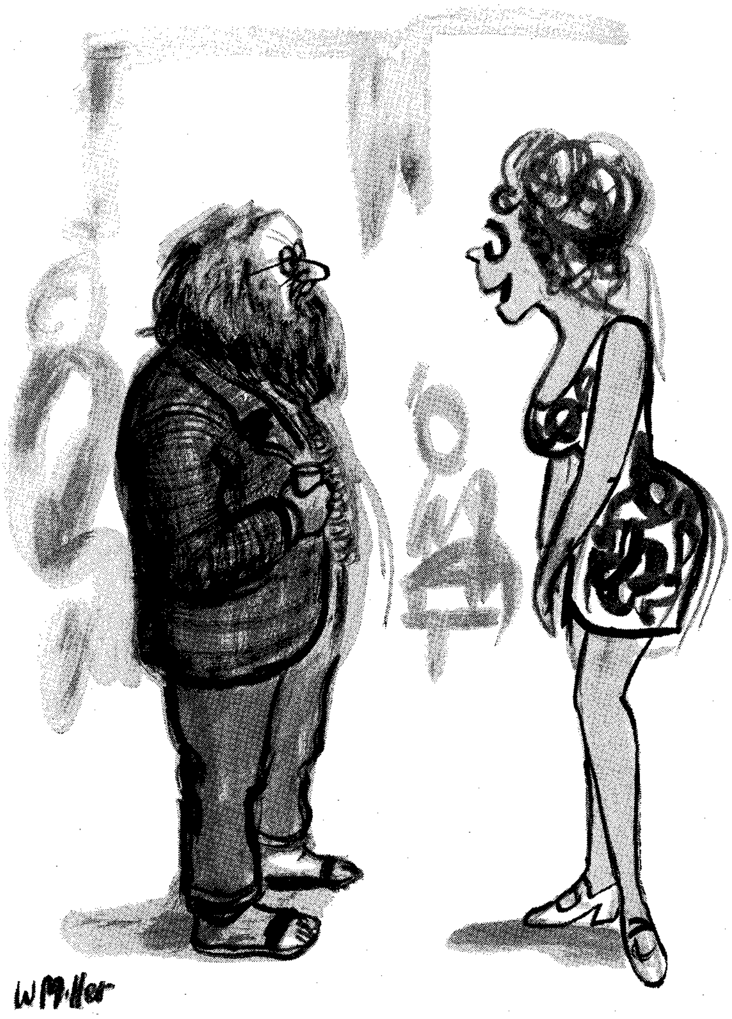
The blessings of the Bahamas are not difficult to count. They are mainly three. The first is the tourist trade, which is world-renowned, and which constitutes more than seventy per cent of the islands' economy. The second is the absence of any personal-income or corporate tax. And the third is Mr. Pindling himself. Not only is he the first head of government to represent the majority of the people but ever since 1967, when his name burst out of nowhere into the international headlines (few outsiders had dreamed that any serious politics went on in the Bahamas), he has attracted almost as much attention to his country as the tourist trade has. It was not at all inappropriate, therefore, that in 1967 Mr. Pindling should have combined his portfolio of government leader with that of Minister of Tourism and Development.

Whether Mr. Pindling has not been an unmixed blessing or whether his constituents did not follow his advice to eschew complacency is hard to say, but recent reports out of the Bahamas have suggested that the tourist trade has not been doing so well since the new government took over. An independent survey is said to have found that "only 87% of visitors leaving the Bahamas had favourable comments to make about the friendliness and courtesy of the people and the high calibre of the service." And a recent article in the *Times*, datelined New Providence, commented that "a developing crisis between visitors and black Bahamians has cast a pall over tourism here" and that "visitors returned home to tell stories of their experiences with insolent, even hostile waiters and taxi drivers." The writer of the article seemed to feel that it all had something to do with "increased political awareness among blacks." However, hardly any of this is borne out in a speech that the Prime Minister recently made to his people, in which he said that "both the traveller and investor who come here find a country of people who are friendly and earnest and caring."

Mr. Pindling was in town the other day, and we had a chance to find out just how he saw the situation in the Bahamas. He was here checking up on his New York tourist office, going over travel-promotion plans for next year, having lunch with the editorial board of the *Times* (at the *Times*), and taking in "Purlie" ("What a marvellous show!"). A few hours before he flew back to Nassau, we called on him in his hotel suite, on the thirty-seventh floor of the Waldorf Towers. When we arrived, he and two of his aides, one black and one white, had just finished breakfast, and soon the aides withdrew and left us with the Prime Minister.

Mr. Pindling was more friendly and relaxed than we had expected the head of a government to be. He was wearing a yellow knit polo shirt, brown slacks, and sandals. He smiled easily and spoke softly in an accent that was a wonderful mixture of English urbanity and West Indian informality. He is built compactly, like a chunky light-heavyweight, and his face has the rugged but fresh and healthy look of a boxer who has just broken training.

The Prime Minister sometimes slows down to choose his words carefully, and he did that when we brought up the question of the tourist trade. "The reaction of certain visitors has been overplayed," he said. "There's some dissatisfaction, I'm sure. There always is. But it has less to do with discourtesy and insolence



"I'm interested in politics, astrology, Women's Lib, motorcycling, and old Buster Keaton movies. Does that make me an individual?"

than with the incompetence of a few poorly trained personnel. You see, what's happening is this—the industry has been growing so rapidly, hotel accommodation has expanded so fast, that local people had to be thrown into service who had no training. We are now expanding training facilities."

"You seem to be saying that, if anything, the industry has been progressing under your administration," we said.

"No question about it," he replied, staring at us with wide-open eyes for emphasis. "In 1966, before we came to power, the Bahamas had eight hundred thousand visitors. Last year, there were more than a million three hundred thousand. Those people who are seeing more insolence now than ever before may just be looking for it."

"Why would they do that?" we asked.

"I don't know. Perhaps because they feel that black people will automatically start acting bad once they are running their own show."

We next asked Mr. Pindling whether, with the transition from colonialism, a new political awareness was permeating his country.

"At some levels, yes; at others, no," he said, looking contemplative. "Among the masses, you find people who want change, but they want it in the same old way. I suppose self-government doesn't change two hundred years of colonialism overnight—two hundred years of attitudes, modes of conduct, and thinking patterned and directed along certain lines. This is true, in a different way, of people in the old ruling class as well. The rulers whom we displaced are now busy fostering dissension simply to put a brake on what we are trying to do."

"Who are these people?" we asked.

"Well," Mr. Pindling said, again choosing his words carefully, "they are what I call an oligarchy of old Bahamian families, white and black. They ran the country tightly when they were in power. If they had to make a political or technical appointment, they would never go outside their own class. And if the kind of person they wanted couldn't be found among their own class, then they would send away to the United Kingdom or the United States. Some of the blacks have been wealthy families for generations. The whites are partly English settlers and partly old loyalist families who fled to the Bahamas during the American War of Independence. Now that the local situation is changing, some of them are changing their strategy. Instead of entirely ignoring the masses of the population, they are calling for 'decent' black men, 'sensible' black men, or 'responsible' black men."

"Meaning what?" we asked.

"Meaning the kind of black men they can handle," Mr. Pindling said, smiling.

We asked the Prime Minister what kind of black man *he* was considered to be.

He laughed, and said, "That varies from time to time. When I please them, I'm sensible. When I don't, I'm an irresponsible black politician who is out to wreck the country."

"By the way," we said, "who are the Bay Street Boys?"

"The Bay Street Boys are rich merchant politicians," Mr. Pindling answered. "Most of them have big businesses along Bay Street, in Nassau."

We asked the Prime Minister whether it might not be a blessing to his country to abolish the freedom from income and corporate taxes.

He shook his head soberly, as if that question had been explored and settled a long time ago. "With the economy based the way it is, and the population as small and as scattered as it is," he said, "it would cost us far more to collect taxes than what we would actually collect."

Questions at Radio City

THE most stupendissimo non-event of the Fall Publicity Season so far was the big, big Sophia Loren press conference at Radio City Music Hall last Thursday morning. The movie business has long conceived of the public prints as a transmission belt for the efforts of its public-relations departments. Joseph E. Levine, the president of Avco Embassy Pictures, which is distributing Miss Loren's latest film, "Sunflower," perfected this view of the function of the media by actually making the press a part of the show at its opening, at the Radio City Music Hall, and then charging admission for it. The reporters—there were five hundred of them—got in free, but the fifty-five hundred Loren fans who made up the cheering section paid for the privilege at the box office. The front third of the orchestra had been reserved for newsmen, studio officials, Rockettes (in mufti), and other privileged persons. When we arrived, at half past nine, the paying customers behind the press section were beginning to grumble. They had lined up early outside the Music Hall and had snagged what they assumed would be the choicest seats, and now it was dawning on them that their view of Miss Loren would be blocked by a dozen camera crews, who were in the process of setting up their equipment. Two of the paying customers, Mrs. Anna Marinello and her sister Mrs. Lucille Egitto, marched down the aisle to confront the authorities. They started yelling at a publicity man whom the privileged persons addressed as Sheldon.

"I'm up since four-thirty, I took my husband to the Fulton Fish Market, I'm here since seven o'clock, and now I can't see," said Mrs. Marinello. "I haven't got up that early in twenty years."

"Not only that but my train, the Seventh Avenue I.R.T. express from Flatbush Avenue, was on fire," said Mrs. Egitto.

"We didn't even have breakfast," said Mrs. Marinello.

"Please, darlings, be reasonable. There are seats on the other side," said Sheldon.

"Don't give me that baloney," said Mrs. Marinello. "There aren't any seats over there."

Sheldon struck a dramatic pose. "What shall I do?" he said. "Shall I kill myself?"

A booming disembodied voice announced that Miss Loren had been delayed in traffic but would arrive momentarily. Behind us, a couple of reporters were trying to predict what questions would be asked.

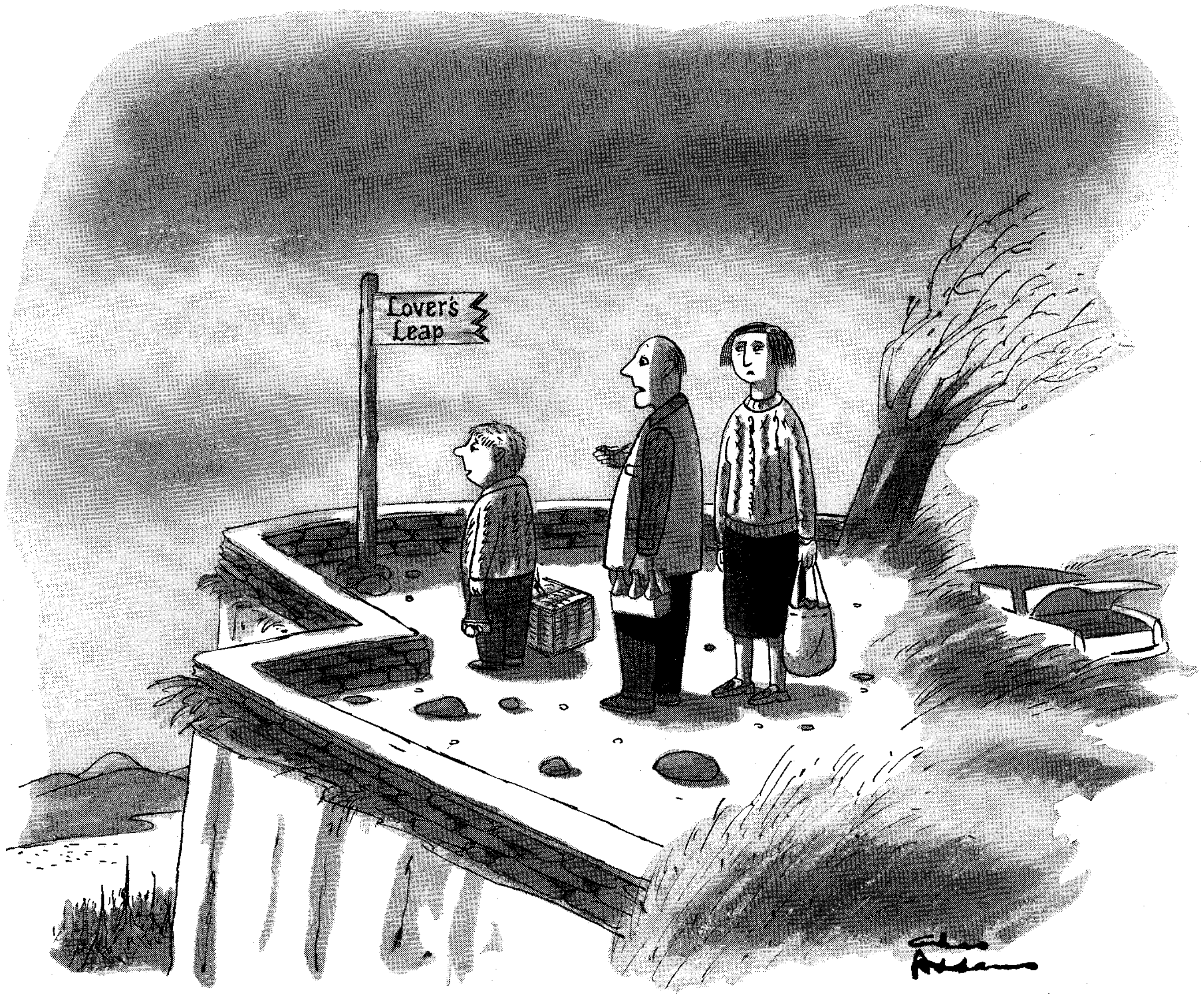
"How about 'Miss Loren, how do you like American men?' " said the first.

"That's *good*," said the second. "How about 'What are your impressions of the United States?' "

"Good, good. How about 'What is the secret of an ideal marriage?' "

The disembodied voice boomed out again, to introduce "the man who made all this possible, the president of Avco Embassy Pictures, Mr. Joseph E. Levine."

Mr. Levine, a stocky, benevolent-looking man, appeared in a spotlight at one corner of the stage and said modestly, "I'm not quite sure I'm solely responsible for this event. Much of the credit goes to the great producer, Mr. Carlo Ponti." Mr. Ponti, who is Miss Loren's husband, stood up in the audience and waved. He is stocky and be-



"Hasn't changed much since we chickened out, has it?"

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nevolent-looking, too, and he was wearing big glasses.

Then Mr. Levine said that it was a pleasure for him to have the privilege of introducing Miss Sophia Loren. The huge gold curtains parted slightly, the audience cheered, and Miss Loren, wearing black velvet pants and a red silk tunic, entered stage center and smiled. She walked to a gold lectern surrounded by piles of chrysanthemums and made a few opening remarks. Unfortunately, the microphone did not begin to function until she had nearly finished them. ". . . affection that it reserves to a true friend. Thank you very much indeed," she said, with a slight accent. Much applause.

The dialogue that followed included these exchanges:

"Miss Loren, would you ever appear nude in a film?"

"Do you think this is a question you should ask among six thousand people?"

"Miss Loren, are you in support of the Women's Liberation movement?" (Cries of "No! No!" from the audience.)

"We are living in a male society for centuries, so what's wrong with woman giving a little push? But she must not forget her duties and responsibilities as a woman. She must not forget the qualities that make her the complement of a man, and vice versa."

"Miss Loren, what qualities do you consider make a woman a woman?"

"You mean an ideal woman? She should take care of her personal appearance, not be boring, and not show, even if she has it, too much intelligence."

"Miss Loren, what are your views on the braless movement?"

"What?"

"Miss Loren, do you have a special message for the Italians of America?"

"Me? I'm not the President of Italy. I can't tell you anything."

"Miss Loren, do you think your role in 'Sunflower' is perhaps your best performance since 'Two Women'?"

"Very much indeed so. It is a picture I care very much about. It is a story based on the everlasting pillars of human feeling."

And, at last: "Miss Loren, what is your formula for a happy marriage?"

"I can't tell you. It's something that you have got inside. Since I met Carlo, I have felt complete as a woman."

Miss Loren waved and bowed and disappeared. The reporters headed for the exits. We asked Sheldon where Miss Loren was staying.

"She's staying privately," he said.

We pondered this. "You mean at someone's house?"

Sheldon said a word that sounded like both "yes" and "no." We smiled at him in admiration. A word that sounds like both "yes" and "no" must be a useful one for a publicity man to know.

OUTGOING BAG

(THE SPORTS DEPARTMENT, MORE OR LESS ABREAST WITH ALL THE LATE SUMMER-EARLY FALL DEVELOPMENTS, CLEARS UP A FEW QUESTIONS FROM READERS.)

Dear Sports Ed.:

I suppose you are one of those old-timers who are all uptight about these new baseball stadiums that have done away with grass on the playing field. You are wrong—but plenty. Baseball is too draggy anyway, and the new turf is the first progressive step since the catcher's mitt. By the way, what are these artificial surfaces made of?

—Buddy B.

YES, Buddy, the new stadium surfaces are here to stay, and soon there will be nobody around who remembers muddy infields, the bad hop, and the funny old smell of lawns warming in the sun. So far, the new surfaces are made of plastics, but as club owners begin to understand that they are at last free from the "tyranny of grass" it is expected that more and more of them will bring new taste and zest to their stadium fields with use of the full range of decorator materials. Wool, for instance. Yep, that's what the infield at Philadelphia's Veterans Stadium will be made of come next spring—a nubbly basketweave cheviot in a pleasing shade of heather. Out in St. Louis, by contrast, Busch Memorial Stadium will get it all together next year with a simple green matte-jersey surface, highlighted with random gold acrylic cross-threads that add a gleam of interest to outfield expanses; material, cut on the bias to avoid bunching or "scooching," has been dubbed madly groovy by fashion-wise Cardinals. Houston's Astrodome will look conservatively dapper in a year-round, wrinkle-free Dynel seersucker, with slight waist-suppression along the foul lines.

Dear Sports Editor:

I have "tennis elbow." Is there any cure?

—J. McM.

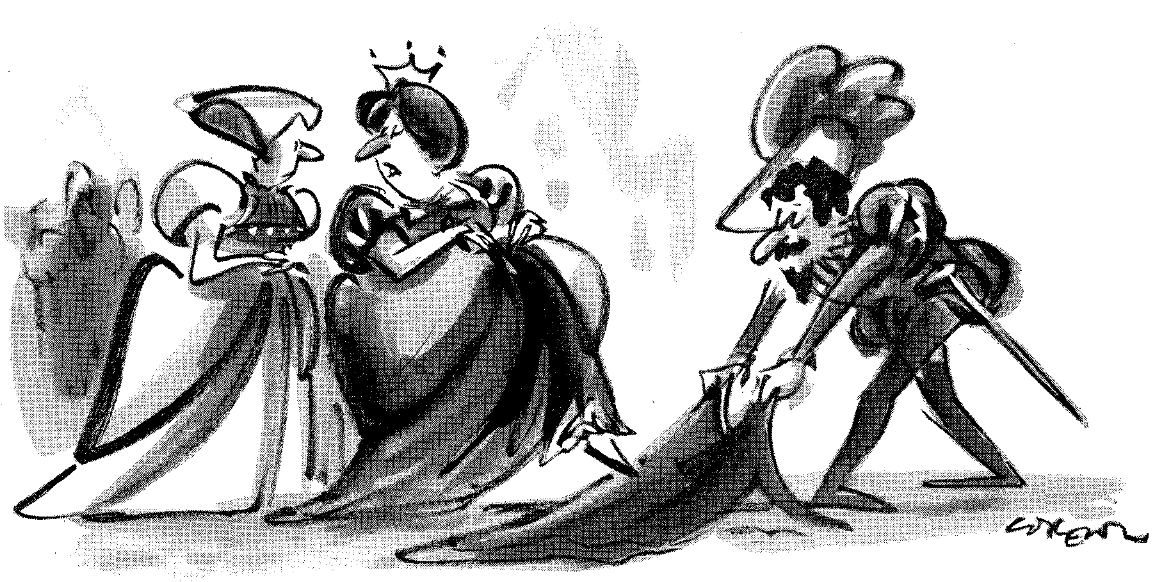
Epicondylitis, a chronic and painful inflammation of the lateral or medial condyle at the distal end of the humerus, is commonly known as tennis elbow, although it can be brought on by any repeated overuse of that joint, including toting a "portable" typewriter up to the press boxes of innumerable stadia. Advice for this common condition (stop playing tennis; *don't* stop playing tennis; give it heat; give it whiskey) is plentiful, and therapy (butazolidin tablets; repeated deep X-rays; cortisone injections) varies, but true cures are few and far between. The most interesting case history known here is a true story involving a former Democratic governor of a large Eastern state. Some years ago, said politico, an earnest racquet-wielder, suffered an epic epicondylitis so excruciating as to prevent ribbon-cutting, bill-signing, shaving, cravat-tying, etc. During this siege, official duties brought the Gov. to a major reception at the White House. While he waited amid distinguished guests lined up to meet the President, a terrible thought occurred: How would he avoid the obligatory handshake with the Chief Executive? No answer forthcame; implacably the line dwindled and the Prez. turned famous smiling visage patientward. The governor weakly extended *left* hand, but President Dwight D. Eisenhower (for it was he) ignored same, seized the more traditional right appendage, cried, "Bob, it's great to see you!," and gave the throbbing limb a hearty, manly, double-up-and-down Grand Old Party two-handed treaty-signing special, with an extra-friendly squeeze just above elbow bestowed by the south Presidential paw. When consciousness returned, the governor found himself swaying in a corner of the East Room, still upright but bedewed like a Channel swimmer. He wiped his streaming eyes and forehead with his handkerchief, then noticed to his astonishment that the brow-mopping had been executed with his right hand. Cautiously, he approached the refreshment table, selected a canapé with his right hand, and conveyed same to mouth. Not a twinge. He then shook hands—at first hesitantly, then boisterously—with several friends, constituents, and waiters. The patient, in short, was cured, and to this day has not suffered the smallest recurrence of tennis elbow. The governor, possibly convinced that the Democrats were no longer the most favored party in certain high quarters, has since retired from politics. None of this, of course, offers any hope for *your* tennis elbow, Mr. McM. Tough darts. Anyway, it's high time you learned not to ask strangers for medical advice.

Dear Sports Editor:

Why do the papers waste so much time and space telling about the stupid America's Cup races? Nothing ever happens in a yacht race, and nobody cares about the sport except a few la-di-da millionaires, who are the only ones who can afford to build these bathtub toys. Right?

—W.T.

You're right, W.T., if you are trying to suggest that yachting has not yet "caught on" as a national sport, such as bowling. This is largely due to bad luck, however. Even before this country's recent and unpopular defense of the America's Cup, the score in this event, since 1851, stood at United



"I'm afraid I'll never hear the end of this."

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States 20, Other Nations 0, which does seem a teeny bit one-sided for widespread fan interest. (Don't forget, though, that Willie Mays went 1 for 26 at the plate when he first came up to the Giants!) Foreign yachtsmen gallantly insist that they have not yet begun to fight, and Baron Marcel Bich, the millionaire French pen magnate, probably spoke for them all last month when he said, "When the going gets tough, the tough get going!" ("*Quand le chemin devient dur, les durs se cheminent!*") True, the Baron said this before he took the helm of his 12-Meter France for the fourth elimination race against the Australians. In that race, as you may have heard, France took a wrong turn in the fog and eventually got caught in heavy weekend traffic backed up from the infamous Bruckner Boulevard intersection, thus permitting the Australian 12-Meter Gretel II to qualify as the challenging boat.

I don't see how you say that "nothing ever happens" in a yacht race. I wish you had been with me off Newport last August when we reporters on the Press Boat witnessed a classic tacking duel between two American 12-Meter beauties, Valiant and Intrepid, in one of the races held to select the defending American boat. ("Tacking," I should explain, is turning the boat in such a way as to let Mr. Wind blow against the other side of your sails.) Well, on the second windward leg of this race, Valiant, trailing Intrepid by one minute and fifty-seven seconds, rounded the mark and sailed off on the starboard (right-hand) tack. Intrepid, noticing this wily tactic, also came about onto the starboard tack. Valiant then shifted quickly to the port (left-hand) tack. Intrepid also went over to the port tack! Valiant thereupon went back to the starboard tack. Intrepid also went back to the starboard tack. Valiant shifted to the port tack, cleverly followed by Intrepid. Valiant altered directions, coming onto the starboard tack. Instantly, Intrepid made the same change of course. Valiant, nothing loath, tried the port tack; so did Intrepid. Valiant's skipper then gave a sharp command, and the great white courser of the sea came up into and through the eye of the wind and tightened sheets smartly on the starboard tack. Intrepid executed the *identical* maneuver! Then they went at it hammer and tongs—Valiant to the port tack, Intrepid to the port tack; Valiant back to the starboard tack, followed at once by Intrepid. Clustered together on the main deck of the Press Boat, we of the seagoing fourth estate shaded our eyes as we stared off across the glittering seas at the two lofty, graceful contestants. Suddenly we caught our breath as we saw Valiant switch over to the port tack, then sighed in relief as Intrepid intelligently did the same. One of our number now murmured the suggestion that we should return to the bridge, and the others instantly concurred. A few minutes later, sitting South, I held:

♠ K Q 10 5
♡ A Q J 6
♢ K 9
♣ A 10 4

The bidding, with my partner and me vulnerable, went:

South	West	North	East
1 ♣	Pass	1 ♡	2 ♠
Dbl.	Pass	3 ♢	Pass
4 N.T.	Pass	5 ♢	Pass
6 N.T. (!)	Pass	Pass	Dbl.
Pass	Pass	Pass	

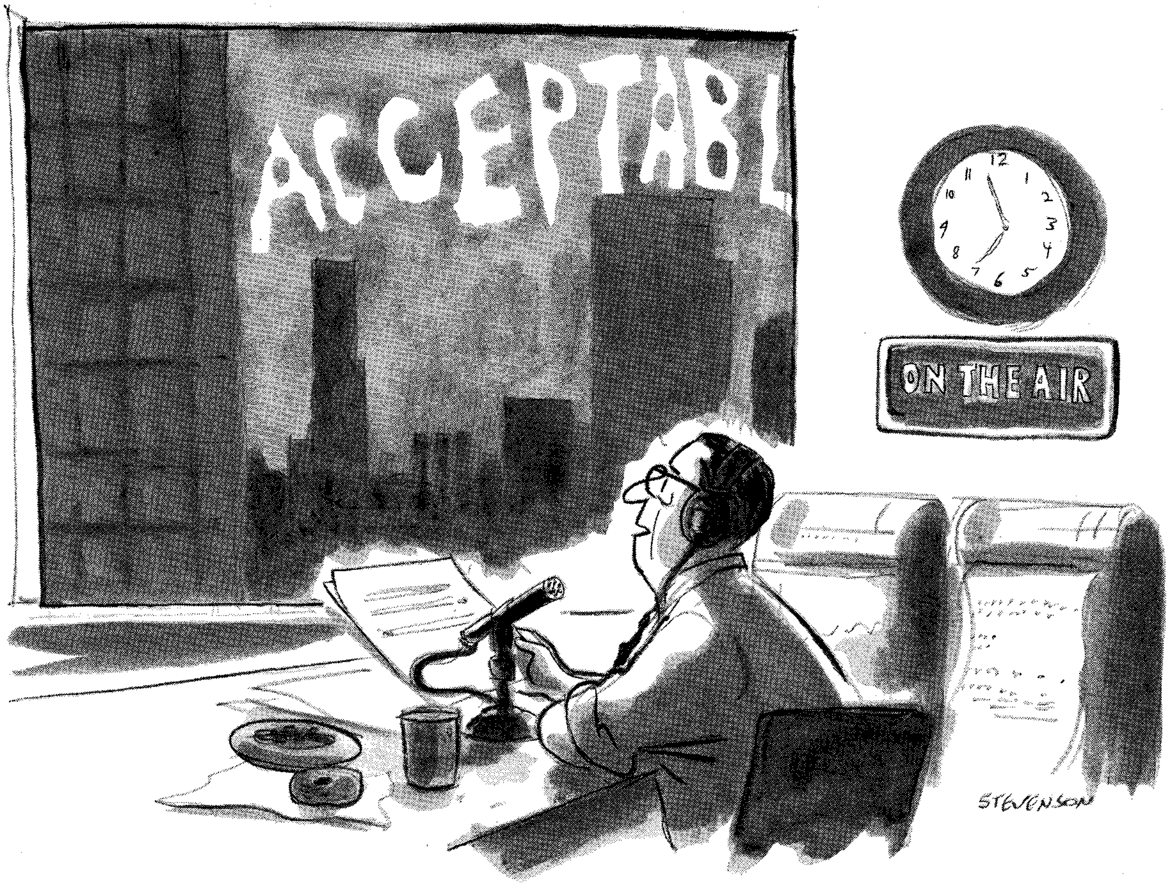
West, undaunted by my penalty double of East's preëmptive two-spade bid, led the diamond three, but by brilliantly (if I do say so) holding off the play of my three-card club suit I eventually produced a classic double squeeze of spades (East) and diamonds (West), to make our contract, thus clinching the rubber and a bundle for the winning partners. The remainder of the tactics on this windward leg are perhaps too complicated for non-seafarers to follow, but when the contestants rounded the next mark Valiant was found to have cut Intrepid's lead to one minute and thirty-eight seconds!

Dear Sports Ed.:

At the U. S. Open Tennis Championships last month, everybody seemed to be talking about "sudden death." Can you explain?

—Mrs. Mary Fellowes

Yours is a large request, Mrs. F. The problem of sudden death has bemused the greatest minds since the dawn of civilization. Implicit in the phrase, of course, lies the fundamental question: Can *any* death be "sudden" (i.e., unexpected), given man's knowledge of the immutability of his own end? Once existence is seen to have an end, we must needs assign it values and "meaning;" as Kierkegaard reminds us, "All essential knowledge relates to existence." Hobbes (1588-1679) described the life of man as being "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, short," and Sir Thomas Browne (1605-82), much devoted to such cogitation, concluded that "Life itself is but the shadow of death," and also, "For the world, I count it not an inn but an hospital; and a place not to live, but to die in." Shakespeare tried to put a better face on the matter: "We owe God a death . . . he that dies this year is quit for the next," but few serious thinkers have been able to



". . . the T.H.I. is seventy-five, and the pollution level seems to be acceptable . . ."

• •

avoid darker conclusions. Surely you remember Donne:

> There is no health; Physitians say
> that wee,
> At best, enjoy but a neutralitie.
> . . . Alas, we scarce live long enough
> to try
> Whether a true made clocke run
> right, or lie.

In closing, Mrs. Fellowes, I must say that it is heartening beyond measure to hear that such reflections are now being publicly aired in the normally non-Pythagorian confines of Forest Hills.

Dear Sports Ed.:

I don't seem to be able to tell the pro football teams apart anymore. I know that the National and American Football Leagues have combined this year, but I can't get the new setup straight in my head. Will you help out, and also give your selections in each league?

—Dumb Moe

You grid fans are just going to have to buckle down, Moe. Anybody who can't straighten out a plain old two-league, six-division distribution of twenty-six teams, each of which plays games both inside and outside its own division in a schedule that concludes in a twelve-team prechampionship play-off, probably isn't in shape for a single Sunday TV triple-header, let alone a full season. Here goes, then, but this is positively the last time.

Well, the last-minute wildcat strike by the ball-inflaters' union was halted by federal injunction, thus permitting the big new pro season to kick off on schedule. Prior to that, the only real news was the announcement made by the White House last spring that the Minnesota Vikings, runners-up in the 1970 Super Bowl, were being transferred to the Northwest Division of the Empirical Conference, where they will represent San Clemente. They will now be known as the Wampas Cats. Replacing them in the Alluvial Division are the familiar old Houston Depletions, who are playing this year in Anchorage. The Northwest Division also includes San Francisco, Denver, Los Angeles, and Miami. The Pony Division (Pittsburgh, the Jets, Green Bay, Philadelphia, and Darien—nothing changed *there*, anyway) will play two-thirds of its outside (or "swing") games against the bottom half of the Monetary Conference, the traditionally Catholic South Side. The other thirteen games (two in the case of Green Bay) will be "wild-card" encounters, to be played on alternate Monday nights against several teams to be selected by Howard Cosell after the current hearings before the Domestic Relations Court are concluded. So much for the Big Eight.

Over in the Entente Cordiale, Bear (Weeb) Schoendienst's Golden Paramecia look to be the best of an admittedly weaker circuit. There have been a few franchise shifts in this league since last year, but the new lineup of teams can be easily remembered with the aid of a handy mental "tickler" recently discovered by a quick-thinking distaff pigskin zealot from Fort Wayne, Mrs. Fern (Hank) Harntranft. She points out that if you take the first letters of the five cities that make up the Entente this year—Kansas City, Atlanta, Buffalo, Oakland, and Tulsa—they spell out "KABOT," which unerringly suggests Boston, and Boston, Mrs. Harntranft reminds us, is the one N.F.L. city (except for Green Bay and, in a way, Chicago) that has not lost a franchise or changed a team name ever since the old Braves departed for Hyannis.

Finally, in the lower half of the Eastern Synod, the New Orleans Pelicans and the San Diego Viceroys have merged, but will continue to represent the Motor City. These Pelvics have benefited from several fine draft picks, and Weeb (O.J.) Bryant is said to be smiling once again. The Giants (after a week's delay caused by that late-season tie in the Ice Follies) have opened up at the old stand, and should be in the thick of the fight right down to the wire next Easter, at which time the losers will commence quarter-final eliminations for the Lady Byng Trophy. The Webfoots, who recently adopted the short layback and fast bladework made famous by Ratzeburg, are the pick here.

—ROGER ANGELL

THE ENCLAVE

LIGHTENED HEART AND QUICKENED ENERGIES

THE school system of Whittier, California, had an over-all music teacher in its primary grades, who hopped like an exhausted rabbit from Penn to Bailey and then to a new school in the southwest of town, and from room to room. I think her name was Mrs. Graham. She taught us a surprising lot of tunes and words in her weekly lessons. I don't remember her in the first grade, but from then on I looked forward pleasurably to her "day," and sang loud and clear as I sat with my feet flat on the floor and my hands folded on the desk in front of me, as was required of us.

Mrs. Graham always had words on the blackboard behind her, and used a pointer. She taught us to draw the five straight lines of the staff, how to mark clefs, notes, bars—all that. I knew it already: there were our big hymnal at home, the little ones in church, Mother's music, from bound volumes of Chopin and Schumann to sheets of "Zwei Dunkele Augen" and "Aloha Oe." (Was this my first intoxicating but dangerously destructive taste of being just a little bit ahead of my lessons?)

Mrs. Graham was strong on Stephen Foster, and taught us at least fifteen of his best-known songs by the time I was ready for the fifth grade. Now in my life I could not and would not sing most of the lyrics I bleated out so happily then, but the music was perfect for its rhythm in our heads. We sang everything at exactly the same speed and with the same complete unawareness of the words, whether it was "Gone Are the Days, When My Heart Was Young and Gay" or some jig plunked out along the old levee. What was a levee anyway? We never thought to ask. One-two-three, *one*-two-three, through intimations of slavery, war, sorrow that never reached us; we were innocents, and therefore pure and unquestioning—temporarily, anyway.

I was probably the only one in school who had ever seen a real live Negro, and it never occurred to me that Old Black Joe and his Massa, whatever that was, in the cold, cold ground, and the cotton fields away, had anything to do with our Cynthia, so long and well regretted. She was the first cook we hired when we moved to Whittier, I think, so we had a special bond as newcomers together. It was a case of mutual respect, and of real love on my little sister's and my part. But after a few months Cynthia had to go away. She was dying of loneliness; what warmth we could give her was the only warmth she felt. Outside our house, nobody smiled or said her name. There was no place for her to worship, except on her knees at night. Cold, cold ground . . .

There was no more reason for Mrs. Graham to explain to us the sweetened laments of homesick slaves in Dixie than there would be for a kindergarten teacher to outline the political implications of the first mocking jingles about Humpty Dumpty, Georgy Porgy, and even Miss Muffet. We wanted to sing, and that we did, set off by a magical tuning fork, learning the new words from the end of our guide's pointer on the blackboard. It was rousing. It was fun. And on Fridays, when the whole school assembled in the six-sided hall in the middle of the building and Miss Raymer thumped firmly away at the upright piano, we really ripped through not only Stephen Foster but "America, the Beautiful" and "Keep the home fires burning, while your hearts are yearning . . . till the boys come home." We sang them all at one steady pace, loudly, gaily. Mrs. Graham beamed at us, and we felt fine, our adrenaline flowing healthily in time to the music, our minds clicking out the unimportant words like well-oiled little time bombs with prudently delayed fuses.

In a songbook published in Chicago in 1888, the preface says, in part, and with a sincerity impossible to smile at too broadly:

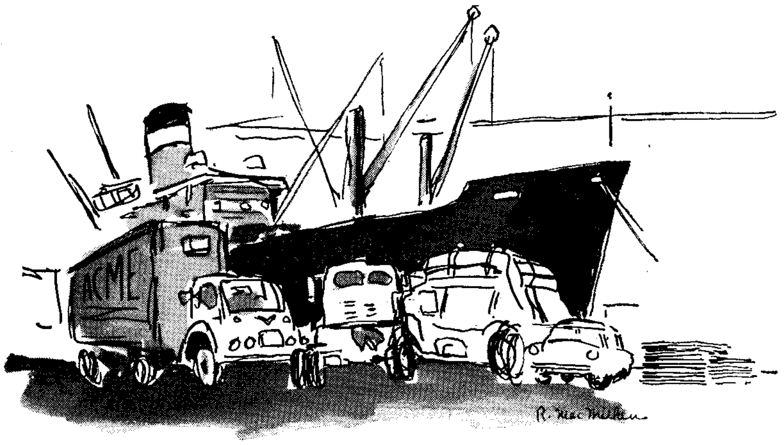
> Music in school is like sunshine after the shower; music in school will lighten the heart and quicken the ideas and energies of the pupil; music in school is like loving and encouraging words from father, mother, or teacher; it softens the heart and smooths all discord. Music in school, properly directed, would have prevented the great rebellion; teach the children to sing "My Country 'Tis of Thee," "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Nearer My God to Thee," and they will love their country, fight for the stars and stripes, and honor God.
>
> The teachers in our schools are building and shaping the political, moral, and religious destinies of the world. Build for country, home, and God, and the nation will sing your praise on earth, and chant with you in eternity the songs of the Great Builder and Teacher.

It is hard for me to believe that "the great rebellion," or any inner revolution, could have been *prevented* by learning to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" in school, but it is a comforting certainty that in times of stress we often open our mouths and, with words or without, assert ourselves above and beyond the level of speech. Prisoners, slaves, the condemned—we still sing.

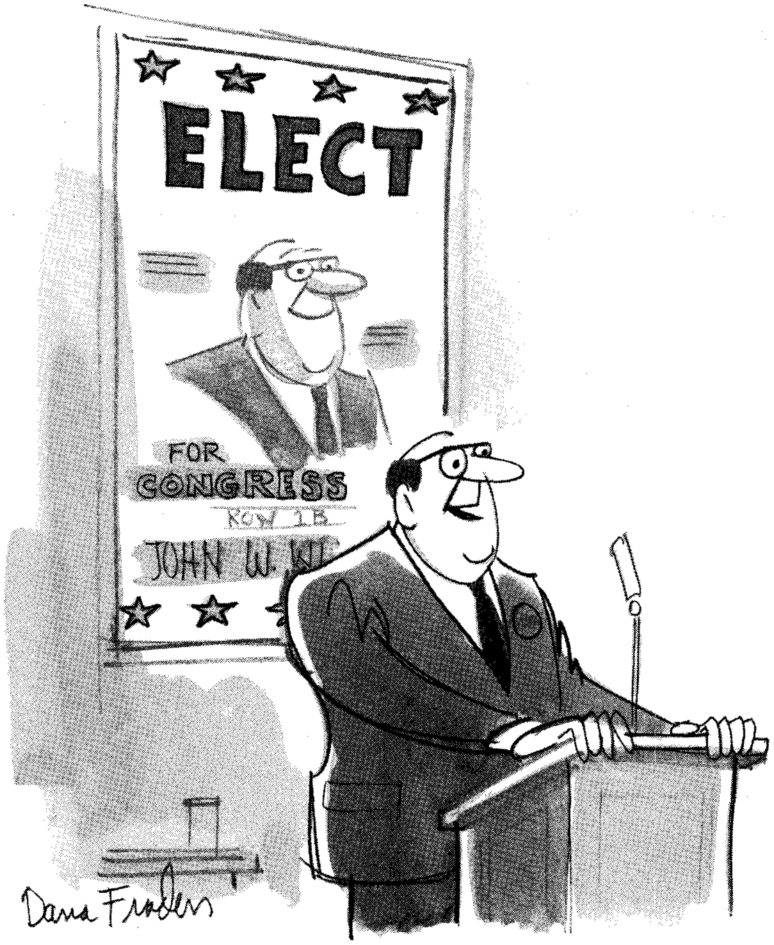
What puzzles me is that few people sing now when they are happy. Perhaps it is that they are not? A number of clubs or societies in America have been created only so that people can meet together and sing. There is one national chain, in which so-called barbershop harmonizing is done, often beautifully. There are groups of mothers, of fathers, of mothers and fathers. There are small, almost secret clubs where a few people meet to sing rounds or sea chanteys. But spontaneous music is rare here.

I suppose that if a young man put back his head at two in the morning on a street in Detroit or Santa Ana and belted out part of an aria from "The Marriage of Figaro" he would be arrested. But that happened in Aix-en-Provence the last time I was there, just before the Festival of Music opened and the stagehands were coming home from a final rehearsal. And in French Switzerland the bread boy who flew past our windows before dawn on his bicycle, with a big basket of hot long loaves on his back, yodelled like a celestial banshee as he shot down toward the lakeshore. This sort of thing was in *Europe*.

Here at home, though, in 1927 or so, college students would drink just enough bootleg rye and then walk



(walk!) to the girls' dorm, and hunch together for a good half hour of sobbing, wailing, howling, lovely near-to-close harmony, under any and all third-floor windows. Nobody stopped them. Behind the dark icy windowpanes we young ladies would feel adored, warm, uplifted. Far below us the happy dogs bayed, bunched together instinctively, a pack of girl-thirsty, half-drunk immature examples of what we all were supposed to want to mate with eventually. One of them, I remember, wore the second and better raccoon coat on campus. He was said to be the son of a Chicago bootlegger, and the pusher for whatever booze was available. He was a darling little fellow, what could be seen of him behind all the opulent fur, and he had a voice that soared with the eunuchoid subtleties of a well-trained choirboy into our fairly nubile chambers. He did all the solos, especially extra recitatives and choruses, on things like "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi." The boys who could afford liquor and liked to serenade accepted him. Otherwise, he was a loner, and got good grades, and looked right through people like me.



"They say to get elected to public office in America one must be rich. Well, my friends, I'm rich. I'm very rich."

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But there was still that corny, loud, uninhibited *music!* I do not hear it anymore—on the streets, at least. It is a good sign, a voice from the underblows, that so many young people now are picking—no matter how ineptly and fleetingly—at guitars and banjos and zithers, and sitting cross-legged tootling on recorders. Meanwhile, I whistle and hum, and when lately I was asked *what*, I realized that it is mostly tunes based on what I heard when I was little.

Mother had a nice repertory of the more assailable lieder she had warbled in Dresden. She knew things like the score of Handel's "Messiah," which she scoffed at but sang. She knew lots of church anthems, and of course the Hymnal. We seemed to hear these mostly at St. Matthias, the Episcopal chapel we attended, but they were part of the family noise.

Father whistled, though never in the house, and now and then, safely out the back door, would produce a Jew's-harp from his yard-pants pocket and twang out something like "Turkey in the Straw." Mother disdained this instrument as a part of yokelry, and when Father's front teeth began to lose their grip he stopped his jolly yet sad music. He, and then I, played the harmonica a little, always safely out of Mother's hearing, but we were no good. Father, with his big hands, could rip out rather dramatic but completely incorrect swipes of sound, which any teacher would have winced at. Once, he decided to take a correspondence course and learn how to play the piano fast right then and there. Mother—and I am sorry about this, but understanding—put her foot down. It is too bad, but that is what happened. *She* was the one who had studied in Europe and could still stumble through bits and pieces of Chopin's nocturnes. *She* appreciated music. *Ladies* did arpeggios, not men. Father was an American small-town journalist, editor of the *News*, without classical education and therefore insensitive to the finer things of life. His place was in his office, working. Her place was at home, arbiter of culture. (This rationale was a common syndrome at the turn of the present century in America and explains, although does not condone, much that has happened since.)

At church, we sang with genteel—or, at any rate, Episcopalian—lustiness. On plain Sundays the effect was one of whuddery well-meaning. The vested choir's aim was to sound as much like Westminster Abbey as possible, with anywhere from three to eight (Easter, Christmas) devout but untrained and rather elderly voices. Mother held firm in mezzo-soprano. If Aunt Gwen was on hand, she and Uncle Mac stayed almost dashingly in the lower ranges. Mrs. Emory, Mrs. Aldrich, Matty Matteson's birdlike wife—they piped along loyally as they swayed up the aisle in their protective vestments (could they possibly have done it in plain street clothes?), behind the crucifix.

It is fortunate that my father, raised as a militant Methodist, seldom went to church. He liked to rock back and forth a little, involving himself in the rhythm if not the statement. He would put back his head and sing out if a tune came along that was of his persuasion—something gutsy like "Onward, Christian Soldiers." This tendency to break through the thin shell of churchly restraint as practiced in Whittier by the Episcopalians embarrassed me when I got to the difficult stage, but for many years I enjoyed it and rocked with him. At about twelve, I began to find it painful, and was glad that Christmas and Easter came but once a year.

IT seems strange, on our shrinking globe, that in the expansive, unthinking years when I was a child in

Whittier I did not learn anything about the music around me except in school and church. The only contact I had with Mexican music, which was surely alive in Jimtown, our local Mexican ghetto, was from "The Mission Play," in the neighboring village of San Gabriel.

That was called a pageant, I believe, and was encouraged by things like Chambers of Commerce wanting to woo people from the Middle West with promises of picturesque native customs as well as free oranges. It was written by John Steven McGroarty, who, while I was still fairly young, became a Grand Old Man in southern-California journalism as well as culture. It was housed in a wonderful theatre, part tent, part boardwalk, in the little settlement, mostly Mexican, with its fine mission. It was about the coming of Fray Junípero Serra to San Diego, and then his slow, strong walk up the Pacific Coast, with a new mission just one day's journey past the last night's rest, and loyal, loving, captive Indians learning happily how to raise grapes for wine, cattle for leather, and so on. There were conquistadores in clanking armor, beautiful Spanish maidens, noble priests, handsome half-breed villains. "The Mission Play" had, in other words, everything but Abraham Lincoln and a pet dog in it, and it ran happily for many years, until about 1927, when it "expanded" just in time to have the Great Crash send it into deserved bankruptcy for building a fat, vulgar, stucco-and-tile-and-velvet temple to what it and McGroarty had once been. With radio and talking films, who cared about watching a bunch of amateurs bellowing around on a small-town stage?

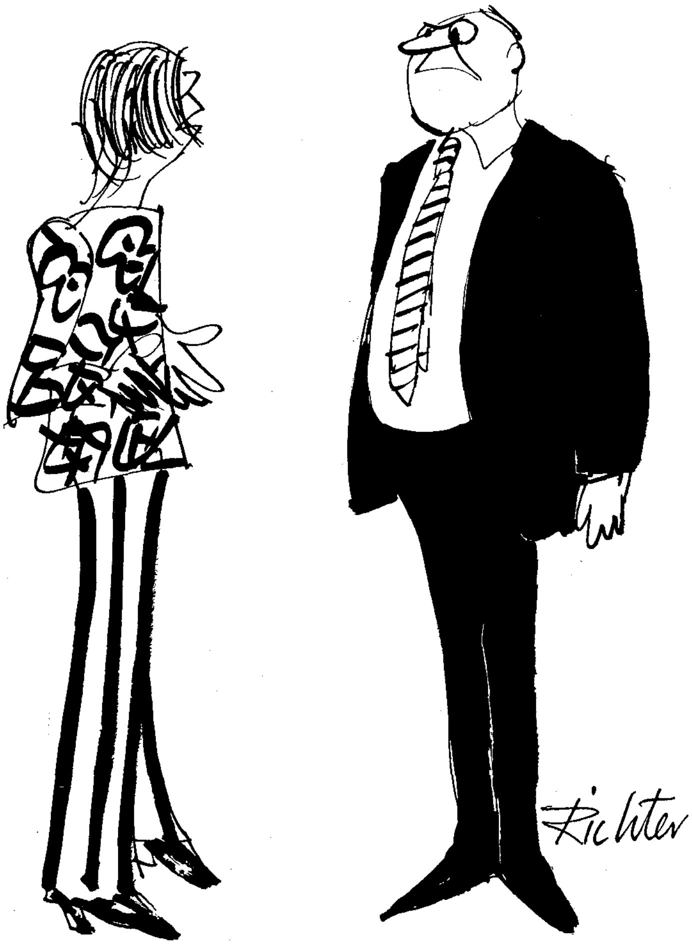
The old playhouse was a marvel of inventive desperation, for money was a day-by-day acquisition, I have been told. It came in dribs and drabs, now from the Southern Pacific railroad, now from Pacific Electric, again from St. Bartholomew's College in Altadena. Excursions, special rates, group tours—they fed the kitty. Nice elderly ladies from Pasadena took Eastern visitors to the matinée in their electrics, with a hamper of lunch. People like my sister Anne and me went at least twice a season, on paper tickets that Father did not hesitate to use in payment of all the enthusiastic free publicity he gave the play in the *News*.

Halfway around the barely sloping floor of the theatre proper was a row of boxes, in a U-shape, and that is where we always sat. They had painted canvas sides, with the crests of all the houses of Spain flamboyantly splashed on them. One time we would be in Aragon, another in Castile. We soon learned how to sit without scraping our camp chairs against the rickety wooden floor.

The intermission was almost as good as the play, and equally familiar. Around the theatre's three sides off the street was a covered arcade, with soft, warm sunlight coming through its canvas sides and roof, and there before us, on low tables so that we could see every window, every tile and chimney, were replicas of all the missions Serra had founded. For a few seasons, Anne and I would start correctly at the left exit from the hall and move slowly with all the other gawkers around behind the stage and up the right side, to the last entrancing little carved and painted model. Gradually, we got to know the ones we most wanted to look at, and learned how to stop only at those without being pushed: San Gabriel, right down the street; San Juan Capistrano, not too far from Laguna, where we lived in summers; Santa Barbara, which Mother had visited. . . . In the plaster fields, Indians planted and harvested. In the patios, the Franciscans set long tables with food for travellers descending from a coach outside the mission, and one brother hurried up the outside chapel stairs to sound the bell. It was a fine dream, and I have often wondered what patient wizards shaped it for us, and where it went.

Inside again, it was usually Aunt Gwen who sat waiting for us in our box, and the orchestra would be whipping into some fine Mexican music, toned down for the American audience of those days but still genuine, since everybody who could hold a trombone or a fiddle in the little town was a standby in the pit. It was the same onstage, except for the few principals, who were enlisted from the growing ranks in Hollywood of one-time Shakespearean actors. The cast was, in other words, local. There was no need to import Indians, Mexicans, Spaniards, half-breeds—even evil white invaders—for they had been born and raised within shouting distance of the playhouse, and from what I remember they found the annual season of "The Mission Play" a continuing celebration. I assume they also got some extra change for it, but possibly that did not much matter to the constantly shifting crowd of "natives" prancing and yelling and dancing on the ample stage.

By the time we had seen the play a few times, we could have been as much at home in it as any of the local children who played Indians—wild at first, and then happily busy after the Franciscans showed them the Light. I envied them. And it was fun to guess who was whose uncle or mother in real life from the way they acted onstage. At one performance, the star



"O.K., if I'm Dustin Hoffman, then you're John Wayne, and that puts us right back where we were."

of the big fiesta scene gave an impudent young onlooker a good sound slap, and we knew that she was his mother and that he would see her after the show.

She was wonderful—the only character I remember truly, besides the saintlike Serra: a very short, fat woman, but solid, with the tiniest, most twinkling feet I have ever seen. She had a few parts all through the play, as servant to old Serra and so on, but in the fiesta she suddenly threw off her shawl and there she was, in a giddy costume of silks and sequins, with little red shoes on her feet that had been shuffling in the dust! Sometimes she danced for half an hour, with everybody onstage part of it, like a good jam session now. She was beautiful, as small and heavy as a fine little heifer, except that she plainly had several offspring playing extras and was perhaps fifty years old. When she danced, she was just what the music told her to be, and for her the music was beautiful, too—inspired.

When the play was over (and it was a sad ending, because Serra died, and the sun set behind the painted ocean where earlier a real galleon, tiny but important, had sailed into the view of the frightened, cowering savages), the orchestra played as jauntily as it could to cheer us. "*Adios, adios*," it said. And it was the last Mexican music we would hear for many long months, until the paint was freshened on the canvas walls and the little missions were retouched, and the local fiddles and guitars tuned up again for the Yankee tourists.

It would never have occurred to anyone in Whittier to listen to what was being played in Jimtown, any more than it would have seemed either interesting or prudent for some of the people down there to come to the annual Quaker concert, drawn from the "Messiah" and given in the meetinghouse for a small missions fee to the public. During the First World War, there were many "shows" organized in our town to raise money for the Red Cross and to sell Liberty Bonds, but never was there one bit of Mexican singing or dancing in them.

Once, perhaps in 1914, I was taken to a big barbecue Father had helped arrange, to benefit something like the new Elks' Club. It was the most authentic I have gone to, I think—in real early-California style, with long board tables under a flapping canvas roof, and a big pit where two whole steers had been roasting all night. It was dusty and exciting, but I was taken home soon, since things got a little rowdy, I was told later. Now it surprises me that it happened inside the city limits, but I know that even outside of town it would still have been all-white, with only the cooks at pitside the real Mexicans. And where was the music? What good is a real, huge, old-fashioned barbecue without at least a couple of guitars and maybe a cornet, to sob it up on "La Paloma"?

AND where is the organ-grinder? There was one, for at least a few years, in Whittier. I know this because I was four when we went there, and when I was in the second grade, a good four years later, I could compare notes with my friend Gracie about him. Then he stopped coming. He came always at twilight. Anne and I would hear him down at the corner, approaching slowly from Philadelphia Street around to ours. The music was a magical sound, and my heart still falters when I hear it with my spiritual ear. Whoever was in command of the house at that moment would understand and put a nickel or perhaps some pennies in our hands, and we would go out alone and wait at the edge of the sidewalk. Up toward us (I see all this now in light flickering from the overhead lamp at the intersection, and long shadows, but that is fantasy pure and simple, for we would not have been allowed to stand outside alone in the dark) would come the small bent man with an organ strapped in front of him, and on his shoulder his little monkey. The man wore a soft, pointed green hat, very dirty but with a feather in it, and the monkey wore a red coat with buttons, baggy pants, and a little round flat cap with gold braid, which he took off when he asked us for our coins. Sometimes the man would tell him to shake hands with us, and his fingers were cold and like bird bones.

First, the shadowy small man would crank out a tune or two, depending probably on how tired he was, and what our money might add up to. I know the tunes were Italian, because afterward Mother would laugh a little about the way "O sole mio" or "La donna è mobile" had sounded. (She pretended to hold her ears when the organ-grinder came, but she always knew what he had played!) Then he would go slowly on up the street. But it was the wrong time of day—people were closing their doors, pulling down their blinds. And he was not in the right part of town for sidewalk frolicking. He would have more luck down along the south and west edges, where the houses were small and shacky, and the people were more open than the respectable Quakers who lived on North Painter. Anne and I waved sadly as he turned away.

He would find my friend Gracie, though, and she was enough to cheer him and his monkey, too. She was a stalwart mixture of her big Mexican mother, who still wore her hair in a long braid down her back, and her German father, who was said to be an itinerant butcher. She compared notes with me about the organ-grinder, which it never occurred to me to do

AS IF YOU HAD NEVER BEEN

When I see your picture in its frame,
A strait jacket, pity rises in me,
And stronger than pity, revulsion.
It is as if you had never been.

Nobody in the world can know your love,
You are strapped to the nothingness of ages,
Nobody can will you into life,
It is as if you had never been.

I cannot break your anonymity,
The absolute has imprisoned you,
Most sentient, most prescient, most near,
It is as if you had never been.

—Richard Eberhart

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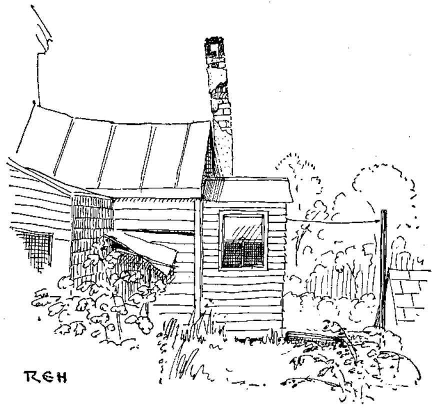

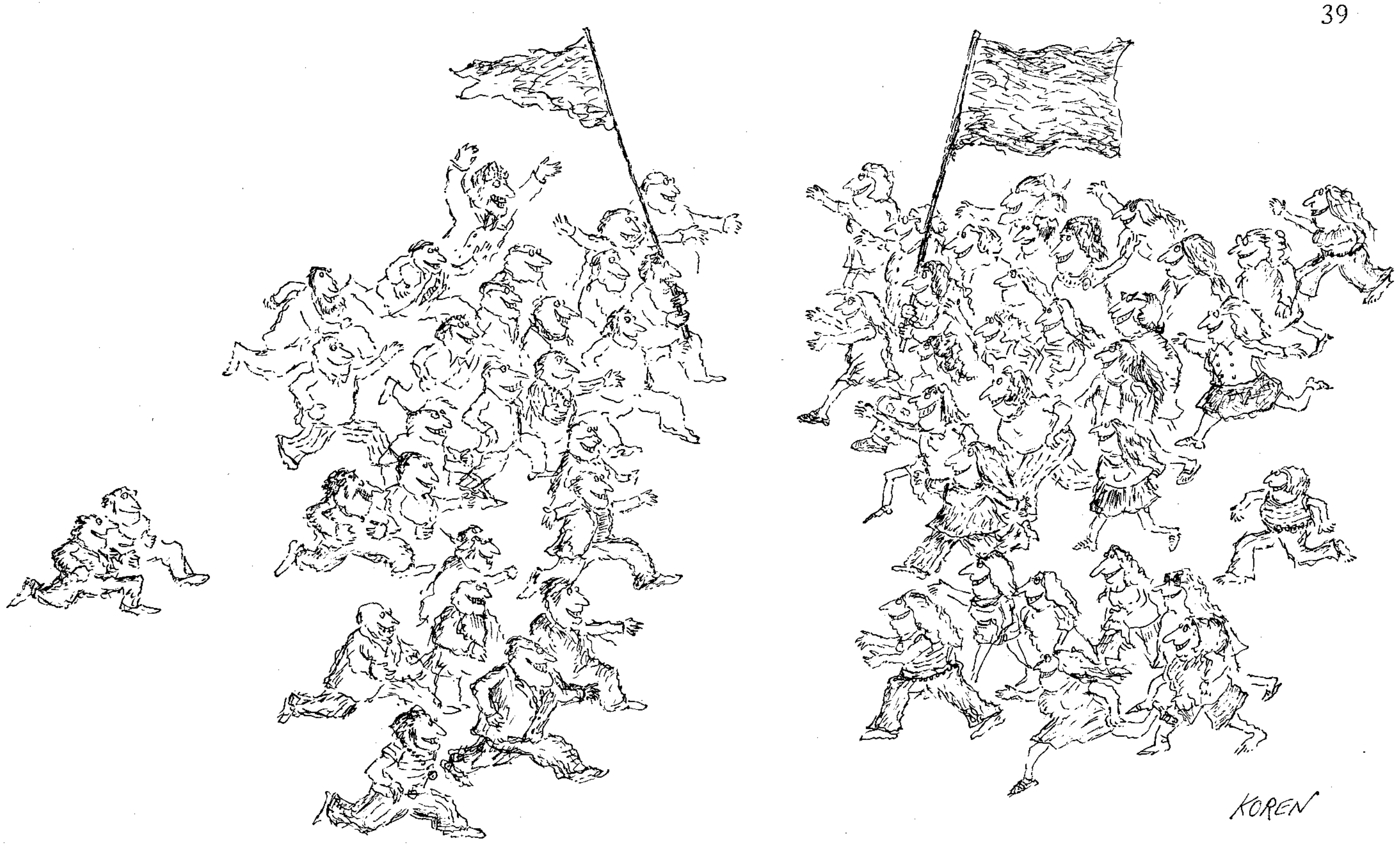

"A very effective dating service, I must say."

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with my more proper friends, all of whom were Friends as well.

The morning after the organ-grinder had come, Gracie would ask me tauntingly if he had been to our house, and I felt quite proud and jaunty that of course he had. We told how much we had put into the monkey's hat, and whether he had shaken our hands. He *always* shook Gracie's.

Once, when I did not have a single penny and the house seemed empty of adult bankers, I left Anne on the sidewalk as hostage and ran into the house to grab a ripe avocado from the sideboard. The little monkey plunged into it and surfaced like a green plum, with his eyes on top as black and bright as olives. The man laughed and played another tune, but I know a nickel would have been more use to him.

Gracie told me that one time the monkey jumped right into her arms, wearing all his clothes. That never happened to me, and I admitted it to her, but if one of the girls from the north of town had vaunted such a triumph, I might well have lied and said nonchalantly, "Of course . . . me, too . . . *twice* . . . of course."

I HAVE seen pictures of slum children, pale and thin but gay, dancing to the music of an organ-grinder in the slums of New York long ago, just about when my little sister and I stood shyly on the edge of our neat lawn and listened without moving to the wheezy music, and then waved goodbye. How muted we were! But inwardly we vibrated like twanged cello strings to what the man and his companion had given us. After they left, we would go into our warm house again, and Mother would play more music for us sometimes, and we would sing together. There was one book we liked especially, of "A Child's Garden of Verses" with really good accompaniment—the kind Mother could cope with. Snatches from it still slide through my mind at unexpected times: "How do you like to go *up* in a swing, *up* in the air so bluuuuue . . ." "I saw three ships a-sailing . . ."

But it was the organ-grinder we still thought of, and perhaps sang to in our own ways, and perhaps still do. Where did he come from, and why did he come to such a tightly closed place as Whittier then was? After he vanished gently from us toward the lower part of the small town, did he find something to eat? There was the electric tramway that ran between us and Los Angeles. It cost more than the pennies he could ever earn on our street. Our family had a pass on it because of the *News*, but Anne and I knew he did not. And, once into the big city, where would the tiny monkey stay, in all that dark noise? We discussed adopting him and his friend, but in a hopeless way. I talked with Gracie about the plan, and she laughed loudly and told me to forget it. We could only keep our ears open and hope for the return.

All this had nothing to do—then, anyway—with the music classes with Mrs. Graham, in either three-four or four-four time but sung obediently at the same volume, the way young sheep blat, well fed, almost ready for the market. It had nothing to do with groups singing together as I knew them: church choirs, a wandering quartet intoning hymns in the Friends' meetinghouse for foreign missions, even what I heard alone and more rarely together at home. Certainly it was far from Spain and Mexico and Italy. It was far from the lower East Side. It was the piper's tune, played from the shadows of Whittier, and the tiny, cold hand of the monkey still reaches toward me. —M. F. K. FISHER

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Pollution Controls, Inc., Shakopee, reported improved profits for the six months ended April 30, with per-share earnings totalling 13 cents.

The higher earnings occurred despite a cutback in the firm's operations because of an order from the Minnesota Pollution Control Agency to reduce emission levels.—*Minneapolis Star.*

Sauce for the goose, eh?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

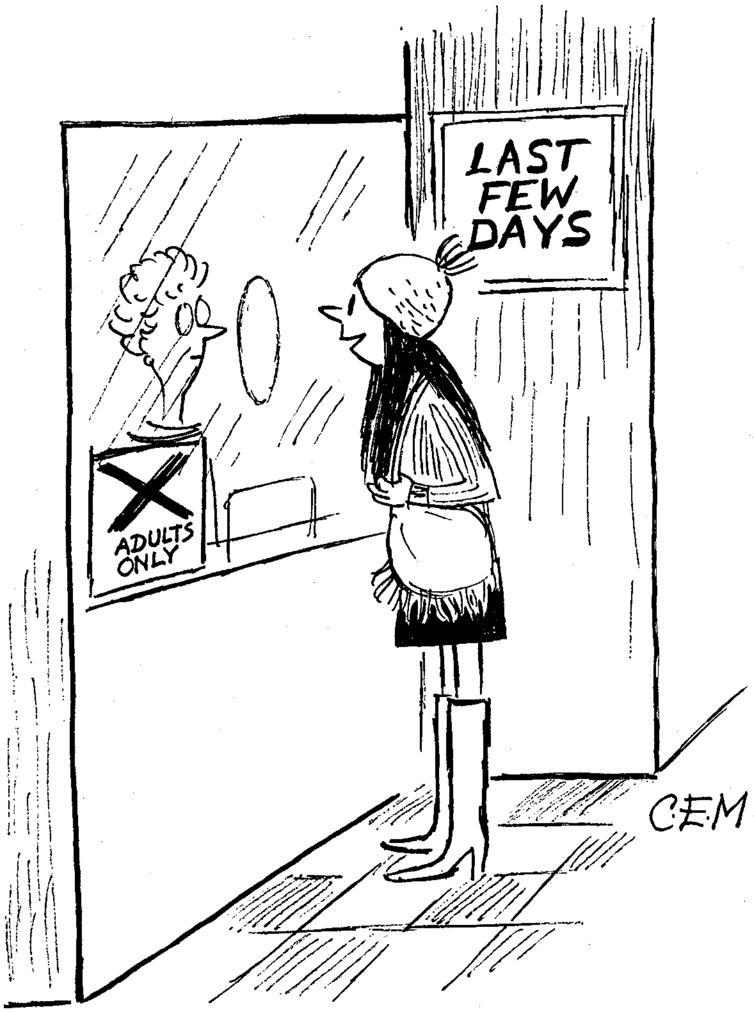
THE GUARD: BUT OHIO. WELL, I GUESS THAT'S ONE STATE WHERE THEY ELECT TO LOCK AND LOAD

At six o'clock one recent Saturday morning, a Kharmann Ghia and several other civilian vehicles were parked in the rain outside the 7th Regiment Armory, at Park Avenue and Sixty-sixth Street. Inside, several uniformed young men were rushing about carrying duffelbags down the carpeted stairs and along wood-panelled corridors to the huge central arena of the armory, where several military vehicles were preparing to move out. A jeep carrying a 105-mm. recoilless rifle was being loaded onto a carrier, and men were climbing into other jeeps and trucks. The 1st Battalion of the 107th Infantry (New York National Guard) was preparing to join two battalions from the armory at Lexington Avenue and Twenty-fifth Street, one battalion from the armory at Thirty-fourth and Park, and units from armories in Brooklyn, Long Island, Flushing, and (for some organizational reason) Pennsylvania, to undergo—as the 42nd (Rainbow) Division of the New York National Guard—their two weeks of summer training at Camp Drum. Camp Drum itself, which is in upstate New York, was regarded as too strenuous a trip for a single day, so after rest stops at a race track in Goshen and at Whitney Point the convoy would bivouac just one night at the state fairgrounds in Syracuse. "Inherent in our organization," said Colonel Dominic Pellicio about the Guard convoy's capacity to bivouac, "is an ability to stay out and eat."

Kitchen trucks had set out for Syracuse an hour earlier. To avoid travelling on the Sabbath, an Orthodox Jewish chaplain had gone up the day before. Colonel Pellicio (commander of New York City's Guard units, senior brigade commander during the March postal strike, and in his civilian life a contractor) greeted some of his men (another chaplain, a law student, a resident in urology) and made a last-minute check of a long list of hospitals along the convoy's route. "You know, these men drive these vehicles maybe three, four times a year," he said. "In the rain it can be very dangerous." Then, after the first units of jeeps and trucks had left, he set out in his military sedan (complete with a siren, which he did not use) into the rain on Lexington Avenue, across Central Park at Sixty-fifth Street, and onto the West Side Highway toward a "marshalling point" in Teterboro, New Jersey. The reason the Colonel had chosen Teterboro, New Jersey, which is not on the most direct route to upstate New York, was to avoid "the traffic density on the New York Thruway" and to "give my men some experience" on a new convoy route to Camp Drum.

There were Guardsmen posted to wave directions at many intersections, and at all bridges and toll booths on the way to New Jersey Route 17. The first units arrived on schedule, at 0734 hours, at the marshalling area—a parking lot across from the Teterboro Airport. But by 0816 hours, the Colonel learned, two vehicles were already lost (one broke down, one was hit by a station wagon), and more would be lost, with maintenance problems, along the way. Vehicles continued for three hours, desultorily, to arrive at the marshalling area. Meanwhile, the men smoked, caught some sleep in the trucks, or ate sandwiches from the first of their several box lunches. Most were armed with M-1 rifles, while "key" men carried pistols, and one (like Colonel Pellicio himself, an older man and a veteran of the Second World War) wore a bayonet in a camouflaged sheath at his waist. A lot of the younger men wore mustaches. Maneuvers at Camp Drum, the Colonel said, would consist mainly in borrowing a hundred or two hundred tanks, using them, and, at the end of the two weeks, returning them to the Regular Army. Last summer, a Guardsman had knocked himself unconscious falling off a tank the first day. "But our main concern is the safety of the men in these vehicles," the Colonel said. "Getting them up to camp is always the biggest problem." The weather was clearing a bit, and two civilians drove up safely enough, at 0927 hours, to the Teterboro Airport. "Hey," one of them said as they passed the marshalling area. "Will you look at them weekend soldiers."

The National Guard is one of the oldest, most muddled and crisis-ridden lethal forces in our history. At present, it consists of 478,860 men (394,133 of them in the Army National Guard, 84,727 in the Air National Guard), 2,774 local armories, 68 Army Guard air-



"Is there any chance it will be held over? I won't be seventeen until next Tuesday."

fields, 90 Air Guard flying bases, an annual appropriation slightly in excess of one billion dollars (of which $972,364,000 is paid by the federal government, the rest by the states), several billion dollars' worth of more or less obsolete federal military equipment, one of the oldest, most effective lobbies (the National Guard Association, founded in 1879) in Washington, and long, not altogether tamperproof waiting lists—one at every Guard armory in each of the fifty states, Puerto Rico, and the District of Columbia. What training Guardsmen actually receive (six months of basic Army training, a few drills each year, and two weeks of camp in each of six successive summers) is almost exclusively for war, but of the several hundred occasions on which Guardsmen have been called up since 1945 all but two have been local natural disasters or civil disturbances lasting about a week, and National Guardsmen have otherwise remained at home and pursued their civilian careers. Since National Guardsmen are accountable, except in times of declared war or federalization for extreme emergency, not to the federal government but to the governors of their respective states, National Guard units are really State Guard units—a fragmented, fifty-two-part duplicate of the regular Army Reserve. They are also exempt from the draft.

"Would it be technically feasible, Hussan, to make pots that would disintegrate after a few years?"

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The National Guard's history—like its present composition and purpose, if any—is a kind of swamp. Nearly every state Guard unit has its own historian. The only attempt at an exhaustive history of the whole National Guard, "The Minute Man in Peace and War," by Major General Jim Dan Hill, of Wisconsin (published in 1964 by the Stackpole Company, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania), consists largely of obscure grievances against politicians and journalists (from Stephen Crane and Richard Harding Davis to "a young political-science teacher in a Midwestern college," whom the General cannot even bring himself to name), and irate defenses of the Guard against charges of draft-dodging, incompetence, redundancy, favoritism, strikebreaking, snobbery, unpreparedness, patronage, loafing, irresponsibility, boondoggle, cowardice, obsoleteness, and bungling—charges that have evidently been levelled against the Guard throughout its history. The General's style is everywhere idiosyncratically partisan ("The Guard must have seemed Heaven-sent for the role of a whipping-boy riding into the desert astride a dejected scapegoat"). Although his research is probably the best there is, a sentence in his preface may explain a lot: concerning the bibliographical notes with which each chapter ends, the General writes, "Without exception, they are far from all-inclusive."

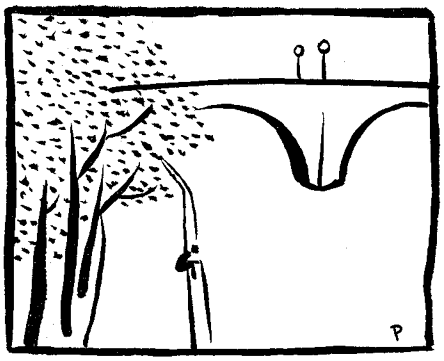
The contemporary National Guard can trace its origins to the Organized Militia of the original thirteen colonies, who, in various units and capacities, defended their own homes, conducted raiding parties against the Indians, and fought the Revolutionary War in Washington's Continental Army. After the Revolution, to avert the threat to democracy inherent in any professional "standing army" (and with some doubt that the country contained enough paupers to fill such an army), Jefferson hoped that every citizen might be trained to be a soldier, civilian in peace, prepared to defend his country in war. Baron von Steuben, who had been Inspector General of the Revolutionary forces, argued that this was unrealistic ("It would be as sensible and consistent to say every Citizen should be a Sailor"). Washington himself proposed a small, paid regular army to protect the country's frontiers and also a larger civilian organized militia in each of the several states. In the end, the Constitution embodied all three ideas: an unorganized Enrolled Militia, consisting of all male citizens eligible for military service only in time of war; a small Regular Army of professional soldiers, accountable first and only to the President as Commander-in-Chief; and a state Organized Militia of citizen-soldiers, "reserving to the States, respectively, the Appointment of Officers, and the Authority of training the Militia according to the Discipline prescribed by Congress." It is this clause in the Constitution (Article I, Section 8, Clause 16, commonly known as the Militia Clause) that leaves us, in a nuclear age, with a National Guard.

Since then, especially as the danger

of Indians, state insurrections, or land invasions by way of Canada or Mexico becomes remote, there has been a continual dispute about what the Guard is meant to do—and it is possible that the Militia Clause, together with the later misnomer "National Guard," has somehow maintained throughout our history an uneven, crazy, dangerous collection of state military forces whose purpose is undefinable and which it is impossible either to train for some national purpose or to disband. The misnomer "National Guard" itself dates from a trip Lafayette made to America in 1824. In honor of his visit, a group of New York City peacetime volunteers—young men who had drilled and caroused together quite a bit, designed and bought their own uniforms, elected their own officers, compared horses, paraded, and called themselves the 7th Regiment—renamed themselves the "National Guards," after the distinguished Paris corps commanded by Lafayette. In 1832, the regiment dropped the "s." In 1862, the Volunteer Militia of all New York State adopted the name. The Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, who considered themselves the original Citizen-Soldiers of Lexington, resisted the change to the last, but in 1903 the National Guard became the federally recognized (and, for the first time, in part federally subsidized) collection of state militias which it is today.

The Guard's post-Revolutionary appearances in American history include participation or evasion of some sort in all the country's wars, including the Mexican (which all the New England states were reluctant to join) and the War of 1812 (in which neither Massachusetts nor Connecticut cared to take part). The Guard had its greatest strength in those days (and until the time of the automobile) in the urban centers of the North and East—if only because these areas, being the nation's most densely populated, could most easily muster units to drill and parade. In 1860, the governor of New York State alone could summon more units of infantry, cavalry, and artillery than the entire Regular Army of the United States. Since most recruiting in the Civil War was done by the states, it could be argued that most of the Union soldiers (all but the United States Army Regulars) and *all* the Confederate troops (led by Colonel Jefferson Davis, of the 1st Mississippi Rifles, as Commander-in-Chief) were Organized Militia, and that the War Between the States was largely a war between what might now be called units of the National Guard. But North and South had recourse, in the Civil War, to the draft, and it is more characteristic of the Guard's subsequent anomalous role in our history that New York's 7th Regiment (the one for which the whole Guard, after all, was named) spent most of the Civil War at home and distinguished itself mainly by suppressing the bloody Draft Riots of 1863.

The National Guard really enters modern history, in anything like its current form and spirit, in the eighteen-seventies and eighties, as a strikebreaking force. Regiments of Organized Militia had turned out as early as 1794 to crush the Whiskey Rebellion; Southern states, years before the Civil War, had maintained large militias for fear of slave revolts; New York's 7th Regiment had already killed twenty-two and wounded thirty-six in the Astor Place Riot of 1849 (over the relative merits of a proletarian production of "Macbeth" in the Bowery and a white-tie performance at the Opera House). Militias had been used to suppress industrial disorders in Missouri and Kansas, vigilante groups in California, striking miners in Colorado. But in 1877, with railroad strikes in Martinsburg, West Virginia, in Baltimore, Chicago, and St. Louis, and, more particularly, with the Pullman Strike and Haymarket Riot of 1886, the National Guard earned a reputation as a business-financed, élitist, repressively anti-labor force; and throughout the Depression, until the Second World War, most unions still banned their members from taking any part in the Guard. It was in the eighteen-eighties that the



THE COUNTRY HOUSE

You always know what to expect
in a novel by L. V. Kalinin. . . .

"One morning in June, in the provincial town
of X, had you been observant,
you might have seen a stranger
alighting at the railroad station."

From there it moves to a country house,
introduction of the principal characters—
a beautiful girl, a youth
on fire with radical ideas.

There are drawing-room discussions,
picnics at the lake, or a mountain,
if there is one in the vicinity.

Then some misunderstanding—
the young man banished from the house
by the angry father. Tears.

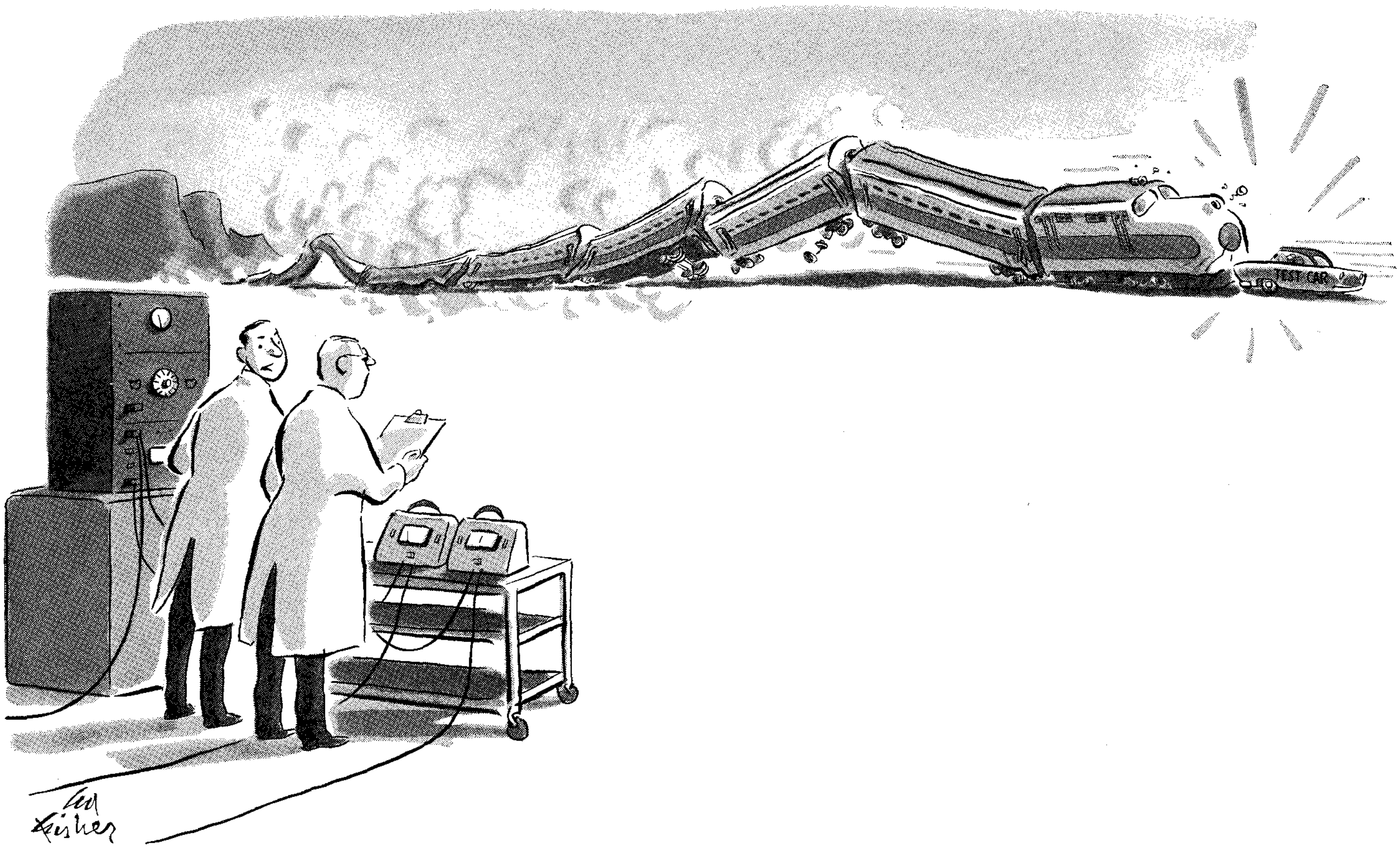
All this with the most meticulous attention
to the "spirit of the times,"
bearing in mind the classical saying
"Don't be the first to try anything, or
the last."

*

The tone of his letters was quite different:

"The Polish girl I told you about, who is
living with us,
has a wart. Two days ago, the idiot
tried to remove it with lye.
For hours on end the house has been filled
with howling,
and I can't think or write."

—LOUIS SIMPSON



“That ought to satisfy Ralph Nader!”

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grotesque, turreted red brick armories were built for Guard cavalry. The 7th Regiment built its own, the one at Park Avenue and Sixty-sixth, in 1880, and still owns it; Squadron A, an equally upper-class nineteenth-century unit, lost its armory, on Park Avenue and Ninety-fourth, a few years ago and regretfully disbanded, to become just the Squadron A Club, in rented, wood-panelled rooms at the Biltmore Hotel. Businessmen financed the Guard in those years, and wealthy young men joined it, to keep the immigrant laborers orderly, state by state.

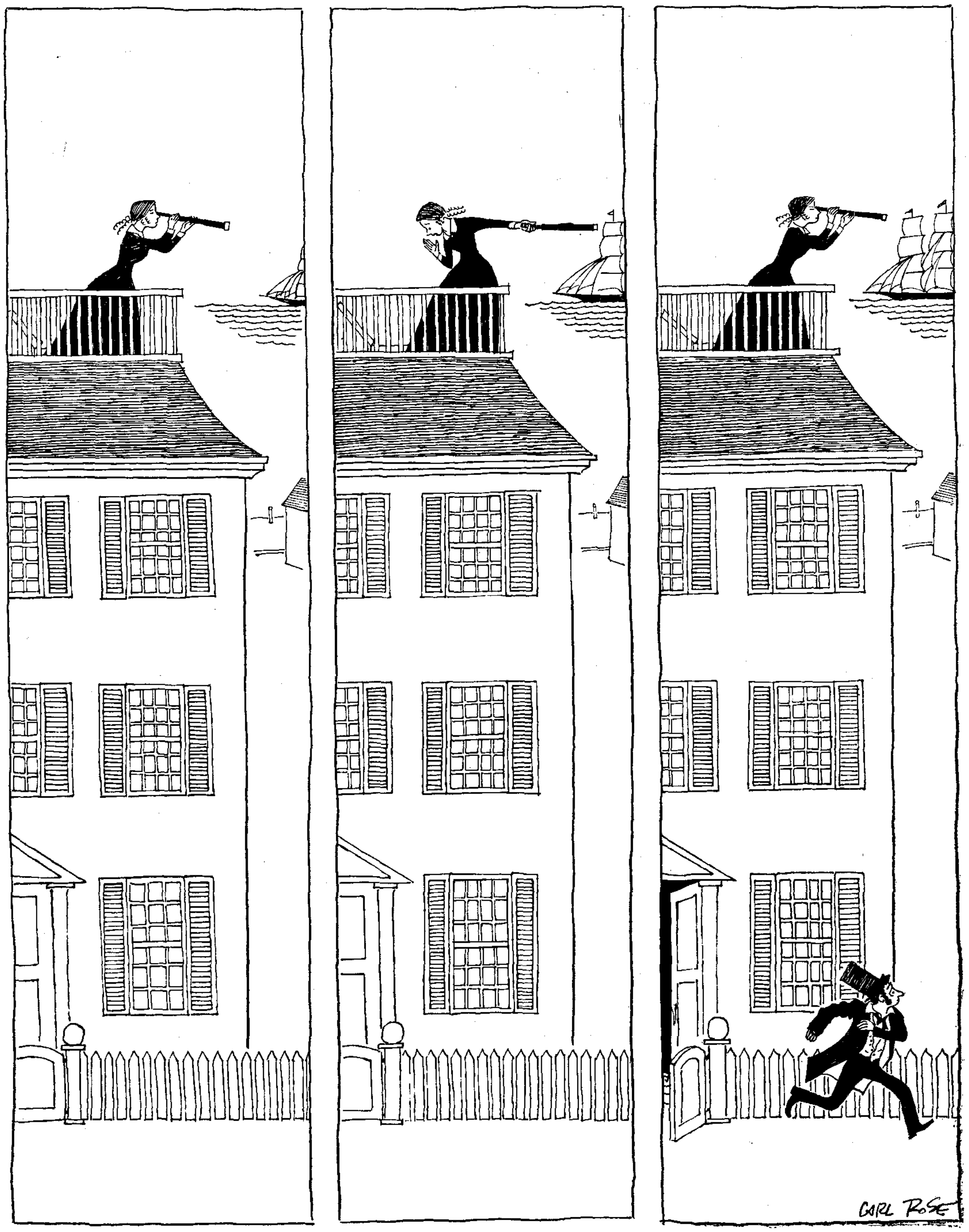
A HISTORY of New York City’s Squadron A, N.Y.N.G. (New York National Guard), includes several journals kept by young Guardsmen of the time. There are proud references to Squadron A as “all millionaires” and as being as exclusive as “any club in New York.” There are accounts of breaking a railroad strike in Buffalo in 1892, a trolley strike in Brooklyn in 1895, and a strike at the Croton Dam in 1900. The sort of enemy the Guardsmen thought they were protecting the state against is implied by references to encounters with Italian laborers as “the Italian Wars,” cheerful allusions to Central European workers’ abject fear of horses with men on them, and in a poem written for the unit as late as 1925:

> ... There’s a garment strike on and it’s got to be broke,
> So ye lawyers and bankers and salesmen so free,
> Turn out—you’re Hussars of the N.Y.N.G. . . .
> The strikers are gathered in Washington Square,
> Their war cry “Oi, oi Gewalt” pierces the air . . .

There are also candid accounts of “promiscuous shooting at phantoms” in the Croton Strike (on the way to which the unit’s commander was thrown from his horse and broke his leg); pointless racing about, firing of blanks, and cries of “You’re dead!” at the Guard Manassas Maneuvers, in 1904; mothers perennially sending caviar and foie gras to their sons on duty; a Guardsman who, in one pistol drill, accidentally blew a hole in the ceiling and, in the next, blew a hole through the floor of the armory; endless showy parades through New York to accompany such visitors as the Duke of Veragua, the Infanta Eulalia, and the Chinese Viceroy, Li Hung Chang; constant explosions, during strike duty, of shells that had fallen from the belts of sleeping Guardsmen into their straw bedding; and accidents, fires, and equipment mixups on every maneuver of every kind through the years. In 1939, the year the Squadron’s history was published, Squadron A of the New York National Guard was arguing passionately that the imminent Second World War, despite tanks and other machines, would prove the absolute indispensability of cavalrymen on real horses for the national defense.

IN years when there were no wars and there was no strike duty, Guard units tended to languish in their armories, and, even in rural areas, to become social clubs, like the Kiwanis or Elks. They liked to march and to rise in rank, but their preparedness for the two world wars, when they did break out, was problematical. Had it not been for the strength of its lobby in Washington, the Guard might, on several occasions, have been abolished altogether. In “The National Guard in Politics,” a study of “one of the most successful pressure groups in a system noted for the advantages that it gives pressure groups,” Martha Derthick, an associate professor of political science at Boston College, says that the major goals of the National Guard lobby in Washington have always been two: federal support of the Guard (Regular Army pay for Guard drills, federal military equipment, federal money for armories, federal recognition of Guard officers), along with freedom from federal control—that is, state appointment of officers, state control of units, state standards for training, and, in case of war, federal mobilization of state Guard units intact.

In order to gain these federal concessions and subsidies while maintaining states' rights (in the early nineteen-hundreds, Southern and Midwestern states'-rights congressmen had become the main supporters of the Guard, the Northeastern states having more or less lost interest in it), the National Guard had to argue that it was the nation's principal military reserve force. The National Defense Act of 1916 gave it that status. Guard divisions were renamed and officially renumbered, divisions 26 to 75 inclusive (Guard units are always being renumbered, which further confuses their history), and sent off to the First World War—with mixed results. Some Guard units *were* preserved intact, with their own state patronage-appointed officers. Many of those officers soon had to be replaced for sheer incompetence. Some Guard units were used as "depot divisions," just to supply replacements for casualties among Regular Army division volunteers and draftees. Out of leftover Guard units from several states, the Army created the symbolic, "overarching" interstate 42nd (Rainbow) Division, in which Douglas MacArthur served as brigade commander in France (and which has since become the division that left with Colonel Pellicio for Camp Drum).



After the First World War, the Guard, except for its lobby (led by a Guard officer who was also chief lobbyist for the National Rifle Association), languished again—until the Depression, when drill pay earned by Guardsmen became a new source of patronage for governors, and of bitterness for men on relief who could not get appointed to the Guard. In the Second World War, the Guard's performance once again was controversial and mixed. The December, 1941, issue of *Fortune* said that the National Guard, untrained and unprepared as it was, could not be reorganized, because it had become "a political hornet's nest." Other branches of the military, in any case, were not impressed with it. When New York's 27th Division of the Guard, for example, was put under Marine command at Saipan, Marine Lieutenant General H. M. Smith found that while his own units advanced about ten miles each day, the Guard division (composed mainly of New York politicians and their friends and relatives) invariably stayed put. The Marines would have to drop back each night to maintain a line. Finally, General Smith replaced every single officer of the 27th—creating a terrific scandal back home in New York. An entire Guard division from the Midwest, on the other hand, was wiped out at Corregidor, and New Mexico Guard tank units at Bataan were annihilated, leaving towns in the states from which they came bereft of their entire populations of young men. To avoid a recurrence of these regional disasters (and to circumvent the ineptitude of Guard officers), Guard divisions were broken up. Of eighteen National Guard division commanders at the beginning of the Second World War, only two retained command at the end. One general of the Regular Army

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began calling the National Guard Bureau itself "an organizational monstrosity," and in 1944 Lieutenant General Lesley J. McNair, Commanding General of the Army Ground Forces, said, "The training experience of this headquarters for nearly four years has its most important lesson in the inadequacy of the National Guard in practically every essential. . . . One of the great lessons of the present war is that the National Guard, as organized before the war, contributed nothing to national defense."

General McNair recommended that the Guard be abolished. So did his successor, Lieutenant General Ben Lear. National Guard General Ellard A. Walsh, the adjutant general of Minnesota, who was head of the Guard lobby in 1944, was quick to respond. He spoke of the Regular Army's "undiluted and undisguised hate of us" and of "a diabolical attempt to destroy a great citizen force." He recommended more, newer, and fiercer lobbying. It worked. In 1948, National Guardsmen became, by law, completely exempt from the draft. (The token Guard units that were federalized for service in Korea required seven to nine months to train—as long as regular draftees who had received no training before.) Although the states had traditionally financed their own militias, until the years when the local businessmen started to, the federal government began to pay ninety-seven per cent of the cost of the Guard. A Guardsman now receives, for a half day's drill, the equivalent of a Regular Army soldier's full day's pay. And despite the existence of a regular Army Reserve, the fiction is still maintained—in Congress, in the Guard, in the Department of Defense—that the National Guard is the first line of reserve for some future war, and that training its men for war is what the Guard ought primarily to do.

THERE exist, in Guard archives, fairly riveting accounts of more or less recent Guard tactical maneuvers, like 1960's Operation Big Slam/Puerto Pine ("In this exercise there was a notable 'first,' the movement, on short notice, of a National Guard Artillery Battalion from Utah to Puerto Rico, in 'off season' for the part-time soldiers, and their speedy inauguration of a realistic field training program in unaccustomed surroundings"); Exercise Dixie ("The map problem set up for study involved defense of the Southeastern United States against an Aggressor airborne and seaborne attack in the vicinity of Mobile Bay, Alabama. The first phase consisted of the Aggressor successfully invading the Florida Peninsula by airborne and waterborne units, which were met by XII Corps troops. In addition to the invasion of Florida, Aggressor agents worked constantly to upset the civilian population"); and Operation Vikings Thrive in Arctic Cold ("The purpose was for the Minnesota Guardsmen from the 47th 'Viking' Infantry Division to learn how to ski and to overcome the handicaps of cold weather"). Air National Guard units (which, since Guardsmen almost immediately after Kitty Hawk could afford their own planes, have often pre-dated regular Air Force units, and which now consist largely of Air Force veterans, civilian pilots, and men who just like to fly) are allowed to fly brief cargo missions to Vietnam and elsewhere. One recent Air Guard "combat" mission to Vietnam turned out to be Operation Yuletide—a ferrying over of Christmas presents to servicemen.

Sixty-three per cent of young Guardsmen in a recent survey acknowledged that they had "joined the Guard because it offered least interference with your personal plans;" forty-nine per cent that they had joined "because you knew you would be drafted if you did not;" seventy-one per cent that "some individuals you know joined the Guard to avoid service in Vietnam." Only nineteen per cent thought that they might reënlist in the Guard when their time was up or that their second lieutenants were capable of combat leadership. Waiting lists for Guard units, since the Vietnam war began, have been so long that they are often closed, and the persistence of professional athletes, movie stars, relatives of politicians and of people with political influence in Guard units (as well as the reminiscences of young men who have recently completed their service in the Guard) yield the impression that the waiting lists are seldom impartially administered. Despite what was meant to be an intensive program for recruitment of Negroes after the Detroit riots of 1967, the percentage of Negroes in the Army Guard actually went down, from 1.18 per cent to 1.15 per cent, between 1968 and 1969. The percentage of Negroes in the Air National Guard, it is true, went up—from 0.77 to 0.90.

The adjutants general of the National Guard in all but two states (South Carolina, where the highest Guard officer is elected by the public, and Vermont, where he is chosen by the legislature) are appointed by the current governors. They, like all Guard officers, are meant to meet standards set by the federal government, but as early as 1948 the Army's Director of Personnel and Administration complained that "experience since the war has demonstrated that governors will not accept the decision of a Federal Recognition Board," and National Guard General Walsh himself complained, in 1948, that Governor Earl Long had fired a Louisiana adjutant general because of political pressure from a Plaquemines Parish constituent, Leander Perez. In six states today, the adjutant general of the National Guard is also the Director of Selective Service. National Guard officers sit on almost all draft boards—which is a bit like asking the leaders of the draft-avoiders (or, as friends of the Guard prefer to put it, the "draft-motivated") impartially to administer the draft. In a recent *Congressional Quarterly* survey, only twenty-two United States senators and representatives actually said they had sons or grandsons in the reserves or the National Guard. But of the two hundred and thirty-four draft-eligible sons and grandsons of members of Congress, one hundred and eighteen had received other sorts of deferment since the Vietnam war began. (Only twenty-six served at all in Vietnam. None were missing or killed. One—Captain Clarence D. Long III, son of a representative from Maryland—was wounded.)

One hundred and twenty-two United States senators and representatives (more than a fifth of the members of Congress) currently hold commissions in the reserves or the National Guard, and an organization of young Guardsmen and reservists, called the Reservists Committee to Stop the War, has filed suit against the Secretary of Defense on the ground that the Constitution specifically forbids United States congressmen from holding "any office" bestowed by, or under the control of, the executive branch of government.

In "In Pursuit of Equity: Who Serves When Not All Serve?"—a report prepared in 1967 by the National Advisory Commission on Selective Service, under the chairmanship of Burke Marshall—recommendations for draft reform included something on the order of a draft lottery (which we now have) and the abolition of the National Guard as a draft haven, which may follow of itself, in December, 1970, when the draft lottery has gone completely into effect, and there may

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be National Guard problems of an entirely other kind.

A CHRONOLOGY of domestic duty by National Guard units since the Second World War reads like a history of the country transposed into a rather special key. In 1945, there were only three call-ups, all local—one for an industrial dispute in Indiana, two for reasons now forgotten, labelled in Guard histories "unknown." In 1946, there were five call-ups, all for nothing much, three of them "unknown." Between 1947 and 1950, there were nine, including five "industrial disputes," one "threat to local sheriff" (Loudon, Tennessee), and, in Puerto Rico, one "uprising against government." In 1951, there was just one call-up, a "race riot" in Cicero, Illinois. In 1952, there were three: two "prison riots" and a "student riot" (at Columbia, Missouri). In 1953, there was nothing. In 1954 and 1955, two "crises in law enforcement" (Phenix City, Alabama; Gulfport, Mississippi), three "prison riots," one "industrial dispute," and (in Whiting, Indiana) a "natural disaster." In 1956—two years after the Supreme Court decision to integrate the schools—there were three "integration crises" and one memorable "teen-age riot" (on the beach, at Daytona, Florida). There were four "civil disturbances" in 1957 (in Benton, Prentiss, Marion, and Simpson Counties, Mississippi), one "industrial dispute" (in Portsmouth, Ohio), and—from September 6th to September 20th—the federalization of the National Guard in Little Rock, Arkansas, with which the first phase of the most recent period of the Guard begins.

In September, 1957, Governor Orval E. Faubus called out the Arkansas Guard to prevent the enforcement of school integration. President Eisenhower federalized the state Guard to insure enforcement and sent in some Regular Army troops as well. From then on, the Guard was engaged for some years in protecting civil rights, during what Guard archives started calling "racial disturbances," in the South. In 1958 and 1959, the Guard was called up for eight "racial disturbances" (all of them in Mississippi); also for one "prison riot" and three "industrial disputes." In 1960, there was just one call-up: the Rhode Island Guard for a "civil disturbance (Jazz Festival)" at Newport. In 1961, there was one "teen-age riot," one "prison riot," three "racial disturbances," and two mysterious "sabotages of microwave stations" (in Utah and New Mexico).

In 1962 and 1963, there were suddenly three federalizations of the Guard: one each for "integration crises" at the University of Mississippi and the University of Alabama, and one after the bombing of the four young girls in a church in Birmingham. These federalizations of the National Guard in the Southern states gave the Regular Army a chance to shake up and reorganize (as in wartime) some of the most patronage-ridden state units in the country. The Guard reforms were much like the changes that Southern offices of the F.B.I. underwent (under pressure from the Justice Department) in the same years. The Army officer in charge of Guard federalizations and reform was General Creighton W. Abrams, who is now Commander of United States Forces in Vietnam. In 1963, too, there was a call-up of Guard troops by the Washington, D.C., Commissioners for what Guard archives call simply a "civil-rights demonstration" in Washington (the one in which Martin Luther King's "I have a dream" speech was heard at the Lincoln Memorial). In September, 1963, Governor George Wallace called out the Guard, as Faubus had done six years earlier, to prevent compliance with the law in the school "integration crises" at Birmingham, Mobile, and Tuskegee. President Kennedy federalized the Alabama Guard, and General Abrams shook the Guardsmen up again. In 1964, there wasn't much. 1965 begins with a federalization of the Alabama Guard (and the addition of some Regular Army) for the march from Selma to Montgomery, has a little call-up for a "motorcycle riot" in June (at Weirs Beach, New Hampshire), and ushers in another era in August, with the rioting in Watts.

There followed what might be called the period of the urban disasters—in which, having been for eight years primarily a peace-keeping force, the National Guard was suddenly in the position of killing people. In Watts, 13,393 California Guardsmen were called. Four thousand Negroes were arrested, several hundred were hurt, and thirty-four were killed. National Guardsmen do not have the authority to make arrests, but they do carry arms, and, as the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, under Governor Otto Kerner of Illinois (in a report more valuable for its substantive descriptions of events than for its philosophical generalizations), subsequently put it, of those thirty-four dead Negroes "several . . . were killed by mistake." In July, 1966, there was the Filmore race riot in Chicago (forty-three hundred Illinois Guardsmen called out, three Negroes killed, including a thirteen-year-old boy and a fourteen-year-old pregnant girl) and the Hough race riot in Cleveland (two thousand Ohio Guardsmen called out, four Negroes killed, and several children injured, as in Chicago, by "stray bullets"). In state after state, Guardsmen were called out to deal with urban looting and rioting—with tanks, guns, and training designed for waging war against an organized, armed foreign enemy. In July, 1967, in Newark, forty-four hundred New Jersey National Guardsmen were called out. (The New Jersey adjutant general, James F. Cantwell, was at the time, and still is, president of the National Guard Association.) When order was restored, there were twenty-three dead, twenty-one of them Negroes, two of them children. Later that month, in Detroit, when 10,253 Michigan Guardsmen were called and then federalized—and the disturbance ended with forty-three Negroes dead—there began a period of serious deliberation about the Guard. It became as clear as anything about the National Guard ever gets that Guardsmen were performing duties other than those of a "first line of military reserve," and the possibility arose that in civil disturbances much, if not most, of the tragedy and nearly all of the deaths were attributable to forces called out to restore order. Detroit was a crisis in the history of the National Guard.

Looking back on previous urban riots—the "killed by mistake" of Watts, the "killed by stray bullets" of Filmore and Hough—officials of the Departments of Justice and Defense began to find the performance of Guard units, state by state, surreal. Guardsmen were in the habit of arriving by tank or truck, weapons loaded, and shooting out street lamps at night, for protection, then deluding themselves that the sound of their own shots in the dark was "sniper fire." Since their aim, moreover, was bad, the rounds of ammunition required to dispatch a single street lamp often injured people in apartments blocks away or in cars on other streets. The first person killed by Guardsmen in Newark, for example, was a small boy in a family car being driven home from a restaurant. In Newark, coördination between the local police and the New Jersey Guard was so bad that Director of Po-

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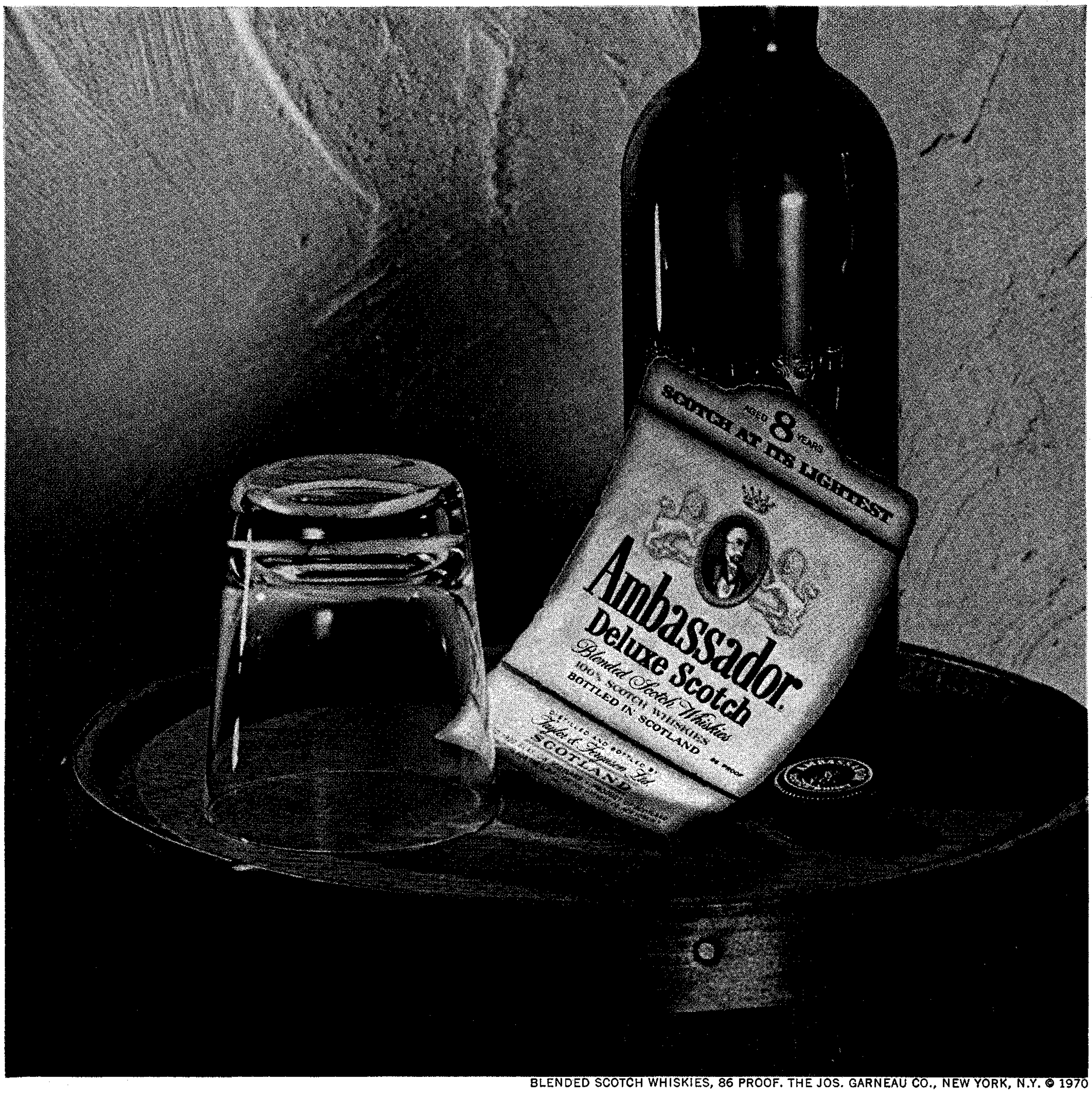
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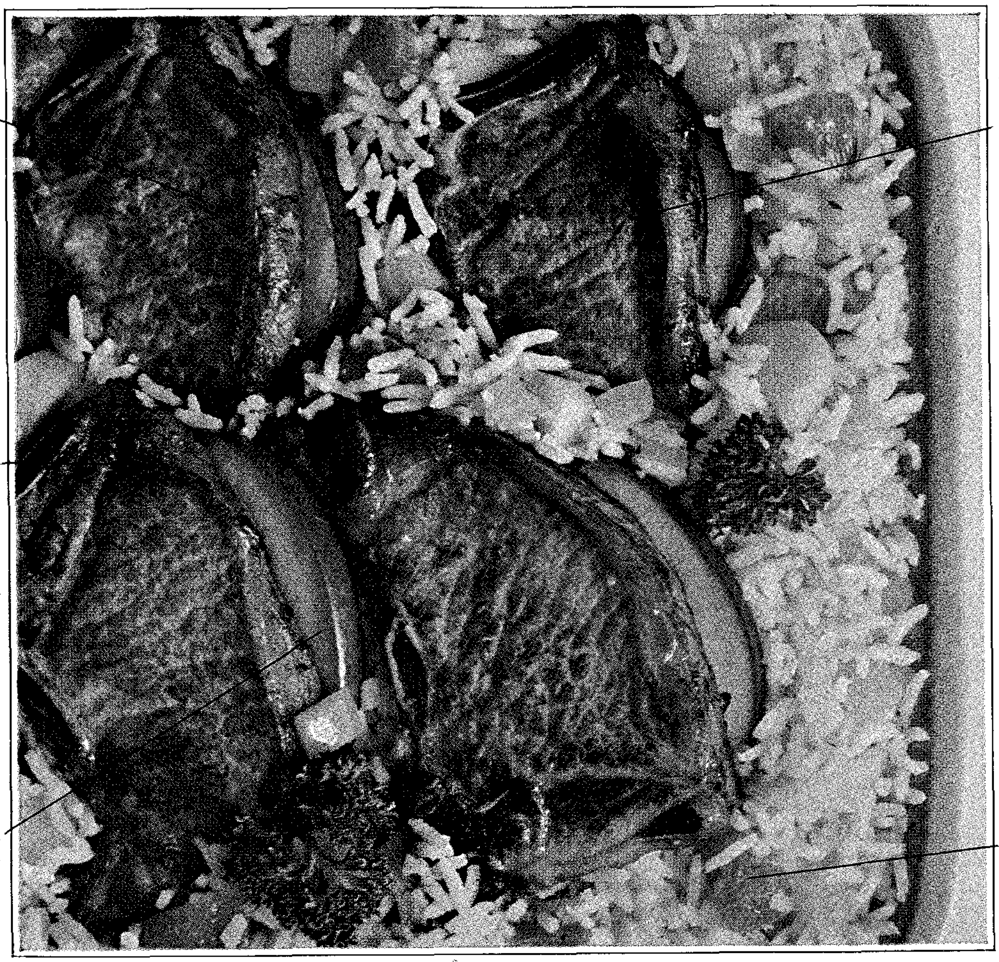

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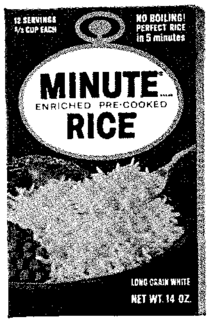

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FRUITED PORK CHOPS

8 lean loin pork chops 1/2- to 3/4-inch thick
Salt and pepper
1 tablespoon shortening
1/2 cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons butter
1-1/3 cups Minute Rice
1-1/3 cups water
1 cup diced, peeled tart apples
1 cup diced orange sections
1-1/2 teaspoons salt
1/8 teaspoon pepper
1/8 teaspoon poultry seasoning

Season chops with salt and pepper; brown in shortening. Drain. Sauté onion in butter. Combine with remaining ingredients in greased, shallow 2-quart casserole. Top with chops. Cover; bake at 350° about 45 minutes or until chops are tender. Garnish with sautéed apple slices and parsley, if desired. Serves 4 to 6.

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lice Dominick Spina told the Kerner Commission, "Down in the Springfield Avenue area, in my opinion, Guardsmen were firing upon police and police were firing back at them."

Police Director Spina, who was tried and acquitted of charges arising out of alleged Mafia operations two years ago (and who was dismissed from his job on July 1st of this year), emerges, in the Newark riots of 1967, as something of a hero, on the order of "High Noon." According to the Kerner Commission:

> On Saturday, July 15, Spina received a report of snipers in a housing project. When he arrived he saw approximately 100 National Guardsmen and police officers crouching behind vehicles, hiding in corners and lying on the ground around the edge of the courtyard.
>
> Since everything appeared quiet and it was broad daylight, Spina walked directly down the middle of the street. Nothing happened. As he came to the last building of the complex, he heard a shot. All around him the troopers jumped, believing themselves to be under sniper fire. A moment later a young Guardsman ran from behind a building.

The Guardsman said that he had fired the shot to scare a man away from a window, that his orders were "to keep everyone away from windows."

> Spina said he told the soldier: "Do you know what you just did? You have now created a state of hysteria. Every Guardsman up and down this street... thinks that somebody just fired a shot and that it is probably a sniper."...
>
> By this time, four truckloads of National Guardsmen had arrived and troopers and policemen were again crouched everywhere, looking for a sniper.

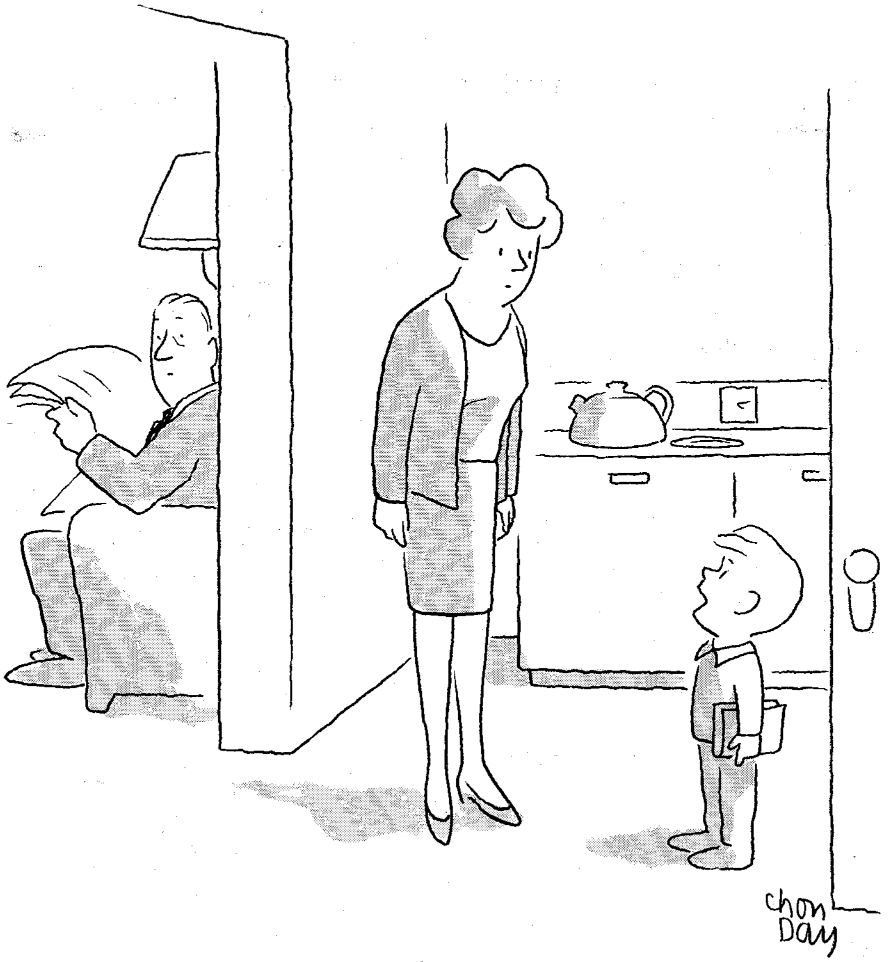
The Director of Police stayed at the scene for three hours. The only shot he heard was the one fired by the Guardsman.

> Nevertheless, at six o'clock that evening two columns of National Guardsmen and state troopers were directing mass fire at the Hayes Housing project in response to what they believed were snipers.
>
> On the 10th floor, Eloise Spellman, the mother of several children, fell, a bullet through her neck...
>
> Suddenly, several troopers whirled and began firing in the general direction of spectators. Mrs. Hattie Gainer, a grandmother, sank to the floor.
>
> A block away Rebecca Brown's 2-year-old daughter was standing at the window. Mrs. Brown rushed to drag her to safety. As Mrs. Brown was, momentarily, framed in the window, a bullet spun into her back...

And so on, in Newark. The result of calling in National Guardsmen began to seem, in retrospect, frightened Guardsmen, frightened police, and a toll of babies in distant bassinets, grandmothers in distant kitchens, mothers with their backs to windows, idle spectators, and unarmed citizens of every sort. But Detroit was the worst.

Governor George Romney, to begin with, was extremely reluctant to issue an official request that the Michigan National Guard be federalized—although local police, supported by the Guard under state control, were exhausted and had been unable to cope with rioting and looting for several days—because federalization of the Guard implies an "insurrection," which exempts insurance companies from paying damages to holders of insurance policies. Governor Romney repeatedly made urgent, unofficial requests for federal help to Deputy Secretary of Defense Cyrus R. Vance, who (according to his subsequent report of events in Detroit) felt that he had to reject them on the ground of their unofficial language. Deputy Secretary Vance, Attorney General Ramsey Clark, Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas (not in his capacity as Supreme Court Justice but as friend and political adviser to President Johnson), Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, and others were pacing with President Johnson on the White House lawn, discussing their own reluctance to federalize the Guard (or to send in more competent Regular Army troops) because they preferred to avoid the precedent of a liberal Administration's sending troops to cope with urban rioting, in an action that might be construed as repressive or racist. In response to more urgent requests from Governor Romney, President Johnson sent Deputy Secretary Vance and a team of officials from the Departments of Defense and Justice to Detroit, to study the situation and to discuss it with Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh (who had consistently asked for federal troops) and other local citizens. While legal and philosophical deliberations concerning federalization were going on, the number of incidents in Detroit continued to climb. At 2310 hours on July 24th (about twenty-four hours after Mayor Cavanagh and Governor Romney had first telephoned Attorney General Clark about the emergency), Deputy Secretary Vance recommended to President Johnson that the Michigan National Guard be federalized and put under Regular Army command. Ten minutes later, the President federalized the Guard, under the command of Army Lieutenant General John L. Throckmorton, and sent in Regular Army troops as well.

The Guard's behavior until the



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President's move, and after, was a revelation and a nightmare. Some of the Guardsmen had travelled two hundred miles and been put on duty for thirty hours straight—most of which they spent firing. Guardsmen in Detroit fired off more than 13,326 rounds of ammunition, compared with 201 rounds fired off by the Regular Army. Some Guard units got lost in the city, and panicked. Two Guardsmen assigned to an intersection on Monday were still there on Friday. Guardsmen kept pulling up in tanks, shooting out street lights, scaring themselves with the sound, and then blasting out the walls of whole buildings. At four o'clock one morning, a Regular Army unit went to the rescue of a Guard troop crouched behind a high school, claiming to be pinned down by sniper fire. The Army colonel, hearing no shots at all, ordered all lights in an adjoining building turned on. The residents were terrified and unarmed. The Guardsmen had shot out every window. Mistaking a lighted cigarette in one window for a sniper, two Guard tanks drew up and a machine gunner opened fire, nearly severing the arm of a young woman and killing her four-year-old niece.

General Throckmorton, whose soldiers were doing fine without much shooting, thought tension might be reduced by less firing and ordered ammunition removed from all weapons. The Guardsmen apparently never received the order. The Kerner Report continues:

> Without any clear authorization or direction, someone opened fire upon the suspected building. A tank rolled up and sprayed the building with .50-caliber tracer bullets. Law enforcement officers rushed into the surrounded building and discovered it empty. "They must be firing one shot and running" was the verdict.

Julius Dorsey, a Negro private guard, was trying to defend a market from looting. He fired three shots from his pistol into the air. The police radio reported, "Looters. They have rifles." Three National Guardsmen arrived and, seeing a distant crowd of fleeing looters, opened fire. They killed Julius Dorsey. The only soldier killed in Detroit in 1967 was Larry Post, a National Guardsman caught in a crossfire between two units of National Guardsmen.

After Detroit, it became clear that something would have to be done about the National Guard. In most states, Guard units—on the "first line of military reserve" theory—received no riot-control training at all, and in states where they did receive it, it was short and not uniform. There seemed, at the time, to be three basic positions about the Guard. One, that it was inevitably a corrupt, ungovernable mess of untrainable incompetents, and that it should be abolished as a peace-keeping force; local police forces should be better trained, and on those rare occasions when civil disturbances became extreme emergencies, the Regular Army, which has training and discipline, should be called in. Two, that nothing is perfect, that the Guard had done as well as could be expected, and that people in an area where there is rioting (even if they happen to be in their bathrooms or bassinets), though they may not merit the death penalty exactly, are in some sense "asking for" whatever they get. Three, that the Guard should be buffered with some immediate riot-control training, and that since the Regular Army soldiers, many of whom were Negroes, had done so much better than the Guard, the Guard should immediately recruit as many Negroes as possible.

THE history of Negroes in the American Army and militia is a kind of absurdist tale of its own. The South drafted some slaves, and the North drafted some freedmen for its hundred and fifty regiments of Negroes in the Civil War. But when the North took Louisiana, a Southern black unit was caught in the middle, and ultimately became the Union's Corps d'Afrique. Black militia briefly terrified some Southern states in the early years of Reconstruction; then the black units were disbanded and the white Southern militias started terrorizing blacks again. In New York City, Colonel William Hayward started a Negro National Guard regiment, the 15th New York Infantry (Colored), with its own armory in Harlem—and, jokingly referring to it as "the 15th New York Heavy Foot," tried vainly to get it attached to any American unit in the First World War. Finally, the unit simply attached itself to a division in the French Army, and served with considerable distinction throughout the war. In the Second World War, black divisions were still segregated, and although one of them, the 92nd Infantry (Buffalo) Division, took part in the liberation of Italy, most black soldiers were in service or maintenance units. After President Truman desegregated all divisions of the armed services, the black soldier—in Korea and, of course, still more in Vietnam—came militarily into his own. There have been, not surprisingly, hardly any Negro National Guardsmen since the National Guard began.

THE group that favored a Guard buffered with some riot-control training and some Negroes won out. Each Guardsman in each state was to receive thirty-two hours of such training, and Negroes were to be recruited intensively. Some Administration officials who did not agree with this policy quietly quit. The Guard had become, in their view, a crucial issue that had to be uncompromisingly met. The strength of the country, they argued, had always lain in the ability of liberals and conservatives to police their extremes. Now neither left nor right was willing to cope with the question of the Guard—the right (which was currently out of federal office anyway) because of a belief in states' rights and a feeling that people who got in a Guardsman's way probably deserved what they got, the liberal left, which was in power, out of a fear that facing the issue of law and order in civil disturbances would further alienate the radical left, and also because of a reluctance to tinker with the haven of the draft-dodger. The Regular Army and the National Guard, in any case, preferred to pretend that civil-disturbance duty was not the major responsibility of either of them but, rather, devolved upon local police officers—who, in turn, preferred to think of themselves as delivering babies and solving ordinary crimes. The civil disturbances were not exactly revolutionary. They were simply anomalous—flash reactions against conditions and inequities in the cities that had not been resolved.

For a year or more after the crash patchwork job on the Guard, all seemed to go well. The Negro-recruitment program was a failure, and the hours of training in riot control went down, in most states, to less than six. There was no uniform procedure from state to state about whether to put ammunition in weapons, or what sort of weapons to use. But the "long, hot summers" never materialized. There were all sorts of civil disturbances (including one, at Grambling College in Louisiana, which Guard archives describe as a "riot for academic excellence"). But in the 1967 March on the Pentagon, Guard units behaved, under heavy provocation, extremely well; and nobody was killed by Guardsmen in any of the urban riots, in April, 1968, over the assassination of Martin Luther King. It looked all right, as far as National Guard behavior was concerned. Even at the Democratic Convention in

Chicago (August, 1968) nobody was killed.

Guard duty in 1969 began with a blizzard in Pender, Nebraska, and went on through floods, train wrecks, downed planes, tornadoes, ice storms, forest fires, power failures, a hurricane (in Apalachicola, Florida), a "collapsed dam" (in Wheatland, Wyoming), "haul water" (in Berry and Oakman, Alabama), "flood" (in Soldotna, Alaska), "civil disturbance" (in Zap, North Dakota), and "searches for missing persons" (in such places as Rice Patch Island, North Carolina; Tallapoosa City, Alabama; and Tofte, Minnesota). True, there were "college disturbances" at Berkeley and Dartmouth, but the Guard did all right—as it did in the Moratorium March on Washington in October and, for that matter, at a Stamp Dedication Ceremony for the late Dwight David Eisenhower, in Abilene. The National Guard began again to stress its role in the national defense, and National Guardsmen, by 1969, were running forty per cent of the country's (militarily obsolete but still functional) Nike and Hercules missile sites.

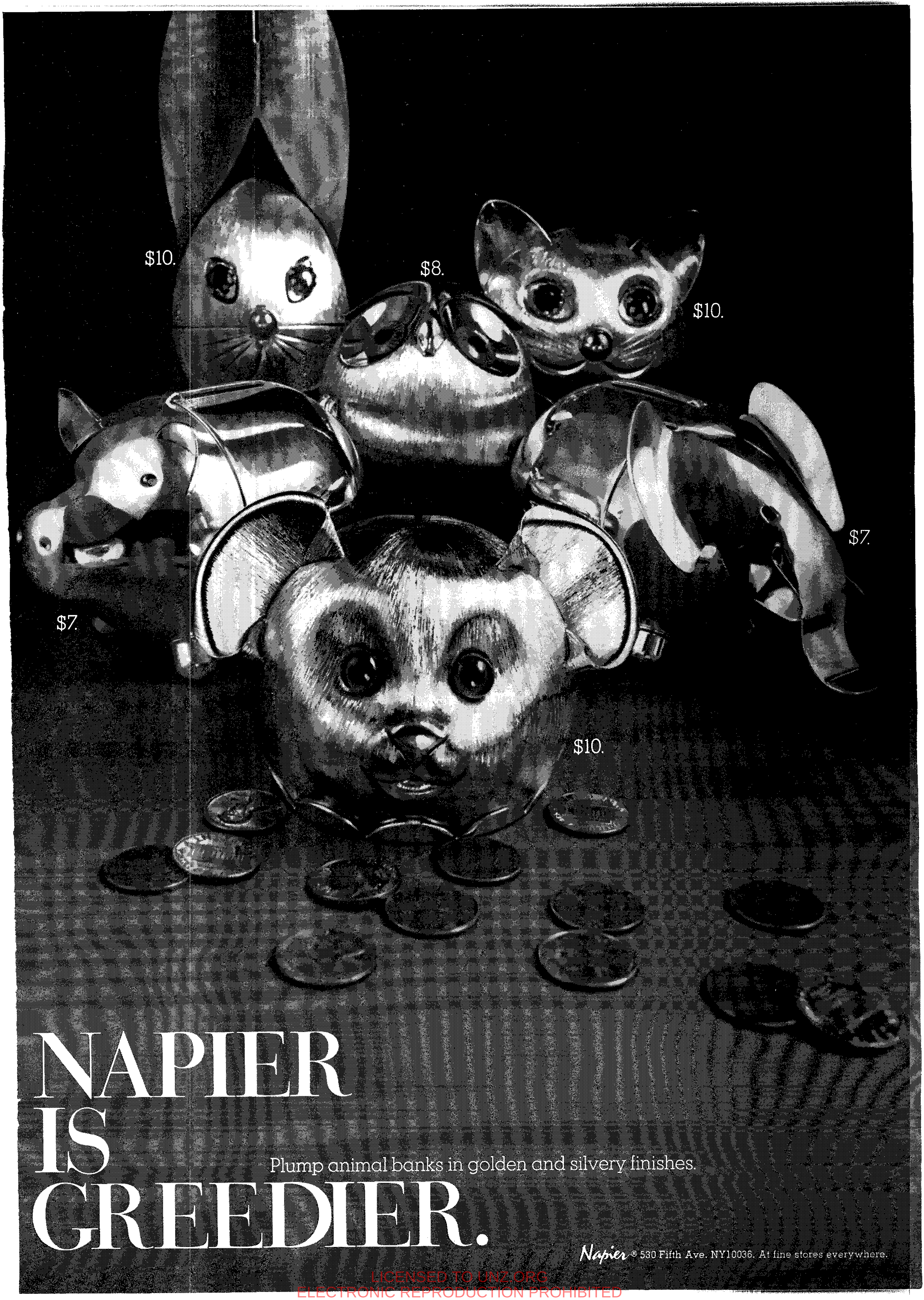
A HARVARD graduate, Class of 1962, came to New York the summer after his graduation and took a job in a bank. His employer asked how he planned to fulfill his military obligation. The young man didn't know. The bank gave him two letters of recommendation. Within a month, he had risen to the top of the waiting list at the 7th Regiment Armory and begun his six months' basic training, before returning to the bank. A young advertising executive, a friend of whose mother was the wife of a veteran of Squadron A, got into the Squadron just before he received his draft notice, and about a year before Squadron A became defunct. "It's a total joke," he said of his Guard training. "It's a farce. It's a stupid movie. It's just one constant snafu after another. At the armory drill, you just get into what they call a 'skirmish line.' Militarily, it's obsolete. The equipment is all bad. They're all badly trained. They're all stupid. At scenic Camp Drum, in your tank, they wait till the end of the afternoon to issue ammunition. There's no way to give it back. You have to get rid of it. So you just keep firing and firing until the gun barrel gets red—shells that cost the taxpayer ninety dollars apiece, guns that will knock down a whole building. Once, somebody made a mistake and started firing his machine gun at us, round after round, before he could stop it. He just said, 'Uh-oh.' "

A Guardsman who participated in what was intended to be the first of sixteen hours of riot-control training at some abandoned Army barracks in southern California said, "It was chaos. It was total confusion. We were divided in half—half 'rioters,' half 'riot controllers.' Nobody knew what to do. We raced around shouting. Then both sides started just destroying the buildings. We kicked in doors and smashed windows. After twenty minutes, the officers started blowing their whistles. They barely got people under control. Even at Guard drills now, discipline is on very thin ice. Every unit has lawyers, and officers know that dissident Guardsmen can make full use of the law. Marksmanship practice is a joke. The unit wants to look good. The rule is: everybody passes. There is a tremendous difference between the troops and the officers. The troops are better educated. The old guys just don't want to know it, but if there were a war now these boys simply would not go."

RIGHT after the shootings at Kent State—when it was still thought that the Guardsmen's tear gas had run out, that they were surrounded, that they had been pelted with rocks, that some were injured, that it was simply a question of panic—friends of the Guard deplored the tragedy, while opponents of the Guard said the Guard had all along been a "farce" and a "scandal." But friends and opponents agreed that the fact that there had not already been many Kent States seemed to them "a miracle."

"NO, we're not, we're just not bloodthirsty," Colonel W. D. McGlasson of the National Guard said to a recent visitor, in the National Guard Association's office at 1 Massachusetts Avenue, in Washington. "Why, I remember when you didn't have the draft to send you everybody. There was a time when having horse shows and whatnot was the only thing that kept the Guard together. Harry Truman once said that he used to have to pay twenty-five cents a drill for the privilege of drilling at his home-town armory. Now we have become, in reality, a federal force. They can shift us all the way to the North Pole if they want to. The waiting lists have fallen off a bit in the last two, three months, what with the lottery for the nineteen-year-olds. But these kids that come in for six years and then leave, they're not Guardsmen in spirit. People who liked the hiking and the training, those were always the heart and soul of the Guard. Defense Secretary McNamara wanted to reduce us to a force of three hundred and forty thousand, but when he asked the adjutants general and the governors, state by state—well, we wound up with approximately half a million. Now with this Kent State thing, the newspapers are against us. Probably seventy-five per cent of the press are not like that. It's the large-circulation ones, mostly. But then, you know, we never killed a soul in all those April riots over Dr. King, all over this country. And national defense is really the Guard's primary responsibility. As for civil disturbances, nobody has found an ideal solution. In this country, we're so accustomed to the idea that if we have a problem there must be a way to resolve it. Well, there isn't always a solution. And the problem has been"—Colonel McGlasson shook his head regretfully—"just when the racial thing was starting to simmer down, the anti-war movement popped up."

"YOU know, a Guard unit is not a unit. It's a rabble of men," said Arnold Sagalyn, former senior vice-president of the International Criminal Police Organization (Interpol) and now a consultant on urban affairs and a member of the President's Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. "They have no sniper or gas teams, no discipline, no Army sequence-of-force procedure—where first you give a warning, then you fix your bayonet, then you load your rifle, and so on. They're forbidden even to carry out civil-disturbance training in summer. In some cities, they've fired at shadows, fired at ricochets. In North or South Carolina, I forget which, Guardsmen were clearing a school, and they went through the doorway too close and started bayoneting each other. What we ought to have is some regular force—it would take just a fraction of what we spend on highways—ready to get to a disturbance fast, trained for it like a firefighter, trained to contain it, every man ready to file a report whenever he fires his weapon. Right now, a few militants making trouble in more than one city could put whole states out of action. The only answer is non-lethal weapons—make people sick, make them uncomfortable. It's better than killing them. When the draft lottery gets so that the only people who join the Guard are the ones who really *want* to be in it, you're going to get the wrong kind of people, the people who like to break heads. When I think of



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the way it is now, when I just think of the power of death that we entrust to them!"

"NOW, Guard procedures vary from state to state," Lieutenant Colonel James Elliott, of the National Guard Bureau, said recently to a visitor in the Pentagon. "Now, in New York State, I believe, the Guard in civil disorders is not issued ammunition. I am not aware of the procedures in all the other states. But Ohio. Well, I guess that's one state where they elect to lock and load."

"I BELIEVE that the Guard has no purpose," said Paul Warneke, former Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs. "And to the extent that it has a purpose, I don't agree with it. Now, McNamara and Vance, after Detroit, they thought if you have a disturbance you just smother it in people. I think what you do is you train the police to see that it doesn't spread. That's the only function that's essential. Now, if I were a major-league shortstop I wouldn't want to be drafted, either. But if this country has become so Vietnamized that we need Regional Forces and Popular Forces to deal with domestic disorder, well, I certainly don't think it has. And we already have three and a half million men under arms. But if this country is really at a stage where we need a special Guard to deal with domestic disorder, then I don't think we need a Guard anyway, because if we were at that stage, then I wouldn't give a damn."

"THE Army prefers the police in domestic disorders," said Colonel Dan Henken, a public-affairs officer of the Defense Department. "Frankly, we at the Defense Department want no part of it. In Detroit, though, we had to wean the citizens off the Regular Army. A lot of our men were black, and people were bringing them sandwiches and asking them not to leave. Saying, 'We don't want trouble, we just don't want those troublemakers around here.' But that's a police problem. If you send in the Army, the voters get upset. What we ought to learn, though, is that you don't shoot. You make people uncomfortable. There was a terrific fuss when we used eight canisters of tear gas at the Pentagon in 1967. Eight canisters. The public now accepts the use of tear gas. The National Guard, you know, is primarily for the national defense. And anyway, they have a state-to-state jurisdictional problem. I shudder to think what would happen if there were a civil disturbance on the Belt Parkway between Virginia and Maryland."

IN general, people's despair of the National Guard as a troop of lethally armed, untrained state anachronisms tends to correspond with a fear of extremists, right or left. People who are most sanguine about the country tend to think the Guard is one more evidence of the kind of muddling, and mixup, and loophole, and bungling that makes the country work.

"LOOK, they said we couldn't break up the caste system and the Klan in the South," said a former official of the Justice Department. "They said, 'You can't turn the F.B.I. around.' The F.B.I. at the time was hunting Communists. Well, there weren't many Communists in Mississippi, so it was a pretty sleepy Bureau. The Justice Department started doing its own investigating for civil rights. And the F.B.I.'s pride got involved. And one day they were sending all their best men down there. The South got to be the proudest assignment an F.B.I. man could get. Well, now, you throw yourself at a problem and if you can't break it you throw yourself at it again, and if you still don't break it—well, the next guy will. Now somebody's got to throw themselves at this National Guard Bureau. Somebody's got to say, 'I don't care about the patronage, and I don't care about the draft-dodging, and I don't care how elusive the problem is, I'm going to shake up that Guard Bureau.' And when the Bureau's shaken up and there are some good men in there, they're going to start shaking up the National Guard in every state right along the line and make something of it. After Detroit, nobody wanted to tackle it, because it looked like bad public relations. But now somebody's got to tackle it or we're going to have killings. At least the President's Commission on Campus Unrest has subpoena power. Now somebody has just got to tackle the Guard Bureau in Washington."

"THE Bureau is just the purse strings of the National Guard," said Lieutenant Colonel James Elliott at the Bureau offices in Washington. "We just do what the Department of Defense tells us to do, and we are a liaison between Washington and the governors and adjutants general of the states. We think our performance in civil disturbances is adequate, but of course it varies from state to state. In August, when the American Legion

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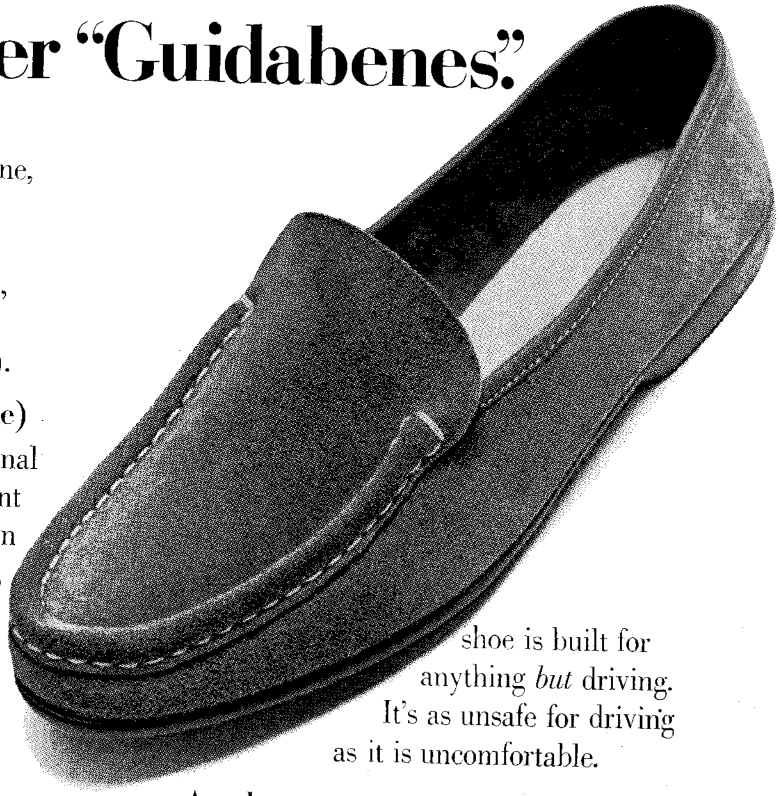
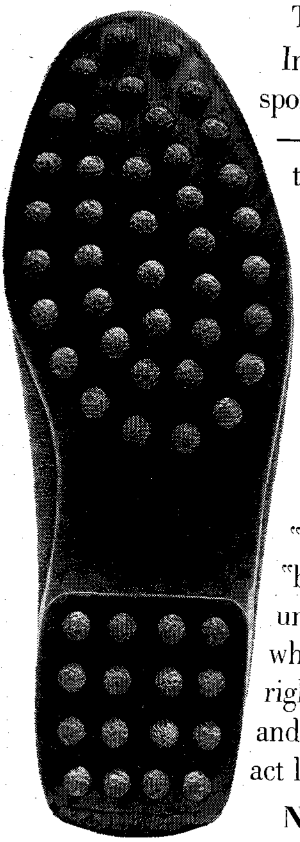


Milanese millionairess or fashionable Florentine, the chic Italian woman wouldn't press foot to gas pedal without slipping off her shoes and slipping into her "Guidabenes." Whether she drives Ferrari, Maserati or Mustang, standard equipment under the front seat are her "Guidabenes" ("drive wells").



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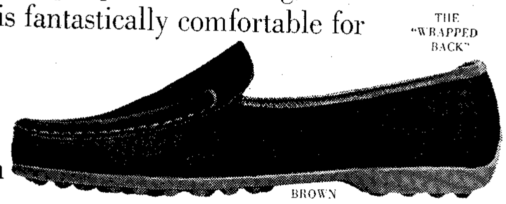

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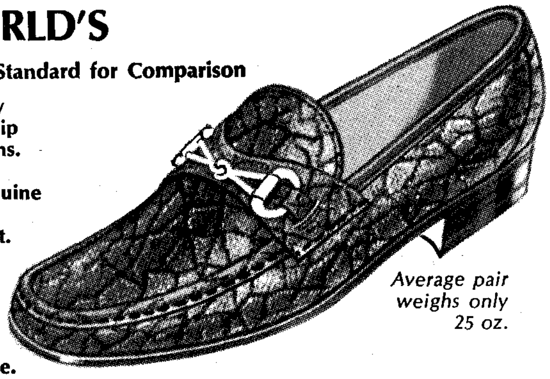

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held its annual convention in Oregon, the state authorized sixty hours of civil-disturbance training for its Guard, and there was no disturbance. But that was the state of Oregon."

THE New York *Times* of Friday, July 24th, published an F.B.I. finding that the National Guardsmen at Kent State were not surrounded, had not run out of tear gas, had not been hit by rocks or subjected to sniper fire, and were not in any way injured when they killed four students and wounded thirteen others on May 4th. The Justice Department's report found that six Guardsmen might be liable to criminal prosecution. It seemed at first astonishing that there should be an F.B.I. report so rapid, so candid, and so devastating about any branch of the U.S. military. But the agent in charge of the investigation that led to the report was Joseph A. Sullivan, one of two Bureau chiefs who in the early sixties turned the Mississippi F.B.I. to the cause of civil rights.

THE Guard having passed, in its domestic duties since the Second World War, through four not quite discrete phases—civil defense, protection of civil rights, intervention in urban disorders (primarily looting) from Watts through Detroit to the King riots of 1968, and what appeared to be a phase of disturbance on campuses—Arnold Sagalyn, who was becoming less sanguine every minute, had become extremely concerned that the Guard was taking no interest in non-lethal weapons, particularly the chemical agent CS, which he advocates in lieu of deadly firearms. He pulled out from his desk a report he had prepared for the Kerner Commission two years ago.

"Its effect on rioters in Washington," he had written of CS, "was described by one police official as 'phenomenal.' Those exposed to this non-lethal control agent were strongly deterred from any activity which would risk another dose. Some police officers reported that they found it to be so effective that if they merely tossed an ordinary beer can, which resembled the CS container, a crowd would quickly break up and scatter. . . . It was found that dropping it inside a store that had been broken into immediately deterred future rioters from entering." Mr. Sagalyn put down the report. "When you have half a million Guardsmen armed to the teeth, with no uniform leadership or policy," he said, "and you bear in mind that *civilians*—farmers, hunters, Panthers, vigilantes, extremists, housewives—have more guns than

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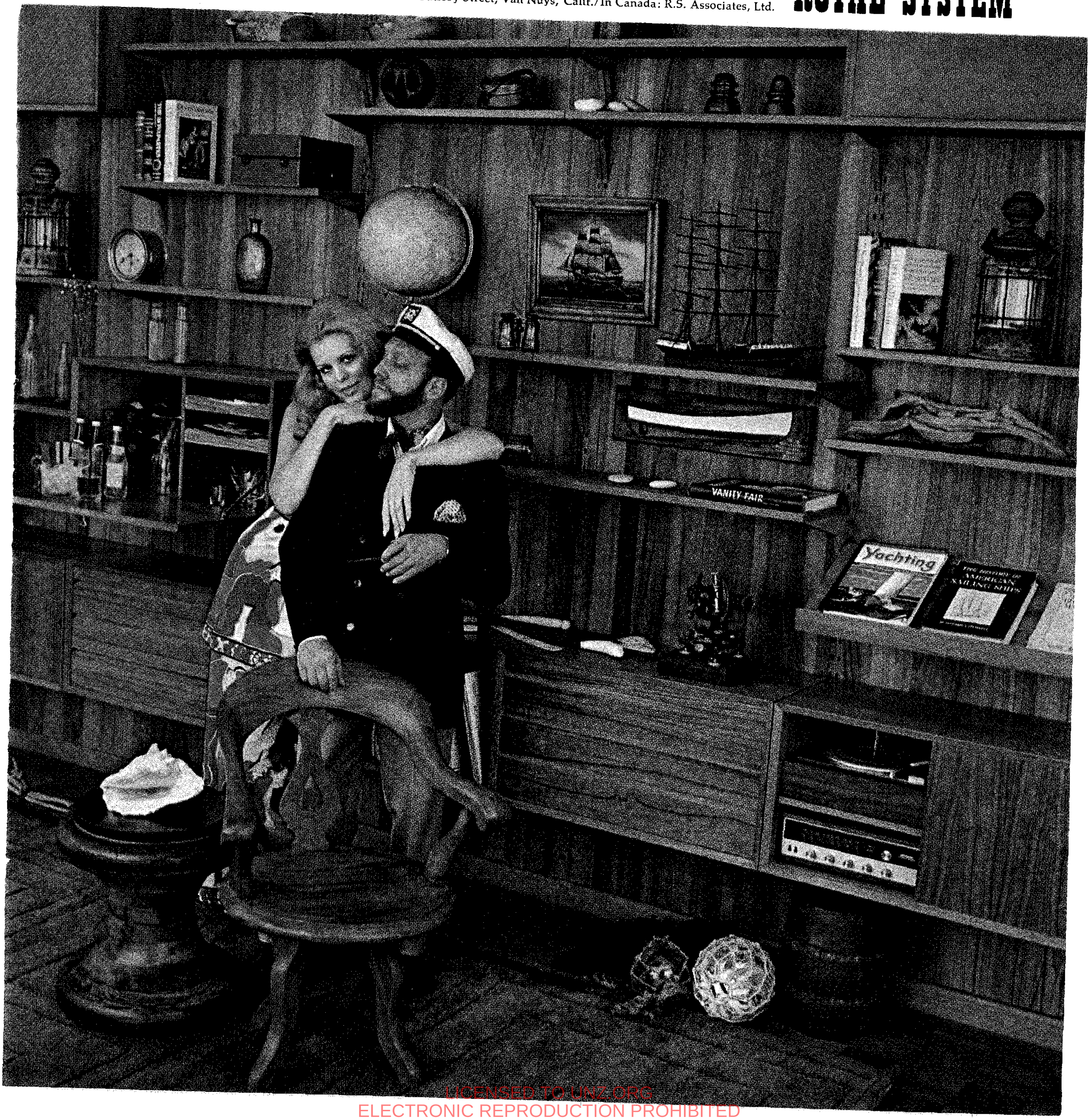
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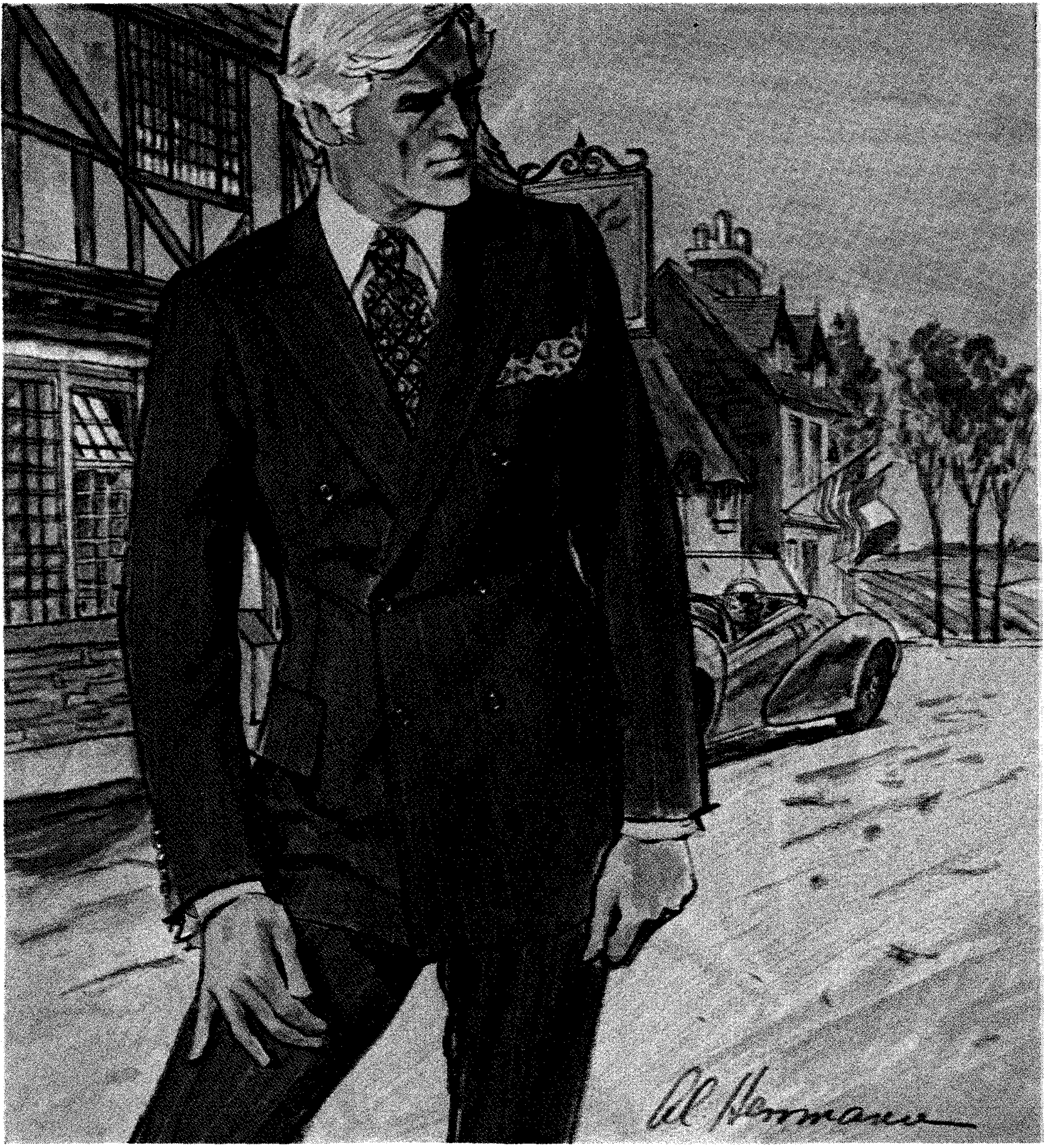

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all the other military combined, you pray that the situation isn't as volatile as it looks."

In mid-September, the National Guard Association of the United States, the lobbying group to which virtually all Guard officers belong, held its ninety-second annual convention, at the Americana Hotel in New York. The Association, which goes by its acronym, NGAUS, had among its guest speakers General William C. Westmoreland, Chief of Staff of the United States Army; Dr. Curtis W. Tarr, Director of the Selective Service System; General Lewis B. Hershey, former Director of the Selective Service System (to whom NGAUS was giving an award); Mayor John V. Lindsay of New York (whom various peace groups had tried to persuade not to speak); and Senator John C. Stennis, of Mississippi, chairman of the Senate Committee on Armed Services. Major General James F. Cantwell, adjutant general emeritus of the New Jersey Guard and still president of NGAUS, was scheduled to open the convention, but since he was currently under indictment in New Jersey (for putting Guardsmen on active duty to work in remodelling his house), he did not attend. Major General Sylvester T. DelCorso, adjutant general of the Ohio National Guard (and a member of the NGAUS executive council), did not attend, either.

There was a bomb scare on the first day of the convention, and some Guard officers discussed the possibility that a convention of the Guard at this time, with these speakers, at the Americana Hotel, might be construed by radicals as a provocation of some sort. But the convention quietly endorsed several resolutions, some military, some having to do with holding next year's convention in Hawaii (where, the adjutant general of Hawaii assured them in a tape-slide travel lecture, they would find "some of our aloha *spirit which is so needed now"). But the major concerns of the conference were three: how to get less obsolete military equipment from the federal government in what most Guardsmen predicted would be a "weapons fallout" from the reduction of fighting in Vietnam; how to get combat veterans to enlist in the Guard, and six-year enlistees to reënlist for another term; and, most important, how to profit from the "Laird Memorandum," issued in early September by Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird. The Laird Memorandum proposed, in essence, an all-volunteer professional Army, a "zero draft," and a better-*

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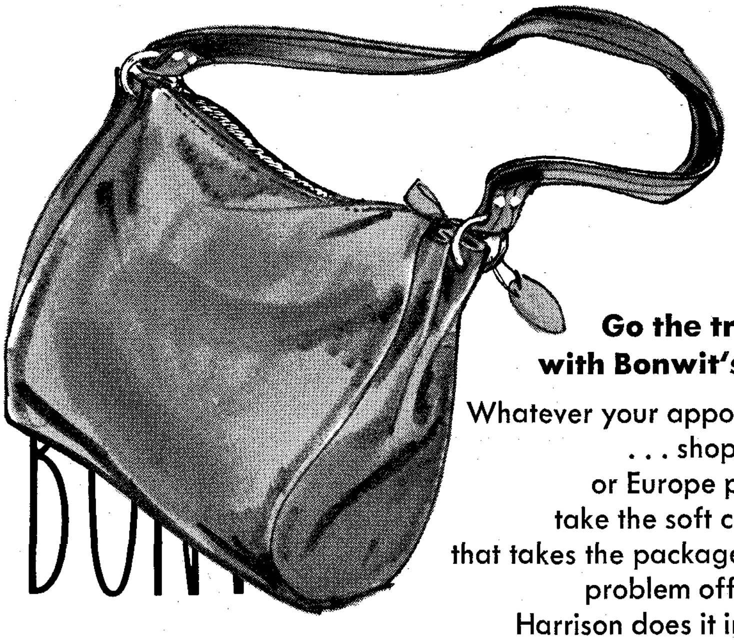

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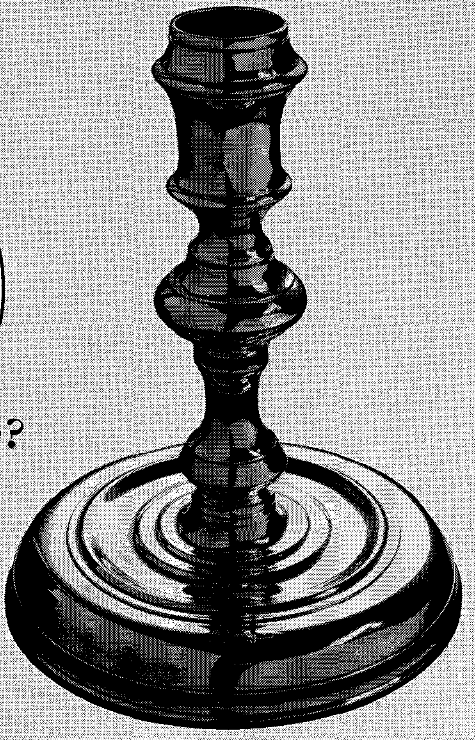

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trained, better-armed National Guard and Reserve to constitute, instead of draftees, the genuine first line of reserve in the country's defense.

Guard officers were dreamy, ecstatic, and characteristically muddled about what the Laird Memorandum would mean in terms of recruitment of Guard—but they were unanimously certain that it would mean better arms, M-16 rifles instead of the old M-1s, helicopters, planes, perhaps missiles, the best technology. "We're tickled to see the Laird Memorandum," Major General Winston P. Wilson—known throughout the Guard as Wimpie, and, since 1963, chief of the National Guard Bureau—said on the morning General Westmoreland arrived. "We're going to have progress from the fallout of troop reduction in Vietnam. We're going to get rid of the Korean-vintage equipment. Why, out West, sometimes someone still has to bring their own shotgun. Now we're going to have a smooth escalation."

Asked about equipment for civil disturbances, General Wilson, who has served forty-one years as an Arkansas National Guardsman, twenty of them rising through the Bureau in Washington, said that he thought the Guard's equipment for such duty was adequate. "But we would like to have anything," he added vaguely. "We didn't really wake up at Watts. Now we would like to have batons, water cannons—you know, bulletproof vests, a little better dispensers for gas, bullhorns, bird shot, face masks that go on the helmet." He paused. "But on the local level there still is a judgment factor. There's a lot of sympathy just now for batons, but"—he paused again—"the rifle is still primary."

Asked whether the "zero draft" might result in zero motivation to join the National Guard, he explained, as Guard officers often explain, that the Laird Memorandum would simply restore the National Guard to the "first line of military reserve" status it held before the draft exemptions of 1948. Asked whether the Guard had opposed the draft exemptions of 1948, he explained that the Guard had in fact supported them. "You see, at the time, we had a recruitment problem," he said. Asked whether it was not precisely that recruitment problem which might now recur, he explained, as Guard officers often explain, that the National Guard was frequently accused of being the haven of the draft-dodger, whereas, on the contrary, it was a place where "draft-motivated" young men could perform their military obligation without being subject to the draft. This line *of questioning among Guardsmen is never a productive one, and General Wilson returned with evident pleasure to an anecdote he had been telling all day, about his visit the evening before to the Persian Room of the Plaza, where he had witnessed a performance by Joey Heatherton. "She invited us to her room," he said amiably to anyone in sight, "and she gave me a great big buss . . ."*

By five o'clock on the last afternoon of the convention, a small group of demonstrators were quietly picketing opposite the entrance to the Americana, on Seventh Avenue. It was rumored, inside and outside the convention, that Vice-President Agnew might attend the States Dinner, the formal closing banquet of the convention, that night. General Wilson had flown to Washington, to return with Senator Stennis in time for the dinner. Earnest discussions among younger Guard officers were taking place in the Americana's bars. Whether an Army of mercenaries, supplemented by a force of citizen-soldiers, was really what the Constitution had in mind. Whether, as someone suggested, if a "Seven Days in May" situation should arise, with the professional Army holding the President captive, the National Guard might prove the country's only defense against its mercenaries, in the Laird Memorandum's terms. Whether, with a "zero draft," anyone but rednecks and martinets would join the Guard at all. How curiously characteristic of the American system it is that no *branch of the military cares to confront civilians in civil disturbances. Whether an Army composed in part of draftees was not a greater restraining and liberalizing force than a combination of mercenaries and citizen-soldiers. There was talk of an anecdote from Dr. Curtis W. Tarr's speech of the day before. "A small minority question why they should do anything for their country," the Director of the Selective Service System had said. "One young man put his question bluntly: 'If I don't want to go into the armed forces, don't want to try to argue that I am a conscientious objector, don't want to go to jail, and don't want to go to Canada, what can I do?' My answer did not please him one bit: 'Somewhere you must find a society to which you will feel willing to contribute.' "*

By six-thirty on the last night of the NGAUS convention, most of the officers were in full-dress uniform—black for Army Guard, white for Air Guard—and their wives were in evening dresses. Many of the older men had medals from the Second World

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War, but the invitation to the States Dinner, in a bungle perhaps typical of the Guard in things military, omitted a rather important "hours." "The President of the Association," it said, "earnestly requests all guests to be seated by 1930." Guardsmen and their wives, looking like figures from the antebellum South, occasionally wandered, drinks in hand, onto the steps of the Americana to look at the demonstrators, under police surveillance, across the street. One lady said she preferred to watch through a window. "Come on, Joanie," another lady said. "Don't be chicken." A photographer from the New York Post *photographed a Guard sentry outside the banquet hall, sound asleep.*

The States Dinner itself passed like any other convention banquet in the Americana's Imperial Ballroom. There were speeches, a clatter of butter plates, reunions of old friends, some tipsy conversations. Then, just before Senator Stennis spoke, there was an apparently annual ceremony. The sergeant at arms announced the presentation of "the various flags of our Union, in order of admittance," and the state flags were brought in, with appropriate music ("Maryland! My Maryland!" for Maryland, "East Side, West Side" for New York), one by one. People sang along with the songs they knew, but as the flag-bearers came in (many of them presenting also the first black faces of the convention), the officers from each state rose to their feet or stood on their chairs to cheer, waving their yellow Americana napkins over their heads. Hawaii, which gives the best parties, got a standing ovation from everyone. (So did the chaplain-escorted wife of an Air Guardsman missing in action over Vietnam.) But Mississippi, Ohio, Puerto Rico, Wisconsin, and Oregon were also roundly cheered. Yellow napkins were waving everywhere. Then Senator Stennis spoke, rather hawkishly about Vietnam and rather doubtfully about the Guard's capacity to recruit with a zero draft. The banquet became solemn again. Vice-President Agnew did not appear. Outside the Americana, by 11:30 P.M.*, the demonstrators had long disappeared, but there were an inordinate number of horse-drawn carriages of the sort that go through Central Park. Asked whether so many hansoms were normal even for a convention of tourists at the Americana, a New York cabdriver said they were not. "I've never seen so many of them," he said. "What's going on in there?" Told that it was a convention of the National Guard, he said that explained it.*

—RENATA ADLER

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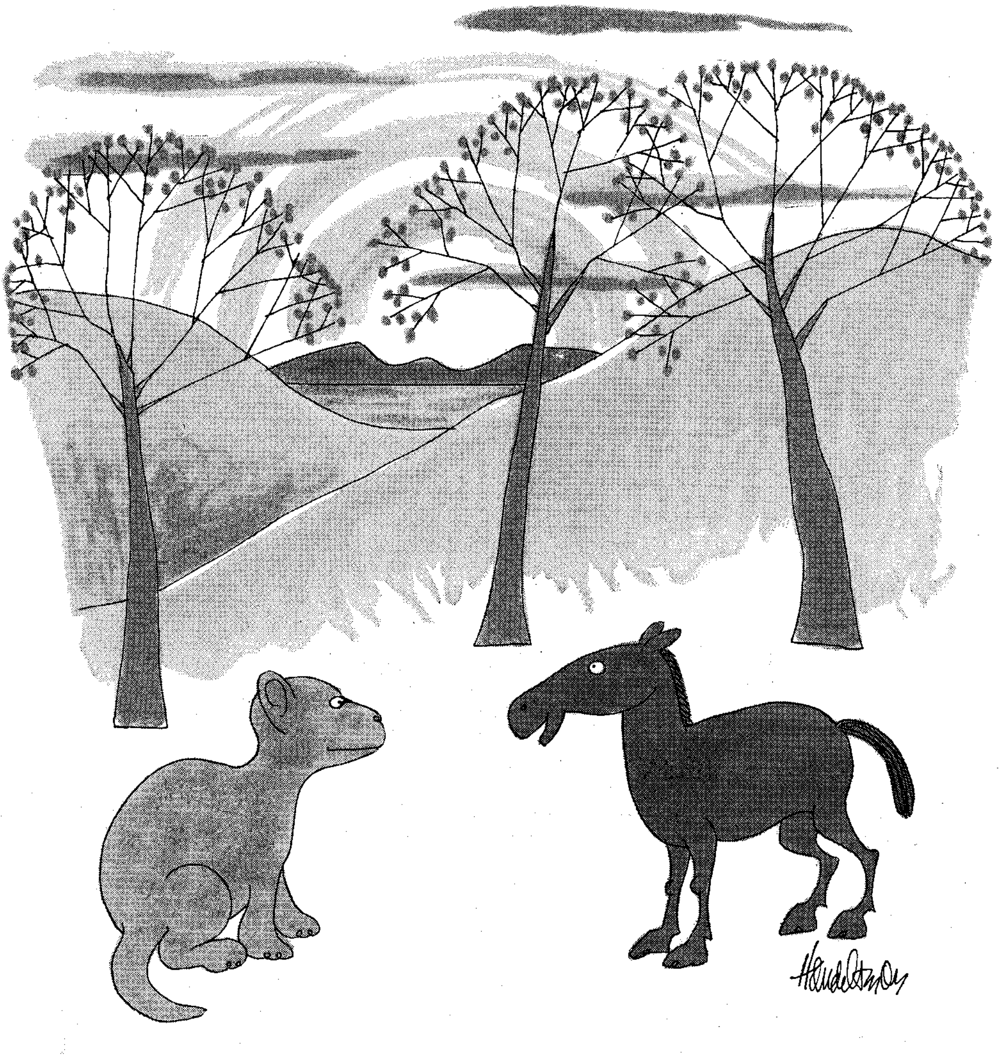
THE THEATRE

JAPES AND CAPERS

A THEATRICAL oddity entitled "Bob and Ray—The Two and Only" has arrived at the John Golden for what promises to be a long stay. The success of this implausible enterprise—a sort of grandmother's trunkful of gags and skits accumulated over twenty years of servitude in radio and TV—must be a source of considerable satisfaction to Bob and Ray, to the director, Joseph Hardy, and, especially, to William Ritman, who designed the one and only set among whose innumerable booby traps the two and only wander in cunningly simulated intellectual disarray throughout the evening. The scene is an attic so antic as to be practically manic, and while it must have been great fun for Mr. Ritman and his myrmidons to gather the Collyer Brothers-like junk that fills the stage of the John Golden, the thought of anybody's ever having to strike the set makes my heart quail. In the clutter of props that serves as an outward and visible sign of the clutter clogging the minds of the host of bizarre characters played by Bob and Ray I noticed a flaking Flexible Flyer, a unicycle, an ancient glass-domed stock ticker, a wicker planter filled with plastic geraniums, a trapeze, a nineteen-twenties Victrola, a radio of roughly the same period (I put it down for an Atwater Kent, but it may have been a Freed-Eisemann), a sewing machine, some skis, some canoe paddles, a drum or two, a birdcage, and a microphone bearing the long-defunct call letters WEAF. Reason totters in the presence of so much unrelated variety, and it is meant to totter, for Bob and Ray are employing the classic method of humor by exaggeration: they seek to expose our follies by nudging the commonplace over into the absurd.

The characters that Bob and Ray portray in the course of a couple of dozen brief skits are nearly always familiar as types—a sour, aging ballplayer, a dry-as-dust academic expert, an interviewer who fails to listen to the responses to questions he has asked—and are sometimes identifiable as individuals out of real life; we catch glimpses, i kindly disguise, of Gabe Pressm David Brinkley, Dick Cavett, Ed Sullivan, and even the early Nixon. Usually, the skits are based on a single gag, and since for me to describe the working out of a gag would be nearly as base an act as giving away the punch line of a joke, you will simply have to take my word for it that Bob and Ray rip through their tiny, nutty melodramas with a droll gravity of demeanor that is irresistibly funny. The night I saw the show, the audience refused to go home until Bob and Ray had provided them with several encores. I got the impression that they were willing—and had sufficient material inside their heads—to go on giving encores until daybreak but that some tiresome union rule prevented them from doing so. Too bad, for, given the chance, who would not rather spend a night laughing than sleeping? —BRENDAN GILL



"I'm the ancestor of the horse. Whose ancestor are you?"

•

REUNION

once a year at midnight
the ghost of my father walks
in wearing his scars
on the outside of his bandages
asking directions *which*
way are we going
how far to silence

maps flapping on the walls
the walls falling in and me
waiting as usual while the future
limps from door to door
on its broken toes

sliding into a chair
and tucking one leg under him
his bloated head begins
to fall toward his right
shoulder as he gives me a long

wink and says *I'm going*
to get drunk again tonight
god how I dread it
—RICHARD SHELTON

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FOOTBALL

Pro and Con

"MY son is an ardent sportsman," his mother was saying. "Why, he spends the whole weekend with his eyes glued to the television set." Well, yes, that is the standard definition today, when the notion of sliding from one's automobile into the open for an afternoon is considered bizarre. And reasonably, in a way, since seats in Yankee Stadium and Shea during the football season are as closely held as seats on the Stock Exchange—as closely held as seats in Yale Bowl and Palmer Stadium once were held when the Giants, in their Polo Grounds era, were giving away tickets the way banks give away toasters. Perhaps a return to the Ivy League, where there is always immediate seating, is a solution, and could even be fun. Last Saturday, all eight members of that generally Wasp organization won their opening matches, against sometimes niggling and sometimes nifty opposition—an event as astounding as the manner in which Penn State was put to the sword, out West, by Colorado, 41–13. Oh, there's reason enough for liking to watch pro football, or Namath, as it is more often called—especially because Namath himself represents the Credibility Gap. When he cocks that arm and lets loose the ball, the enemy can see perfectly well where the pass is going in time to break it up, and then doesn't break it up. (Brian Dowling, when he was throwing the ball for Yale to Bruce Weinstein and Calvin Hill, represented the same Credibility Gap.) Still, is young Namath going to be everlasting, like the Redskins' Sonny Jurgensen? Vince Lombardi, the great Redskin coach, is dead, but Jurgensen is still throwing the ball the right way. I watched him a while back knocking off the Colts—the first time the Redskins had done it in eleven years—with one whopping and incredible (the Gap again) pass at nearly the last minute. This is pro ball, and good, and it will always be good, because if a coach doesn't see what he wants in the store he can always buy it elsewhere and add it to the team. That is, come to think of it, simply an idea borrowed from some of our more prominent universities.

Transition from pro to con: Charity did not begin at home for Army three weeks ago, because in entertaining Holy Cross, for whose benefit (filling the depleted Holy Cross treasury) the encounter came about, Army, though winning the game, lost—maybe for the year—both its best punter and its best runner. Charity did begin a week later, when Army, generous to a fault (mainly fumbles), let Baylor, a big, beefy lot, win out, 10–7. When Army was last seen, it was going West to meet Nebraska. The meet came out Nebraska 28, Army 0, and since this was but the first of four Army matches with teams that were in Bowls last season, it may be that we will never hear of Army again, stout fellow though it is. A Navy man said to me, weeks ago, that his team has better receivers this year, but, plainly, what Navy needs is some sort of armor plate to protect McNallen, who does Navy's throwing, long enough to let him reach those receivers. And how long the Ivy League's euphoria will endure is a question. Dartmouth and Columbia and Harvard are putting a variety of new quarterbacks into test tubes—Dartmouth because Chasey, a really wily managerial type, is under repair—and Princeton is experimenting, too, with many old hands in new jobs and many new hands everywhere else. Plummer, who was in charge of the Princeton attack against Rutgers last Saturday, is a junior who, for all the experience he has had, might as well be a sophomore, yet against Rutgers he had the airiness, the deftness, the trompe-l'oeil rapidity of a—well, it has to be said—pro, and it could be that he will be the making of a team that has great backfield speed and defensive solidity, despite its newness. No point in worrying about Yale, with all those good freshmen from last year coming up to a squad already brimming with ingenuity. Worry about Dartmouth, yes, if Chasey is really invalidated. Worry about Harvard, yes, while it jells, with coming-and-going quarterbacks, and with Varney, who had so much to do with that famous Yale-Harvard 29–29 tie of two years ago, moved from end to flanker. That's all there has been time to look at, out in the open air, so far this year. More later.

—J. W. L.

•

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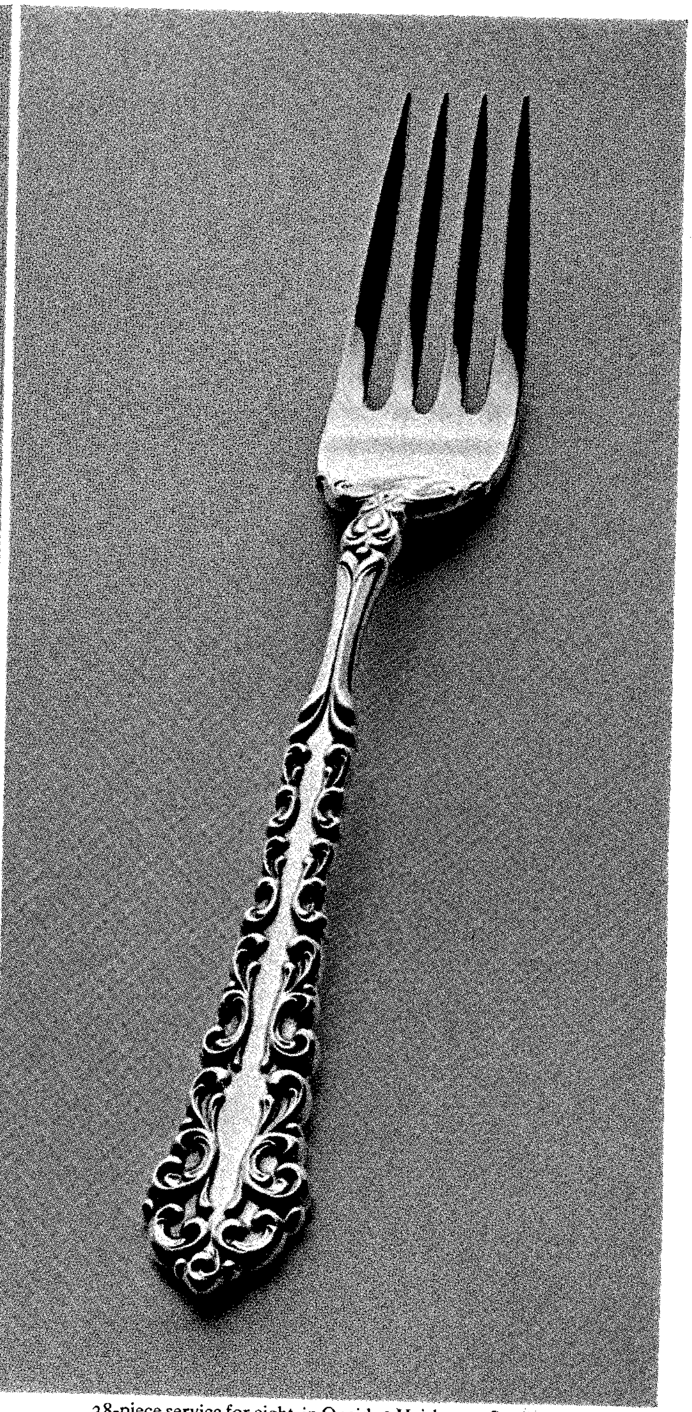

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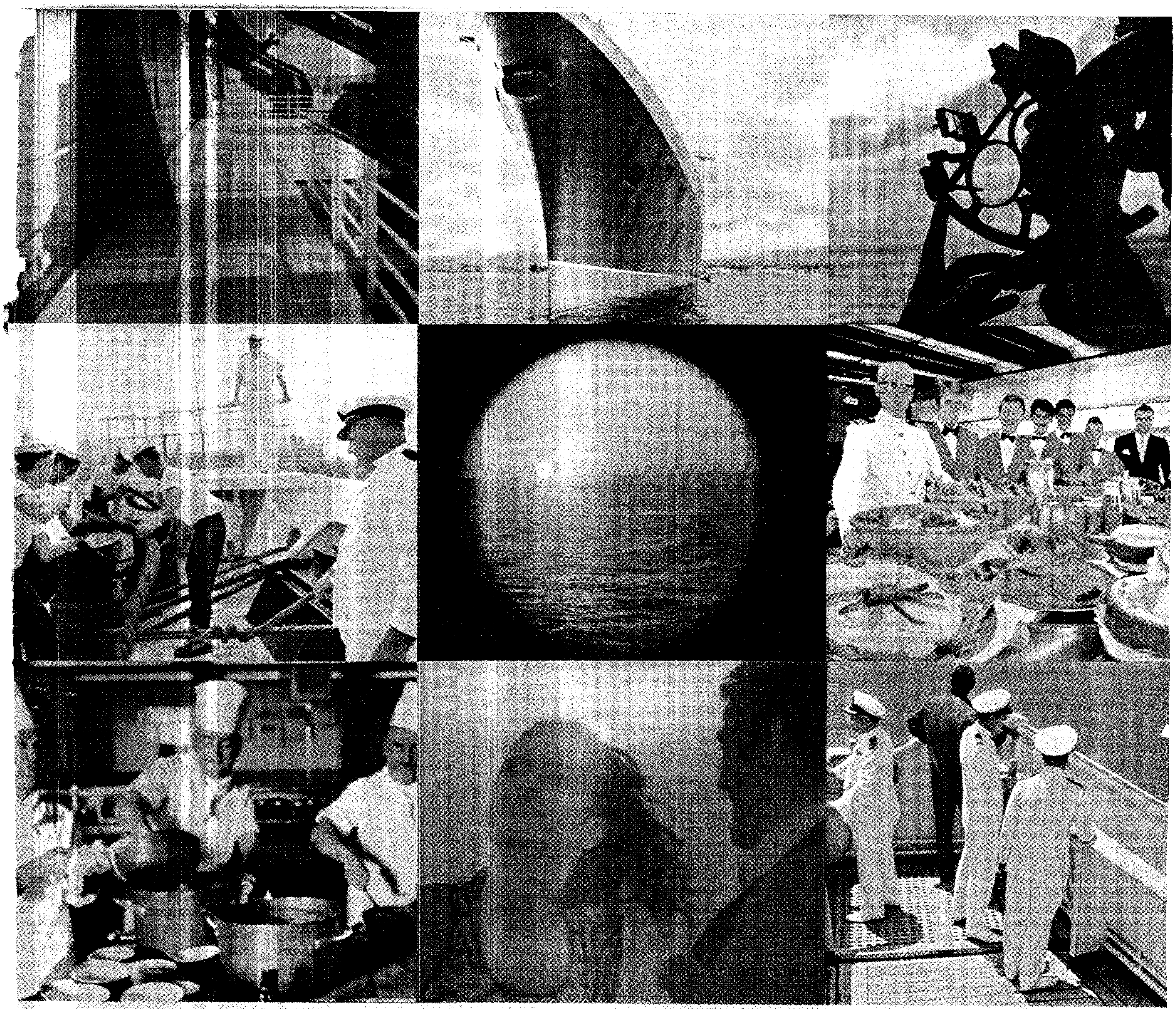

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THE RACE TRACK

The Big One

WE'RE off to see Nijinsky, the wonderful runner abroad. The decks are cleared for the unbeaten big bay Canadian colt's twelfth and toughest test—the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, at 2,400 metres (roughly a mile and a half), over the main course at Longchamp in Paris on Sunday. The Arc always brings out a lot of horses, because for the last half-dozen years the winner's share of the purse has been more than $200,000, which is a nice score if you make it. The horse who is likely to furnish the most opposition to Nijinsky is Winston Guest's Gyr, an American colt by Sea-Bird, who was a sensation in the Arc five years ago. Gyr, a tremendous fellow, standing seventeen hands, was second to Nijinsky in the Epsom Derby. Since then, he has won the Grand Prix de Saint-Cloud, and observers say he has improved ten pounds over his form at Epsom. In my opinion, the greater danger to Nijinsky's chances will be the French jockeys, who have never believed in the Entente Cordiale. They know that Piggott, who rides Nijinsky, always keeps close to the rails, so it would be duck soup to box him in, which I'm sure they'd thoroughly enjoy doing. Piggott himself is better than a green hand at rough-and-tumble tactics, but I'm afraid there are going to be too many Frenchmen for him. Already the experts are debating whether Nijinsky is merely a good horse in a bad year instead of being a great horse. In my book, his record is a model of consistency and versatility: he has courage, equable temperament, stamina, and the ability to turn on a burst of high speed when he's asked to. What more does anyone want?

Charles W. Engelhard, who bought Nijinsky from E. P. Taylor at the Woodbine Sale at Toronto two years ago, bought another yearling from Mr. Taylor there last month. It was a colt by Buckpasser out of Northern Queen, and the price was $180,000.

THERE'S a note in the Belmont Park program to the effect that Seuffert's Band will be pleased to play request selections. I should have asked them to play "Where Are All the Good Three-Year-Olds Gone?," which was the theme song for last week's racing, but I was watching a couple of horses. One of them, Personality, isn't the colt he was last spring when he won the Wood Memorial, beating Silent Screen (and, by the way, what ever became of Silent Screen?) and a dozen others. It's true that he was giving actual weight to older horses in the Stymie Handicap on Monday, but if he'd been in the form he was in last April, he could have carried double the weight and still won. As it was, he led into the stretch, and Hydrologist beat him by half a length.

CHANGES, changes. The Lawrence Realization Stakes, patterned after England's St. Leger, hasn't been popular with horsemen for years, so its distance was reduced from a mile and five furlongs to a mile and a half, and it was run on the turf course at Belmont on Wednesday afternoon of last week. It brought out nine starters and was a lively affair, with Kling Kling, who had been going well on the grass, winning by three-quarters of a length from Loud, who had brought off a mild surprise in the Travers Stakes at Saratoga. Naskra was third. Kling Kling had a weight advantage of nine pounds.

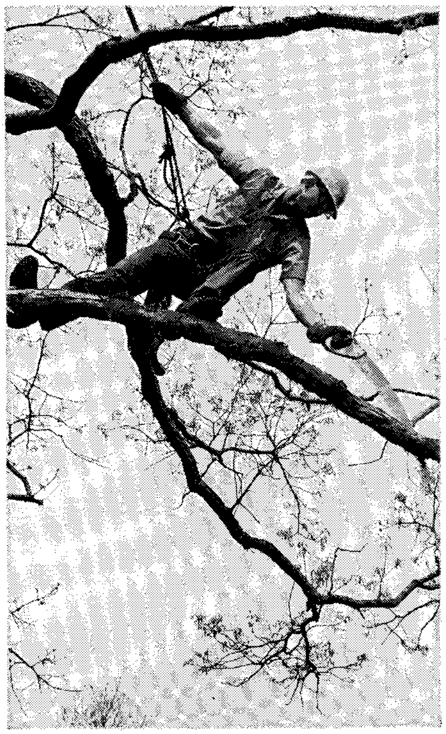
A MEMO ON HORSE OF THE YEAR: Why not Nijinsky?

—AUDAX MINOR

•

It was still night, no trace yet of the highlighting greys of morning. Silk City, New Jersey, had changed from when I had known it in '52. It had sunk still lower. This crumbling brick squalor infested an otherwise pleasant New York City suburbia where snap-tab collars caught the 7:46 to Grand Central.—*From "The Spiral Web," by Jeffrey M. Wallman.*

Well, if these unmanned snap-tab collars had *really* insisted on commuting to Grand Central by train, they could have done it by taking a bus to Newark, changing to a northbound Hell Gate train, getting off at Stamford, crossing the tracks, and taking a train to New York from there. Or by taking a bus over the George Washington Bridge, the subway to 125th Street, a crosstown bus to Park Avenue, then a train to Grand Central from the 125th Street Station. But, sorry, no 7:46.



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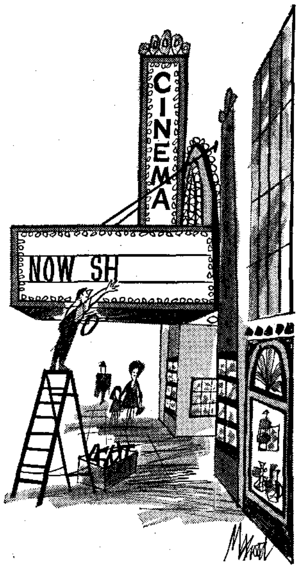
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Numbing the Audience

EARLY this year, the most successful of the large-circulation magazines for teen-age girls took a two-page spread in the *Times* for an "interview" with its editor-in-chief, and after the now ritual bulling (Question: "You work with young people—what is your view of today's generation?" Answer: "My faith in them is enormous. They make a sincere attempt at being totally honest, at sharing. They're happily frank about their experiences. They're the most idealistic generation in history. . . . When you consider the vast problems confronting us, their optimism and activism is truly inspirational"), and after the obeisance to the new myths ("They are the best-educated and most aware generation in history"), the ad finally got to the come-on. Question: "Is it true that your readers don't differentiate between your ads and your editorials?" Answer: "Yes, that's true. Our readers are very impressionable, not yet cynical about advertising . . . eager to learn . . . to believe." The frightening thing is, it probably is true that the teen-agers don't differentiate between the ads and the editorials, and true in a much more complex sense than the delicately calculated Madison Avenue-ese of the editor's pitch to advertisers indicates. Television is blurring the distinction for all of us; we don't know what we're reacting to anymore, and, beyond that, it's becoming just about impossible to sort out the con from the truth because a successful con makes its lies come true.

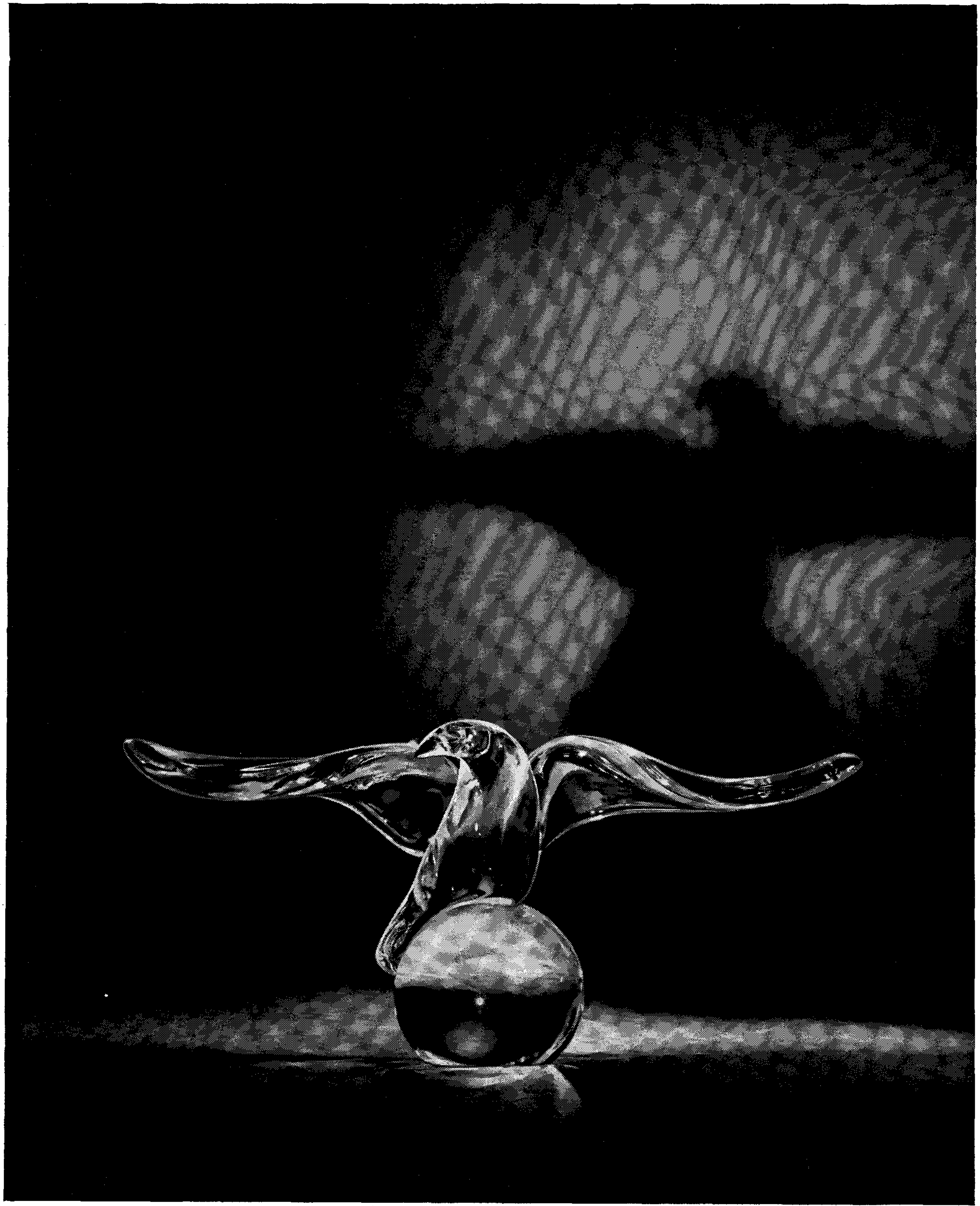
A lot of the "film-generation" talk is, of course, business-inspired—an attempt to create a new youth market to replace the older audience lost to television—and, via the schools, the businessmen are making it true. The textbook "The Motion Picture and the Teaching of English," financed by a grant from Teaching Film Custodians (an affiliate of the Motion Picture Association of America) to the National Council of Teachers of English, heralded the push into the schools, and teachers who want to be hip have taken up movies as what's happening. Publishers have rushed to prepare books to take advantage of the new film courses, and conglomerates have bought up the 16-mm.-film-distribution companies in expectation of educational funds' being poured into film rentals. Everywhere in the media, one has begun to hear of the wonderful new "visual literacy" possessed by the young—how, without effort, they have acquired a magical new kind of education from television. Teachers who couldn't get their students to do any work and couldn't think of anything else to do with them have begun to see the virtue of bombarding them with images, and so across the country the schools are acquiring the hardware of "visual literacy." According to the pamphlet handed out at the recent New York Film Festival to encourage donations to the Film Society of Lincoln Center, "Once they were just 'the movies.' Now movies are the core language of the young. More than that . . . suddenly films have become the meaningful way for all generations, all nations, to really talk each other's language."



After a half century in which movies were indeed a medium that linked people, and gave us, for good and for ill, common experiences, we get this public-relations "suddenly" stuff when the bulk of American movies are being aimed directly at the young audience and are sold to it on the basis that it's different from all previous audiences. In its small way, the pitch is as delicately calculated as the teen-age-magazine ad (the two are even dotted the same way). By the time the media men, with the teachers at their heels, have finished indoctrinating school kids to be the film generation, that "core language"—whatever it is—may be the only language they've got left. The joker in this stacked deck is that school kids and college students go to movies less frequently than earlier generations did. Although students are saturated from watching television at home (which may be a major factor in why they expect to be passively entertained at school and turn off when they aren't), movies are being pushed in the school systems because the number of paid movie admissions per year is about a fourth of what it used to be. Movie companies are trying to develop new customers, like the tobacco companies when they sent free cartons to the soldiers in the Second World War, to get them hooked on cigarettes.

Actually, something has gone terribly wrong with movies. I think it can be said that the public no longer goes to them with much expectation of pleasure, and, as a result, many people have stopped going to any but the most highly praised and publicized films, and often regret going to those (such as "Catch-22"). Even college students, who do seem to make intense contact with a few films each year, don't go to many new movies. Often they prefer old movies on television to the less publicized of the new films (they say they have a better time watching old movies), and they don't go regularly to whatever is playing, as students used to. In fact, they, like the people in their thirties and forties, tend to go to the same few big hits—to "Easy Rider" and "Midnight Cowboy" and "M*A*S*H"—the difference being that they tend to go repeatedly. Most movies these days are made for nobody; the proportion of movies that fail commercially is at an all-time high, and now when they fail they often fail mercilessly—sometimes on the opening day of a first-run movie a theatre does not sell a single ticket—so that investing money in movies is becoming a fantastic long-shot gamble against public apathy. Movie companies try to cut their losses by not releasing some of their less promising completed films; that way they save on advertising and the cost of making prints.

Laments for the entertaining movies of the past are pointless; with rare exceptions, those movies are still around to be seen and enjoyed at revivals or on television, but we cannot imitate them successfully now, nor should we try. Hollywood did try, and for far too long. The conventions of those movies were years ago drained of energy, and the movies that stick to them now, such as "Airport," appeal to the sort of people who get their juices flowing by denouncing pictures like "Candy" and "Myra Breckinridge" and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" as morally subversive. We can't, unless we're stupid, ask film people to make movies the nice, stodgy way they (or their predecessors) used to. I can't even review the twenty-five-million-dollar "Tora! Tora! Tora!" After a half hour, I fell into



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WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE GARDEN

OCTOBER

There's so much happening this month at New York's favorite sports and entertainment center that the trick will be to fit all the joyous news into this column. (Note to Printer: Small type, please, but use your most enthusiastic font.)

First, a couple of urgent items. This Sunday (4) is absolutely and positively the final day of "Disney on Parade." If your family hasn't yet seen this spectacular live entertainment with all the favorite Disney characters appearing In Person, then don't just sit there. Do something. Race to the box-office. Phone us. (See below.) Call Ticketron (212-644-4400). But do something.

Next. The famed, incredible, fantastic Moiseyev Dance Company returns to New York (6 through 18) at the Felt Forum in Madison Square Garden Center. If you remember the turnaway throngs at the Met last Spring (or even if you don't), the advice we gave you in the preceding paragraph is equally apropos. The word to the wise (in the original Russian) is Скорее.

More. Next Friday (9) there begins the limited engagement through Monday (12), which happens to be Columbus Day, of the Royal Lipizzan Stallion Show featuring The Wonderful World of Horses as seen in the memorable Walt Disney film "Miracle of the White Stallions." And miracle it is indeed as more than 50 horses including not only the White Stallions but also American Albinos, Andalusians, Arabians, Quarter-horses and Morgans bring you all the classic beauty of the maneuvers of the Spanish Riding School, including the incredible "Airs Above The Ground."

Now let's move over to the Sports Department. Basketball begins on (6) when the World Champion New York Knickerbockers face Detroit as part of a pre-season doubleheader. On (8), they meet the Atlanta club which now includes everybody's favorite 1969 All-American, Pete Maravich, also part of a doubleheader. The regular home season begins on (13) against the Celtics. For the balance of the month's encounters, watch the newspapers.

The Rangers commence their hockey season on (14) against Buffalo, one of the new NHL clubs, with more exciting games to follow. Again, please consult the sports page of your favorite daily. And, to backtrack a little in the calendar, the world's welterweight king Jose Napoles makes his N.Y. debut on Monday (5) against Pete Toro in a non-title bout.

Sorry. That's all the space we have this month. But if you want to receive advance information and ticket-order forms for future Garden attractions, we'll be glad to put you on our mailing list. Just write to Dept. ML, Madison Square Garden, 4 Pennsylvania Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10001.

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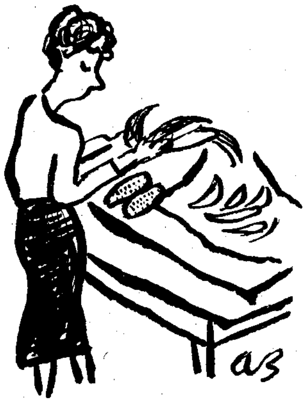
a comatose state; reprieved by the intermission, I sneaked away. It was always too late for a movie that thinks it's being fair to the Japanese by having Japanese actors behave like slit-eyed Americans. The cast of non-Japanese—Leon Ames and Neville Brand and George Macready and James Whitmore and Wesley Addy and Leora Dana and E. G. Marshall, ad infinitum—has all the charisma of a veterans' convention. With that weary bunch of second-string actors, the war seems to have been caused by American enervation, and with lines like "I must get back to the fleet. There is a lot to be done" who needs bombs? I do recall one joke, though an inadvertent one, when some poor historical facsimile of an actor stands by a window and cries, "For God's sake, man, that's not a paper fleet out there!"—and the view is so pathetically fake that one's first thought is: Well, if it isn't paper, what is it, an oil painting? This kind of moviemaking never carried any conviction; only in the heat of battle—and Vietnam isn't that kind of battle—could audiences deceive themselves about its quality. Richard Fleischer's direction has no bite, no tension, no beauty. One can't get angry at the lack of depth, or at the pedantry about acts of treachery on one side and acts of incompetence on the other; this movie is too weakly uncertain of itself to be the occasion of anger. One merely dozes, knowing that "Tora! Tora! Tora!" is one of the last of its kind; the only question it raises is whether it will finally sink the oft-bombed Twentieth Century-Fox.



But, except for the big hits, the newer kinds of movies mostly don't satisfy *anybody*. After the breakdown of the studio system, the good side of the chaotic situation got attention first, with the looser, more individual-in-style films of Sam Peckinpah, Mazursky and Tucker, Dennis Hopper, Robert Altman, and others; but the bad side is becoming overpowering, and that regular weekly audience, decimated by television, is being shrivelled by too many nights at movies like "End of the Road," "The Looking Glass War," "Futz," "Duffy," "The Legend of Lylah Clare," "The Bed Sitting Room," "The Magus," "Coming Apart," "The Happy Ending," "The Adventurers," "The Magic Christian." Why should people submit to more? The answer is they don't, and almost all the films released this summer have been box-office bummers. I don't think it's anything as simple as lack of talent; one does not have to be supremely talented to do entertaining work in films, and many of the men whose work has given enduring pleasure were probably less gifted than some of the men now making intolerably insensitive films. The problem may lie in the attitudes that permeate new films; even when they're relatively clever and fast-moving, one is likely to come out depressed rather than refreshed, feeling disagreeable or angry from having so much unsorted-out material and gratuitous technique flung in one's face. Is this perhaps because the moviemakers don't have the respect for the audience essential to the creation of satisfying theatrical experiences?

Many of the men who have been quickest to take advantage of the flux since the conglomerate takeovers and failures are those with the low cunning to exploit the current mood of the young movie audience (as in "Joe") or with the strong, shallow egos to convince the shaken-up studio heads that they know what the youth market will buy. The rising hacks now making deals have taken over some of the coarsest attitudes of the moguls and have left out one vital ingredient of old picture-making. It used to be understood that no matter how low your estimate of the public intelligence was, how greedily you courted success, or how much you debased your material in order to popularize it, you nevertheless tried to give the audience something. That was the principal excuse for all the story conferences and the gimmicks and restrictions inflicted on the writers and directors by the producers, and even though this excuse was the basis for crippling men of talent and presenting garbage to the public, the excuse wasn't *totally* false. It seems a little silly to have to point this out, but the assumption that a movie was supposed to do something for the audience was a sound one. The greatest moviemakers—men like Griffith and Renoir—were the men who not only wanted to give the audience of their best but had the most to give. This is also, perhaps, the element that, combined with originality of temperament, makes the greatest stars and enables them to last—what links a Louis Armstrong and an Olivier and a Streisand and maybe, with luck, a Flip Wilson. In the new, fluid movie situation, with some of the obstacles gone, it should be easier for artists to give everything they have; that's what freedom means in the arts. Working at one's peak capacity, going beyond one's known self, giving everything one has, makes show business, from time to time, art.

Good hack work could be done under the old system, because even when you worked beneath your full capacity—grinding your teeth in frustration—you could still do an honest job, respectful of the audience's needs, and some fine American movies were made as plain, honest jobs of hack work. But the American audience outgrew the conventional genre films. What new wine could be poured into the bottle of the Western? (The new wine of "The Wild Bunch" explodes the bottle.) The myths of the Old West, with the heroic figures of authority and the coming of law and order, no longer touch off the right reverberations in an audience. The familiar patterns whose unfolding once gave the audience such anticipatory pleasure and such nostalgic satisfaction in the formal closing began instead to turn the surfeited audience derisive, and so the Western heroes became Camp figures who grew old and fat (as in "True Grit") or Freudian-freaky (as in the Burt Kennedy Westerns), or escaped to other countries (as in "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid"). The strength had been sapped from the old genres; they belonged to the studio system, and the attempt by the nervous, unimaginative studio heads to cling to them sapped the studios.

But substituting the clichés of Madison Avenue militancy for the formulas and the middle-class banalities is a disaster at every level; in Europe a movie like "The Strawberry Statement" may be considered politically daring, but we here can recognize it for what it is—the twin of that teen-age-magazine pitch for the youth market. The puerile old romances may have been bourgeois, but at least they bound us together by reminding us of our common fantasies. Exploitation "message" movies like "The Strawberry Statement," the brash, confident "Getting Straight," and the new "R.P.M." are more offensive. No contemporary American subject provided a better test of the new movie freedom than student unrest. It should have been a great sub-

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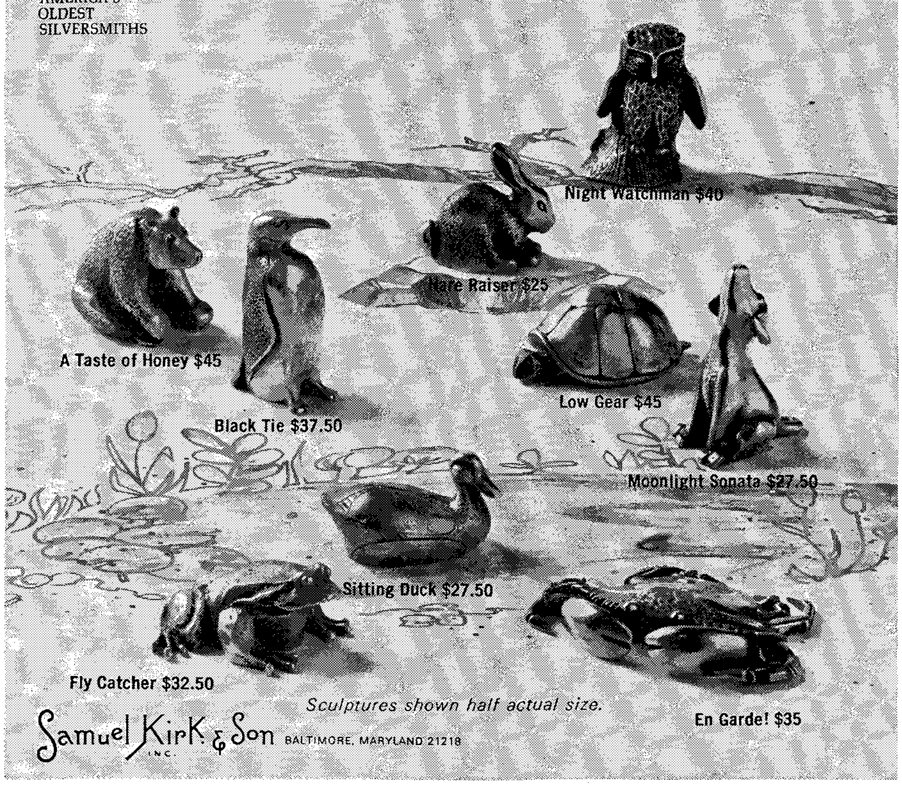
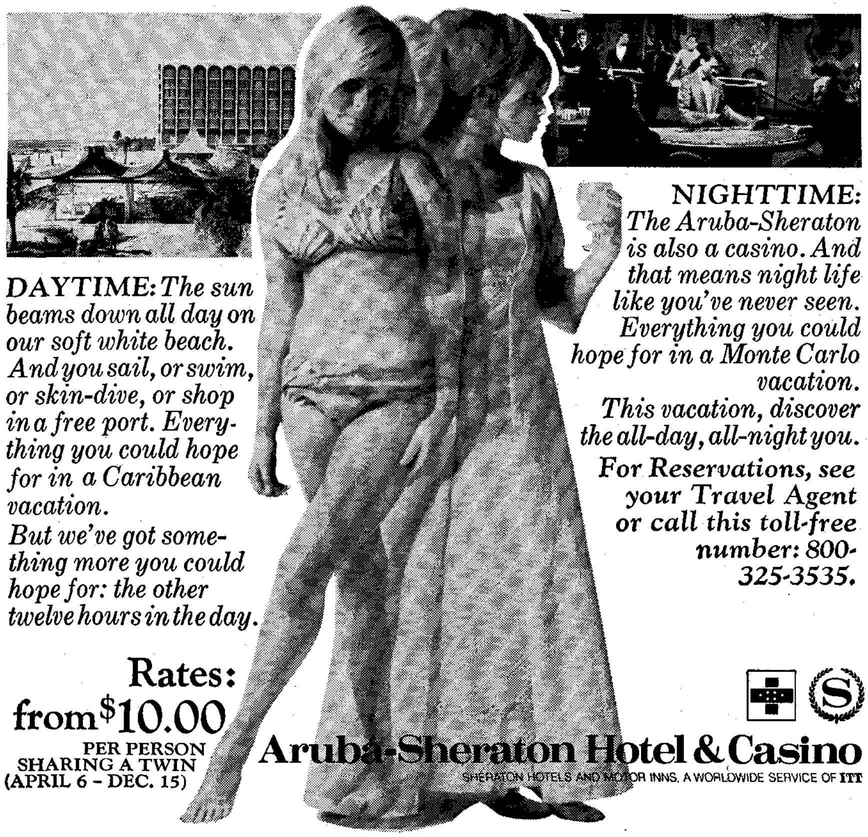


Sheraton in Aruba: Dutch Treat.



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ject: the students becoming idealists and trying to put their feelings about justice into practice; their impatience at delays; the relationship between boredom and activism; and what Angus Wilson has called "the mysterious bond that ties gentleness to brutality, a bond that has made our times at once so shocking and so hopeful." Instead, we've been getting glib "statements" and cheap sex jokes, the zoomy shooting and shock cutting of TV commercials, plus a lot of screaming and ketchup on the lenses. These movies took the recently developed political consciousness of American students, which was still tentative and searching and (necessarily) confused, and reduced it to simplicities, overstatements, and lies. In the standard Hollywood vulgarizing tradition, the theme of student revolution was turned into a riot-movie fad, polished off now by Stanley Kramer's grandstanding liberalism in his "R.P.M." Though Anthony Quinn, as an acting college president, is the hero, and the movie is meant to show primarily the Kramer old-warrior-liberal side, the movie, for all its jabber of hating violence, nevertheless heads right toward it, just like "Getting Straight" and "The Strawberry Statement." The directors present violence as the students' only courageous course of action, not because it arises out of the given issues but because of their crudeness as moviemakers—because they want the smash finale of a big-production-number violent confrontation. They change their rhetoric but not their styles: Richard Rush's carnage in "Getting Straight" is just like his carnage in the wheeler "The Savage Seven;" Stuart Hagmann is still making commercials in "The Strawberry Statement."

In an article in the *Times*, Israel Horovitz explained that he didn't write the screenplay of "The Strawberry Statement" for radicals. "We sit in New York," he said, "and reek of sophistry." From his ideas ("Isn't it strange that man could invent wealth but never find a way to spread it around?"), he seems to be a sophistic Andy Hardy. He wrote the movie, he tells us, to radicalize a typical fifteen-year-old girl in his home town. His article could almost be a classic New Left parody of the old Hollywood explanations of why movies had to be made for twelve-year-old minds. How is it that, unlike the writers on the Andy Hardy pictures, who knew they were hacks when they wrote down to the audience, Mr. Horovitz does not know? How is it that Richard Rush and his scriptwriter, Robert Kaufman, do not know that when they reject criticism of "Getting Straight" (as they did in the *Times*) by appealing to the superior court of those "lined up every night in record numbers" they are giving the same old Hollywood answer, and that when they gild it with the information that these queues are composed of "the new generation of moviegoers who have taken film as their own medium, as their personal art form and instrument of communication" they are talking the Hollywoodspeak of Louis B. Mayer and Darryl F. Zanuck? Horovitz didn't appeal to the court of the public, because "The Strawberry Statement" was a flop, but Rush and Kaufman had a hit, so they followed mogul tradition and claimed that the public knows best, or, as they put it, "There are other more demanding and uncompromising critics who will instantly reject a fraud. These critics are the new generation."

The avowed aim of most of the new film men is to shatter the complacency of the audience. Michael Sarne, the director of "Joanna" and "Myra Breckinridge," threatens us with more of the same until "some compromise is achieved between the generations and races, classes, and warring factions." He and the others justify everything in their movies with slick revolutionary catch phrases; they are, they tell us, attacking the bestiality of our time by making brutal movies, attacking the shoddiness of American culture by shoving shoddiness down our throats. Their movies become our punishment, and the worse their movies turn out, the more self-righteously they explain that it was just what we deserved. They're shaking up Middle America—us, the fifteen-year-olds in Israel Horovitz's home town.

The weathercocks of movie business are the press releases. Here is one from last year:

> Stirling Silliphant will launch his first multiple-picture screenplay agreement by writing the film script for Harold Robbins' forthcoming novel, "The Inheritors," it was announced today by Joseph E. Levine, president of Avco Embassy Pictures. Silliphant will also write the scripts for two more films for the company: "All the Emperor's Horses" and "America the Beautiful," and he will produce the latter. . . .
>
> "America the Beautiful" is a satiric comedy about sex, security, and the "easy buck," and is based on a series of essays published by David White.

The press reception at which the announcement was made was Silliphant's first in New York since he left the helm of the Twentieth Century-Fox publicity department in 1953. "This time," he

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quipped, "I'm on the other side of the fence."

He isn't; he's still in the same business, whether he writes publicity or makes movies, whether he writes the script for "The Inheritors" or a script attacking men just like himself. Madison Avenue sells attacks on Madison Avenue the same way conglomerate-appointed studio heads grow beards and serve up the terrorist, utopian thinking that they hope will appeal to young ticket-buyers.

WHILE students don't go to many movies (they read even less, and perhaps *that's* why they've been named the film generation), the few movies each year that they do care about they seem to take more *personally* than earlier generations of students did. It's the jackpot of turning out one of those few that the new moviemakers aim for. The movies that are popularly considered the best movies at any given time may or may not be good movies—they may be important bad movies—but they touch a nerve, express a mood that is just coming to popular consciousness, or present heroes who connect in new ways. They not only reflect what is going on in the country but, sometimes by expressing it and sometimes by distorting it, affect it, too—such movies as "The Wild One," "Rebel Without a Cause," "Blackboard Jungle," "On the Waterfront," "Morgan!," "Bonnie and Clyde," "The Graduate," "Midnight Cowboy," "Easy Rider," the new "Joe," and probably the new "Five Easy Pieces." Movies like these enter the national bloodstream, and, at the moment, the few big movies seem to do so faster than ever before, and more directly—maybe because that "best-educated" generation in history is so nakedly vulnerable to whatever stirs it emotionally. This susceptibility, rather than "visual literacy," is the distinctive trait of the "film generation;" the young go back to reëxperience the movies they identify with, entering into them with a psychodrama involvement. "Easy Rider" tapped a vein of glamorous suicidal masochism, and "Joe," a real main-liner, rushes in all the way. This picture is so slanted to feed the paranoia of youth that at its climax (a reversal of the Sharon Tate case), when the young hippies are massacred by the "straight" adults—the blue-collar bigot Joe and a liberal advertising man—members of the audience respond on cue with cries of "Next time *we'll* have guns!" and "We'll get you first, Joe!"

The apprehensiveness that one feels throughout "Joe"—the sense of violence perpetually about to erupt—makes it effective melodrama but also makes it an anxious, unpleasant experience. I had some doubts about the use of melodramatic techniques on the serious political theme of "Z," but the director seemed reasonably responsible; in "Joe" the manipulation of the audience is so shrewdly, single-mindedly commercial that it's rather terrifying to sit there and observe how susceptible the young audience is. Since the assassinations, there's been a general feeling of powerlessness, and what gives "Joe" some of the validity that the audience reacts to is that the television and teen-age-magazine advertising-editorial lies have finally resulted in many young people's not knowing how to sort things out, not caring, and not believing *anything*. They go numb, like the young girl in "Joe" looking vaguely for some communal Eden where those without hope can cling to each other, and they accept and *prefer* the loser self-image, not wanting to believe that anything good can happen to them. They don't make it happen; they won't even let it happen. "Joe," written by another former advertising man, preys on this stoned hopelessness and martyrdom in a congratulatory way, and feeds the customers a series of tawdry clichés about the hypocrisy and hostility and rottenness of the straight world. Its message is that it's all crap—the same message that gets shouts of approval and applause at "Five Easy Pieces." The few new movies that the "film generation" responds to intensely are the most sentimental (about youth) and the most despairing (about America). It's a bad combination.

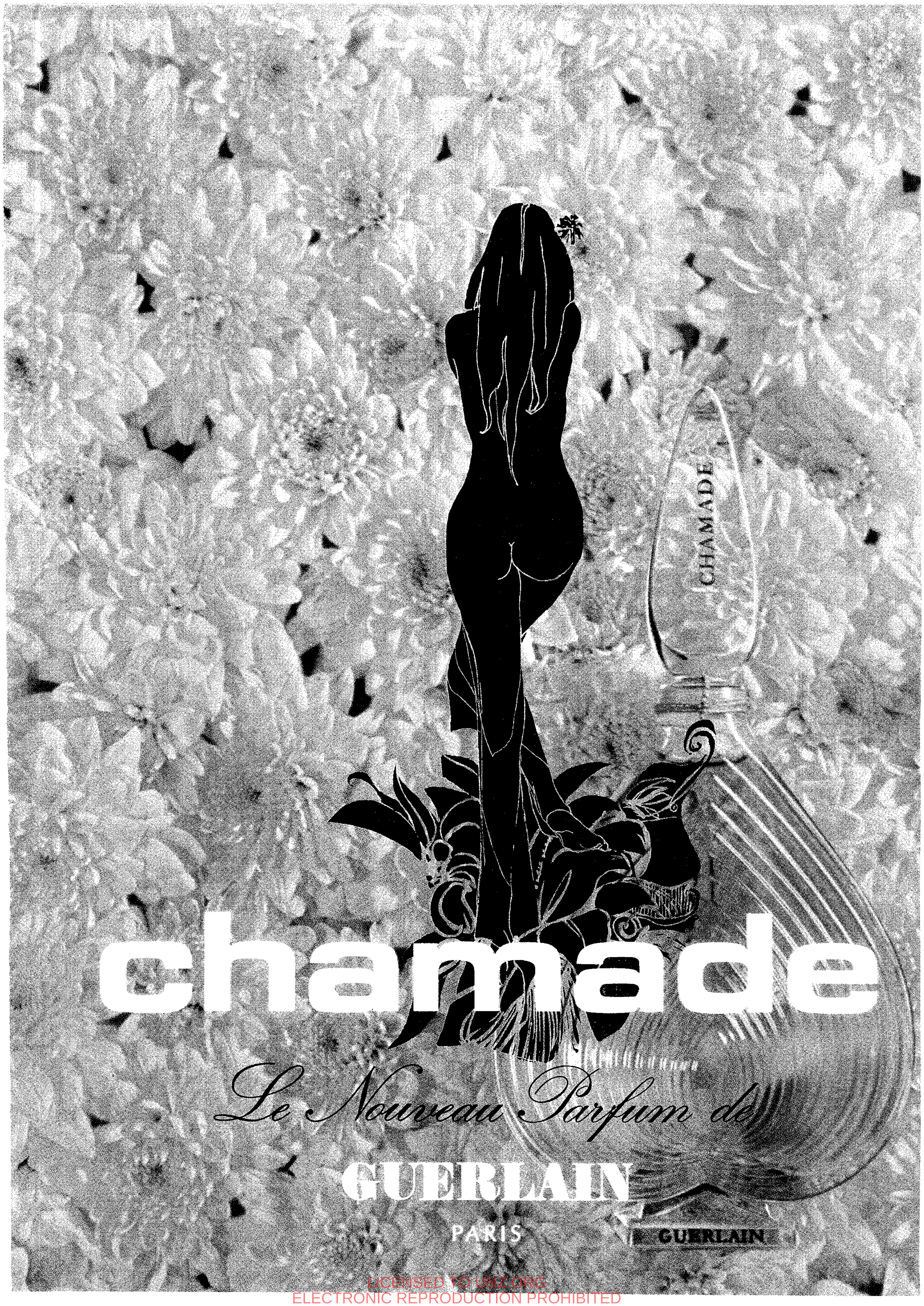
—PAULINE KAEL

• •

I'd suggest you discuss this with your broker or banker. Obviously, any step away from savings can raise your risk exposure, but be invited. What exactly does "immediate families" mean? UPSET you might find the benefits of higher income well worth the slight wedding invitations? Also, is a tissue sheet put in each envelope? increase of risk entailed in quality bonds. Given your financial status, there is a middle ground on which both of you could be comfortable.

—*Charles J. Elia in the News.*

You want to run through that again? We weren't listening.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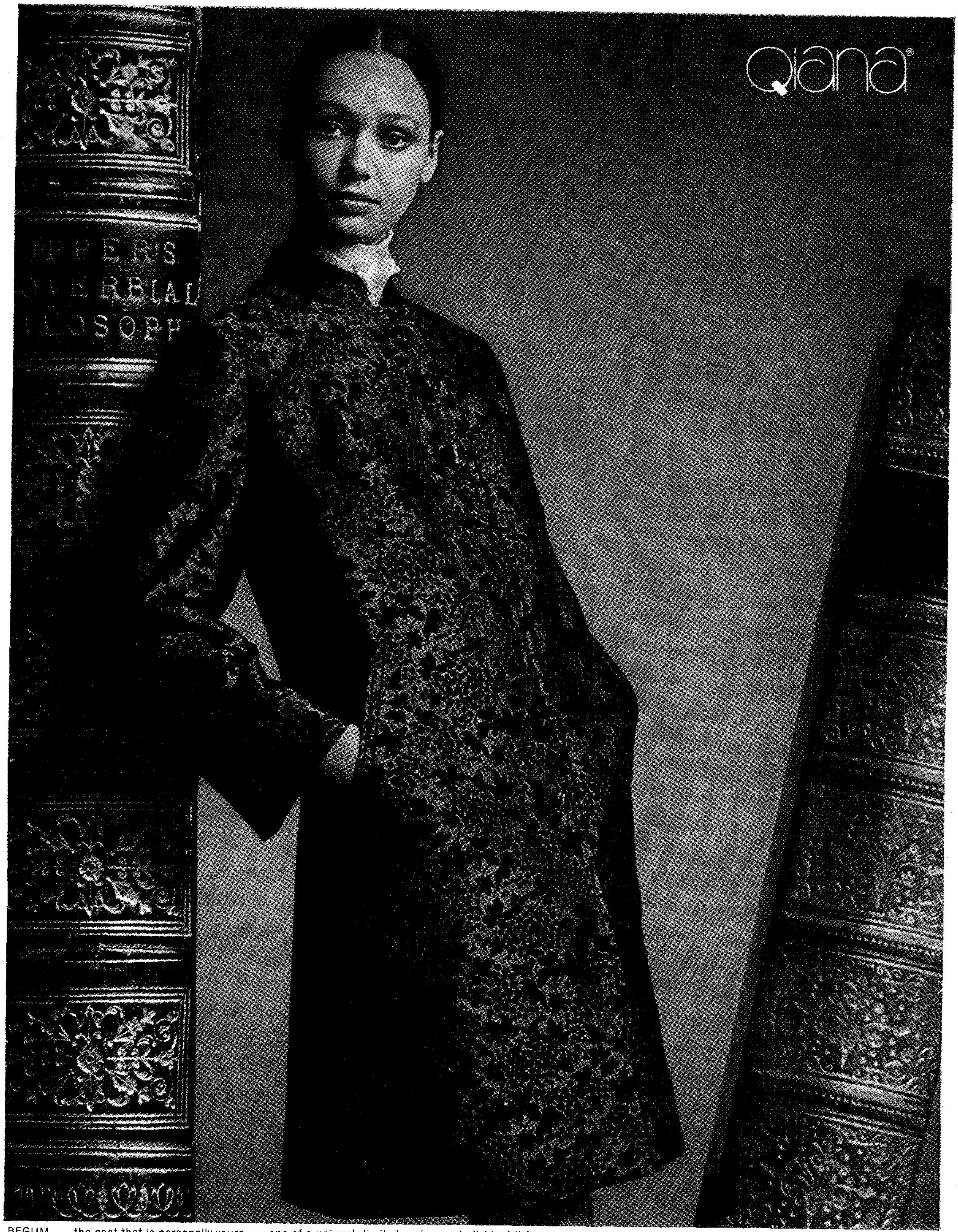

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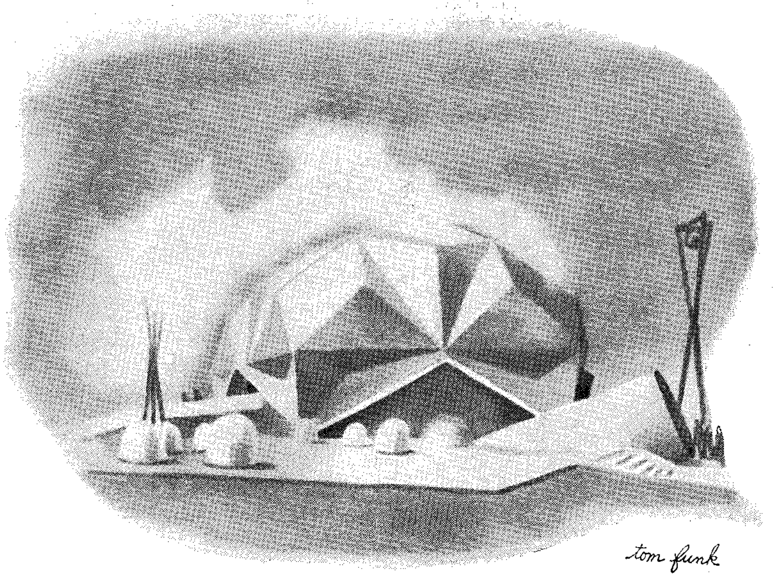
E.A.T.



TECHNOLOGY may be anathema to a lot of people these days, but it has seldom been in higher repute among artists. Although there are a few painters and sculptors around who still work with traditional materials and in a more or less traditional manner, one sometimes gets the feeling that their days are numbered, and that the majority of young artistic Lochinvars, heirs to a half century of violent assaults upon all previous notions of what art is and what artists do, have turned from paint and canvas, stone and wood to the tools and processes of modern industrial technology. This wedding of art and engineering is often celebrated upon the altar of big business; only a large corporation is really in a position to further the grandiose technological collaborations that so many artists now seem determined to undertake, and a surprising number of such companies have recently shown themselves willing to do so. Because the businessman's motives in sponsoring projects of this sort are seldom entirely clear to anyone, however, the relationship between the new art and its potential patron remains somewhat confused and confusing.

When one tries to retrace the steps by which the Pepsi-Cola Company became involved with art and technology in planning its exhibition for Expo '70, in Osaka, the question of motive becomes tantalizingly elusive. It almost seems as though the whole thing came about inadvertently, through a series of productive confusions that never quite reached the level of corporate decisions. Pepsi, to be sure, had often shown an interest in the arts before; it had given out awards and scholarships to young artists, held art exhibitions in the lobby of its Park Avenue office building, and sponsored numerous cultural events, such as the Metropolitan Opera's summer park concerts. Never before, however, had the company put its corporate image in the hands of the artistic avant-garde, and the chances are that it would not have done so this time if it had not been for David Thomas, who came to work there in 1967 as vice-president for marketing coördination and planning of PepsiCo, Inc.'s, international division, and thus assumed responsibility for the Pepsi pavilion at Expo '70, preparations for which were already in progress.

World's fairs, as Thomas knew, are risky propositions. Pepsi had retained the Walt Disney organization to design its pavilion at the 1964-65 New York World's Fair: a boat ride through a fanciful landscape populated by animated, singing dolls in the costumes of many nations. The show was popular, and it was subsequently transferred almost intact to Disneyland; unfortunately, however, the production exceeded its budget by a figure that Pepsi concedes to have been "several million dollars," and those Pepsi executives who survived the debacle would prefer not to think about it. Pepsi had no pavilion at Expo '67, in Montreal; it settled instead for "travelling troubadours"—groups of minstrels who went about entertaining the people in line outside popular exhibits.

The importance of the Japanese market dictated a more ambitious Pepsi effort for Expo '70, the first international exposition ever held in Asia. Outside the United States, only Mexico and West Germany consume more cola beverages than Japan does, and Pepsi-Cola, which was being outsold in Japan eight to one by Coca-Cola, was extremely anxious to improve its position. Alan M. Pottasch, the president of PepsiCo's Japanese company, had pushed hard for a large and showy Pepsi pavilion, arguing that the Japanese placed great importance on "bigness." The leading Japanese bottlers of Pepsi-Cola agreed with him. As a result, a tentative decision was reached, toward the end of 1967, that Pepsi-Cola Japan and seventeen Japanese bottlers would jointly sponsor a pavilion whose over-all budget for construction and six months' operation would be in the neighborhood of two and a half million dollars. Only two other U.S. companies—Eastman Kodak and International Business Machines—applied for pavilions of their own at Expo '70. Both were awarded space in the exhibition area, near the main Festival Plaza; Pepsi got a site off by itself, on relatively high ground in the amusement section. Shortly after being granted the site, Pottasch engaged the Takenaka Komuten Company, one of Japan's largest architectural-construction firms, to design and put up a pavilion.

At this point, nobody had any clear idea of what would go into the Pepsi pavilion. Having no new models or designs to show off, Pepsi can be more freewheeling in its exhibits than, for example, General Motors can. There are certain concepts, however, that the company likes to get across in all its advertising, and one of these is its association with youth. Pottasch, a young, dynamic type who had been marketing-services vice-president for Pepsi before becoming president of the Japan branch, in 1966, was responsible for the advertising campaign that launched "the Pepsi Generation." In addition to its emphasis on youth, Pepsi likes to stress what it calls "community," or "the people side of what's happening today"—a concept that the company has lately been promoting by sponsoring a travelling musical show called "Up with People," whose young and gladsome cast owes its genesis to the Moral Re-Armament organization. Bigness, youth, and community were to be the governing themes, then, but for quite a while no one could decide how best to put these across at Expo '70.

Discussions centered at one point on the idea of an International Youth Pavilion, where young people of all countries would be welcome to express their views and exchange ideas. Worldwide student disorders and reports that left-wing Japanese student groups were planning large-scale protests against Expo '70 cooled Pepsi's enthusiasm for this idea. At the time Thomas entered the planning discussions, early in 1968, Pepsi was thinking in terms of an auditorium for film showings. Thomas argued vigorously against this plan. New techniques in film and film projection had been the big thing at Expo '67, he said, and this in itself more or less guaranteed that they would no longer seem contemporary in 1970. Having asked for and received authority to rethink the whole concept of the pavilion, Thomas did some research of his own on the youth market and became convinced that some form of multimedia discothèque, with continuous rock music, would fit in excellently with Pepsi's aims. The only trouble was that the programming budget, based on the estimated costs of a documentary film, was only two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—not nearly enough to provide for live rock groups of any stature.

In September, 1968, casting about for ideas, Thomas went to see a neighbor of his in Rockland County, an artist and filmmaker named Robert Breer. Thomas wanted to know whether Breer could make any suggestions for a pavilion that would be part discothèque and part multimedia show and almost entirely automated, because this was all that the budget would allow. As they talked, a thought took shape in Breer's mind.

Breer makes moving sculptures. He had had two shows of them at the Bonino Gallery, in New York—Styrofoam "floats" with concealed, battery-driven motors that caused them to move, but so slowly that their motion was imperceptible except on very close observation. He had several of his floats in the studio behind his house, and he took Thomas out to see them. Breer's mind is extremely allusive. As he later recalled its workings, the idea of rock music had somehow suggested to him the famous Zen rock garden of the Ryoanji Temple, in Kyoto, where fifteen rocks in five groups, set in raked sand and bounded on two sides by an ancient earthen wall, suggest to rapt meditators the shape of the universe. Some initiates maintain that if one gazes at the Ryoanji garden long enough, the rocks will appear to move. "What with David asking all this advice," Breer said, "it just occurred to me that maybe I could make my own little Japanese contemplation garden over there, the difference being that my rocks really *would* move."

This idea appealed immediately to Thomas, whose background—he is a

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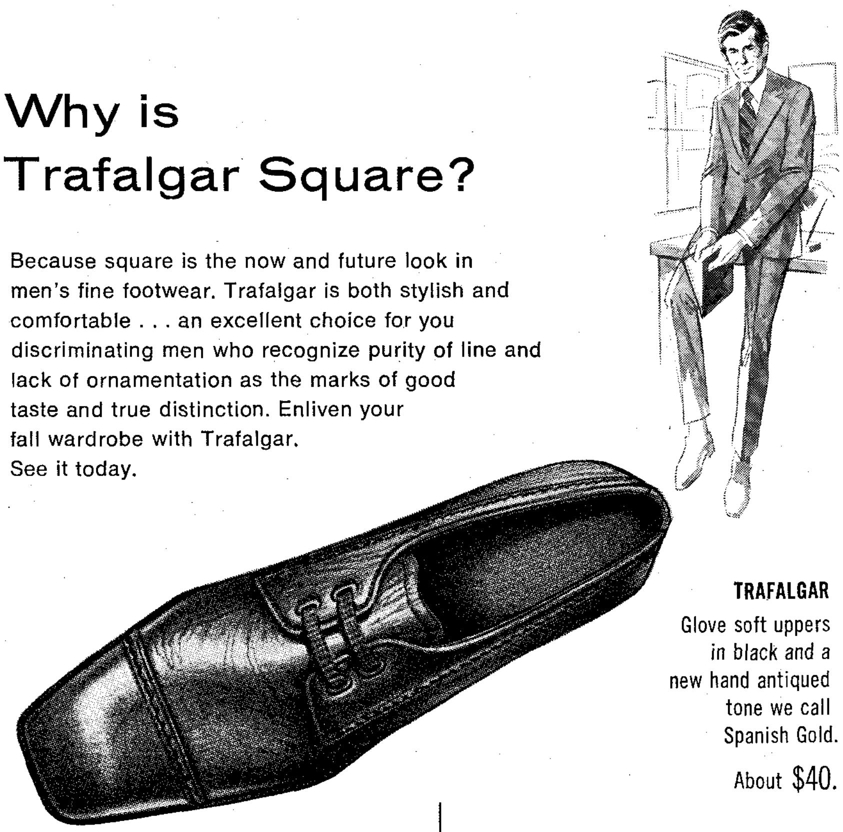

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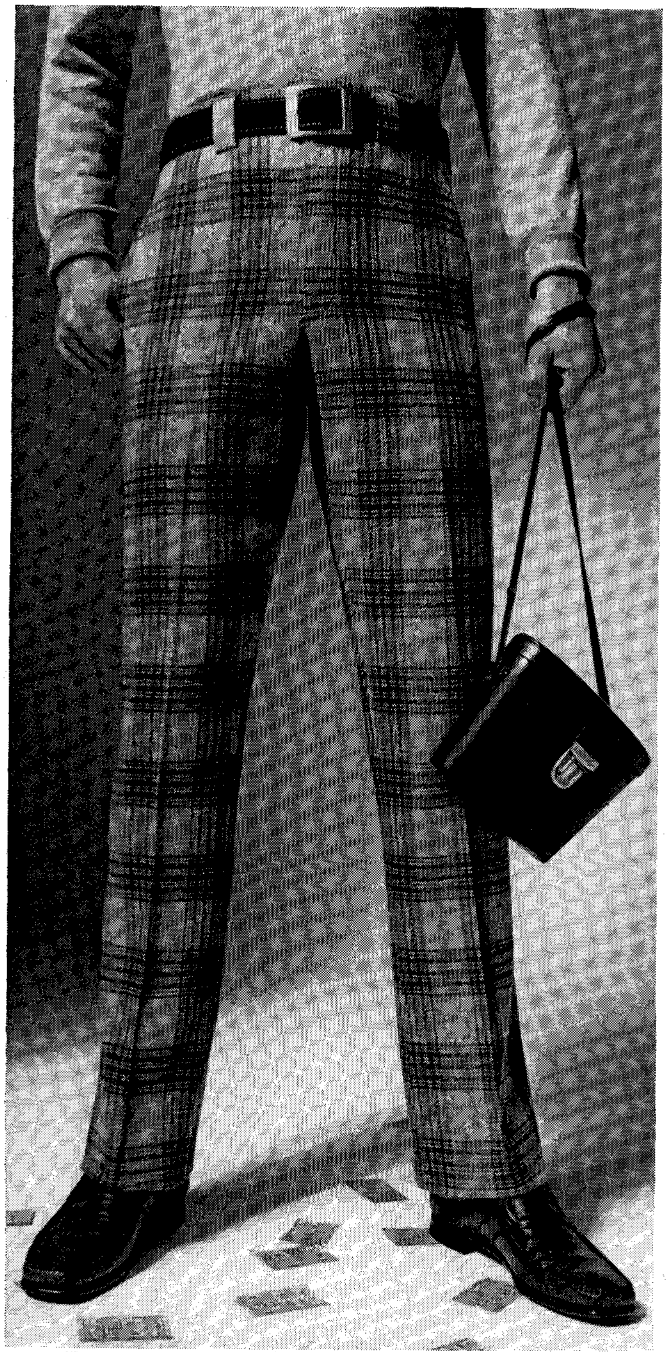

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transplanted Londoner whose father, in the best tradition of English eccentrics, spent two years as a Shinto priest in Kyoto—is perhaps a bit broader than that of most Pepsi-Cola executives. Thomas has an allusive mind, too, and as he and Breer talked they both became more and more excited at the thought of having Breer and other artists become involved in planning the pavilion. Breer knew most of the leading artists of the Pop and post-Pop generations. He was also a close friend of Billy Klüver, a research scientist at the Bell Telephone Laboratories in Murray Hill, New Jersey, and a co-founder, with the artists Robert Rauschenberg and Robert Whitman and the engineer Fred Waldhauer, of a foundation called Experiments in Art and Technology, or E.A.T. In the course of the conversation Breer and Thomas had that September afternoon, Breer telephoned Klüver, and Klüver showed his interest in the possibilities by driving up from his home in New Jersey to join them.

A museum official once described Klüver as "the Edison-Tesla-Steinmetz-Marconi-Leonardo da Vinci of the American avant-garde." The son of a Swedish hotel owner, Klüver (who uses his given names—Johan Wilhelm—only when he publishes a scientific paper) graduated from the Royal Institute of Technology in Stockholm in 1951, and then took a Master's and a Doctor's degree in electrical engineering at the University of California at Berkeley. He joined the technical staff of Bell Laboratories in 1958 and spent the next ten years in electron-beam and laser research. Since 1960, Klüver had also devoted a great deal of time to helping his artist friends realize projects that involved complex technological elements, the first such project being Jean Tinguely's heroic self-destroying kinetic sculpture "Hommage à New York," which committed suicide in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art in the spring of that year. Bell Labs had been surprisingly tolerant of Klüver's avant-garde activities. The Bell research department maintains an open attitude toward experimentation of all kinds, and Klüver's superiors seemed to have no objection to his frequent involvement in projects that had little to do with improving everyone's telephone service. Between 1962 and 1966, Klüver and his colleagues at Bell Labs invented a portable power-supply unit for a painting by Jasper Johns that incorporated neon lights; designed a complex sending-and-receiving sound system for a sculpture group by Robert Rauschenberg; en-

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abled Andy Warhol to make silver pillows that floated in the air; and collaborated with the composer John Cage on the electronic score for Cage's "Variations V." He also helped organize several avant-garde art exhibitions, in this country and abroad, and was the chief coördinator and impresario of a series of art-and-technology performances called "9 Evenings: Theatre and Engineering," presented at the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory in New York in the fall of 1966 and comprising *very* mixed-media works by ten artists working in association with forty engineers, most of whom Klüver recruited from the staff of Bell Laboratories.

Although "9 Evenings" struck most of its viewers and some of its participants as a disaster without parallel in New York's theatrical history, since it was characterized by engineering breakdowns and aesthetic confusions on a grand scale, it was nevertheless recognized even at the time as the beginning of a movement that was destined to generate great interest among contemporary artists. Klüver and Rauschenberg, who was the other moving spirit behind "9 Evenings," had already become so strongly convinced of this interest that they decided in September, 1966, a month before the ill-fated performances, to set up an organization to facilitate future artist-engineer collaborations. This was the start of E.A.T., which was incorporated as a non-profit, tax-exempt foundation and designed—as a prospectus written by Rauschenberg and Klüver phrased it—"to catalyze the inevitable active involvement of industry, technology, and the arts." More than three hundred artists showed up for E.A.T.'s first organizational meeting, in December, 1966, and eighty of them had specific requests for technical advice or assistance. The response from the engineering community was slower. At a subsequent general meeting at the Park Place Gallery, when the engineers present were asked to stand and identify themselves, only twelve stood up. They were warmly applauded.

Primed by a modest initial grant from the New York State Council on the Arts, E.A.T. rented space in a loft building at 9 East Sixteenth Street, hired a small staff, got out a newsletter, and started holding gatherings at the loft on Sunday afternoons to encourage informal contacts between artists and engineers. During the next two years, E.A.T. continued to attract artists; it also managed, surprisingly, to attract engineers and money. By the fall of 1968, it had enrolled just under a thousand engineers and just over a thousand artists, scattered widely around the country. Furthermore, as a result of personal interest shown by Theodore W. Kheel, the labor mediator, Frank Stanton, the president of C.B.S., and several other influential citizens who had agreed to serve on E.A.T.'s board of directors, grants had come in from I.B.M., A.T. & T., Xerox, and Atlantic Richfield. The source of these grants was a matter of considerable gratification to Klüver and Rauschenberg, who had said from the beginning that they counted on industry to provide the major part of E.A.T.'s financial support. The organization was still far from financially stable, though, and in the fall of 1968, despite its expansion as a clearing house for artist-engineer collaborations, its continued existence was decidedly uncertain. Francis Mason, a former cultural-affairs officer for the United States Information Agency, who consented in 1968 to become president of E.A.T., had resigned after only six months on the job. "His experience had been with the government," Klüver explained. "This situation was a little too uncertain and messy." (Mason is now on E.A.T.'s board, and he has been very helpful in other ways.) Rauschenberg, a strong innovative and inspirational force, was beginning, to the immense relief of his dealer, to devote more time to painting and less to E.A.T. Klüver himself had been offered a job by the National Academy of Science, in Washington, D.C. It was at this juncture that Klüver drove up to Rockland County to discuss the Pepsi-Cola pavilion with Breer and Thomas.

THOMAS wanted to know whether anything interesting could come of an artist-engineer collaboration on a budget of three hundred thousand dollars—the original two hundred and fifty thousand for the filmed documentary plus fifty thousand that Thomas had tucked away in his own operating budget. Then and later, Klüver was reluctant to discuss money. At that point, he did not even know whether a non-profit foundation such as E.A.T. could take part in what was essentially a commercial venture. The possibility seemed to him well worth exploring, however; the real question was whether E.A.T. could work with Pepsi-Cola, and vice versa.

There were serious reasons for doubt on both sides. As Thomas soon discovered, the only large-scale under-

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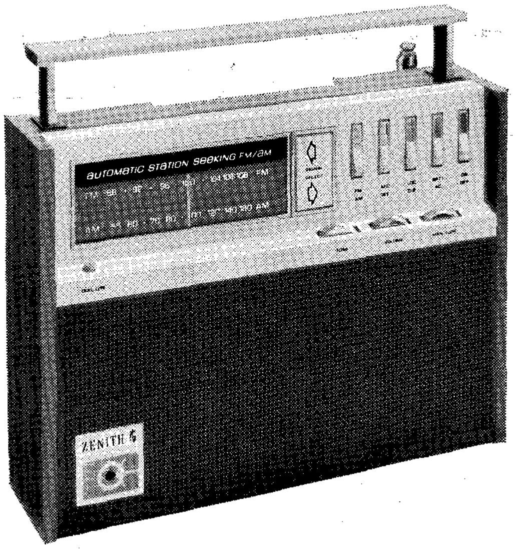

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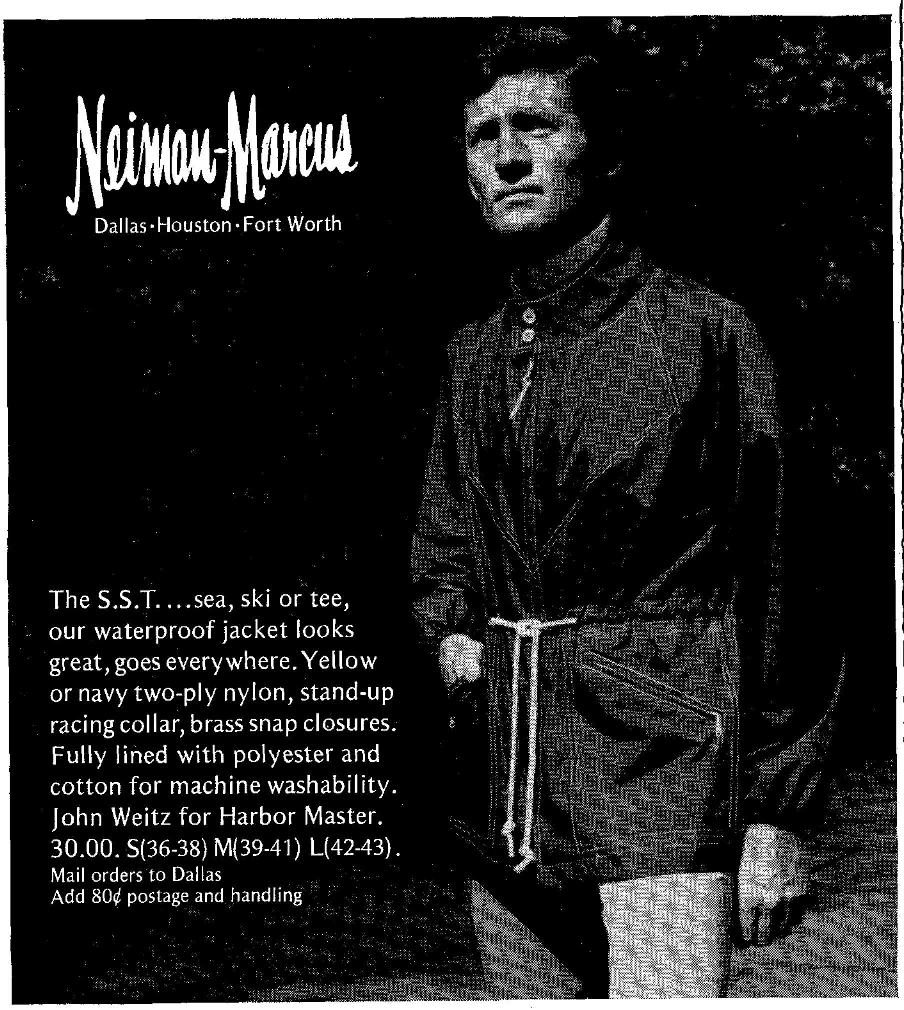

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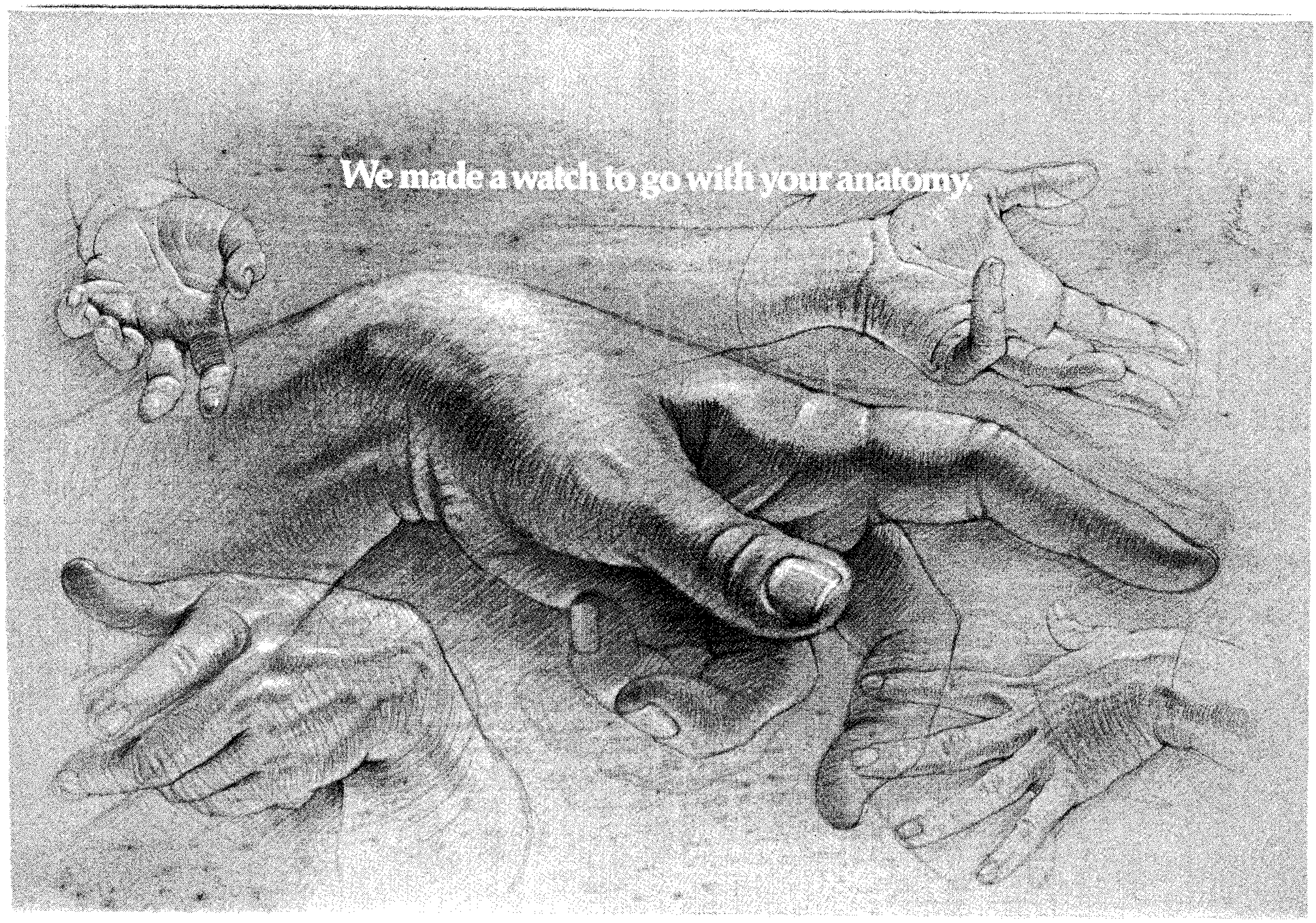
taking that E.A.T. had engaged in as a group was "9 Evenings," and most of the clippings that Klüver sent to him about that event referred to it as a catastrophe. Thomas screened this material carefully before showing it to anyone at Pepsi-Cola. Some of Klüver's art-world friends, on the other hand, argued strongly against E.A.T.'s having anything to do with Pepsi-Cola, which they somehow seemed to regard as part of the military-industrial complex. Klüver took the position that E.A.T. would simply be acting in an advisory capacity. It was Klüver who suggested that Thomas see the Electric Circus, a well-known multimedia discothèque in the East Village. Thomas went down there one evening with Breer and Breer's wife, and they talked with the Electric Circus's owner, Stanton Freeman, about participating in the Expo project. Freeman expressed interest. Earlier, Thomas had seen, at a Pepsi-Cola bottlers' convention in New York, a multimedia light show put on by USCO, an art-and-technology group based in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and as a result he had insisted that one of the USCO artists, Gerd Stern, be included in the E.A.T. planning. "I felt that Stern would be able to do something that ninety per cent of the Japanese people would understand, and I wasn't at all sure that the E.A.T. people would do that," Thomas said later. From the outset, though, Thomas rather favored E.A.T. He liked the energy and the spirit of the E.A.T. people he had met, and their apparent ability to work together without undue effusions of ego. (At the Brooklyn Museum, where a number of E.A.T.-inspired art-and-technology projects were shown that fall in an exhibition called "Some More Beginnings," Thomas had been impressed no end by the sight of Klüver, the laser expert, fixing an art-and-technology malfunction with a pair of pliers.) Klüver and Breer were also a lot further out in their thinking than the Electric Circus people, and Thomas took this to indicate that by 1970, their ideas might seem more contemporary and In. On Thomas's recommendation, at any rate, Pepsi-Cola invited both E.A.T. and the Electric Circus to make formal proposals for the Pepsi pavilion at Expo '70. The invitations carried modest grants to cover the necessary costs—ten thousand dollars to the Electric Circus and twenty-five thousand to E.A.T. Shortly thereafter, Klüver left Bell Labs, assumed the vacant presidency of E.A.T., and began devoting much of his time to the Pepsi project.

Klüver and Breer had no trouble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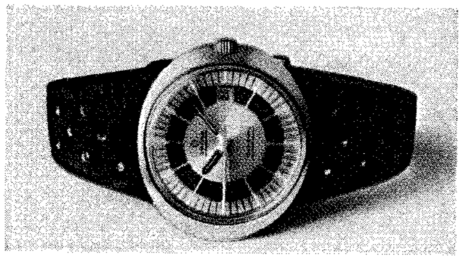

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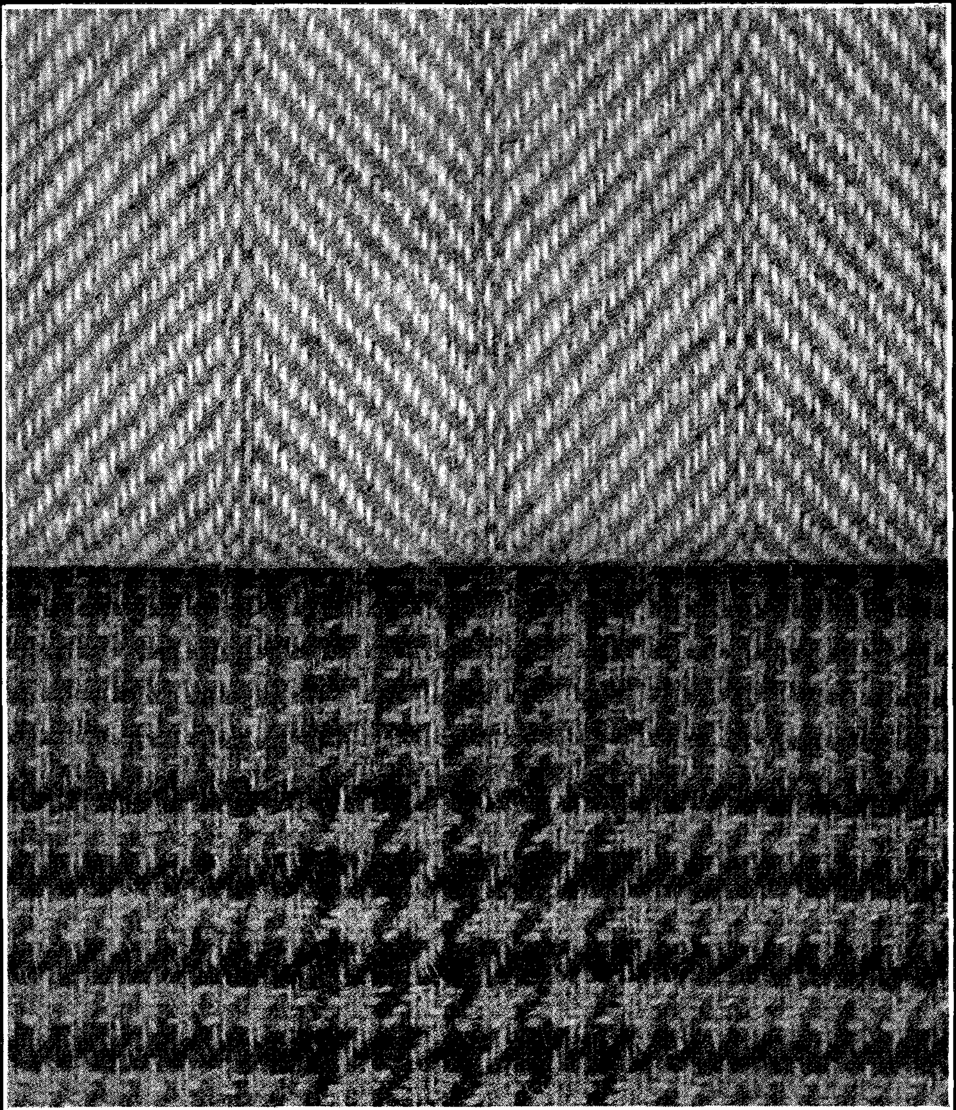

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finding artists willing to collaborate with them. Breer chose three, who, with Breer, became the "initiating and design" artists on the project: Robert Whitman, who had done some of the more interesting Happenings of the last ten years and also one of the few relatively well-received events of the "9 Evenings;" David Tudor, a musician and composer long associated with the avant-garde, who knew as much about electronic sound systems as most audio engineers; and Forrest (Frosty) Myers, a young sculptor who had recently done some spectacular outdoor light shows in and around New York. Stern was included at Thomas's request. Fred Waldhauer, an electrical engineer from Bell Labs and one of the founders of E.A.T., and John Pan, another Bell Labs engineer, completed the initial planning group, which held a series of chaotic meetings, starting on October 2nd, at the E.A.T. loft on Sixteenth Street.

Each artist brought to these meetings a more or less complete plan for the pavilion, which he barely had time to outline before the others proceeded to demolish it. "It was a little hard on the various egos, but we stayed friends," Breer said later. About the only idea that everyone present did agree on was Whitman's suggestion that the Pepsi pavilion be an "environment" in which visitors could create their own experience. As Whitman explains it, "We all wanted to get away from the Walt Disney type of thing—taking people through a building and pointing out what they should look at and then ejecting them at the other end." His suggestion, of course, was very much in keeping with the insistence of many contemporary artists that the spectator *participate* in the art process—experience the work of art actively and make of it whatever he chooses.

Whitman's idea also appealed strongly to John Pearce, a young architect whom Klüver had hired as architectural coördinator for E.A.T.'s Expo project. Pearce had just come back from Japan, where he had worked for a month with the architectural firm of Davis, Brody on the United States pavilion at Expo. One reason he had left this job was his own disenchantment with the business of herding mobs of people through depressingly similar exhibits, and Whitman's notion that the visitor should make his own sensory experience caught Pearce's imagination. The early meetings in the loft reminded Pearce of late-night bull sessions at Yale (he graduated from the Yale School of Architecture in 1965). By this time, though, it was becoming

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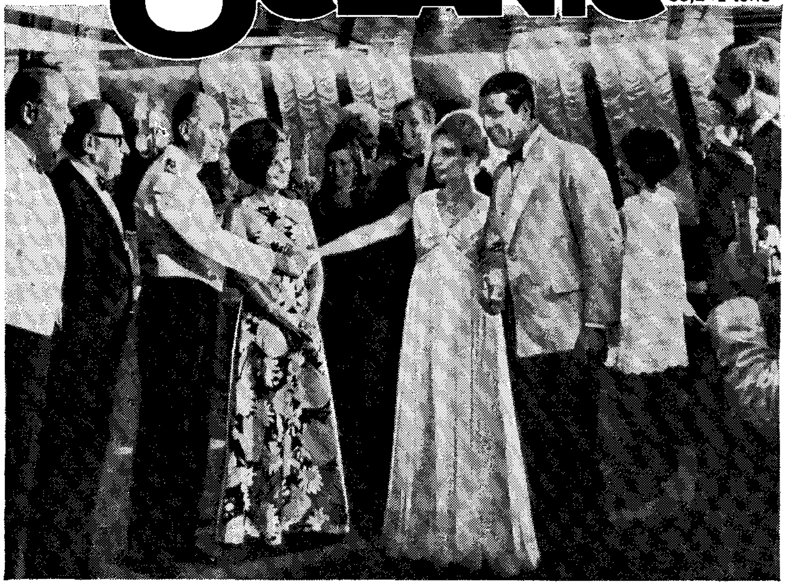

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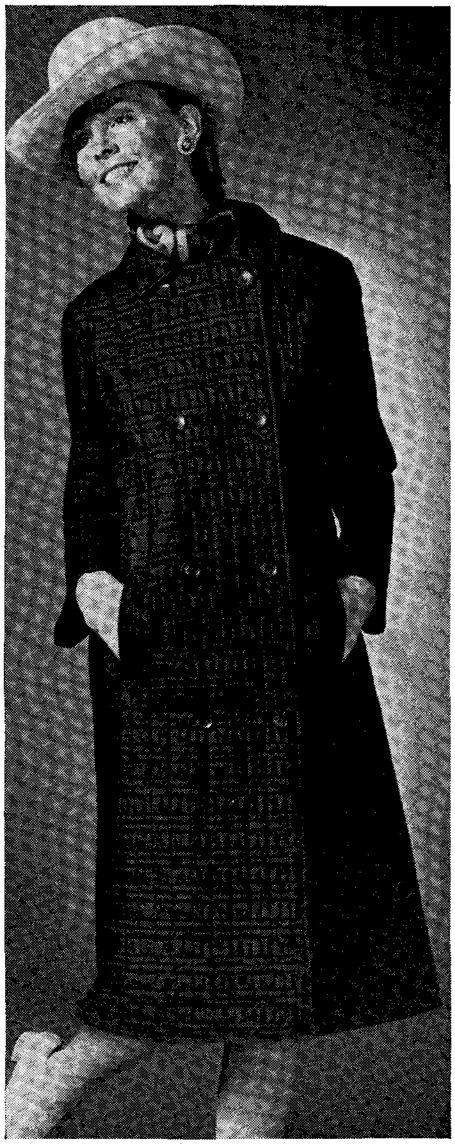

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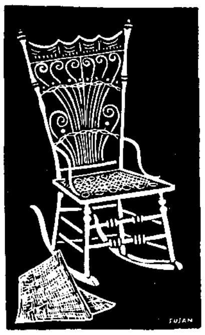
clear to all those present that they were not making much progress.

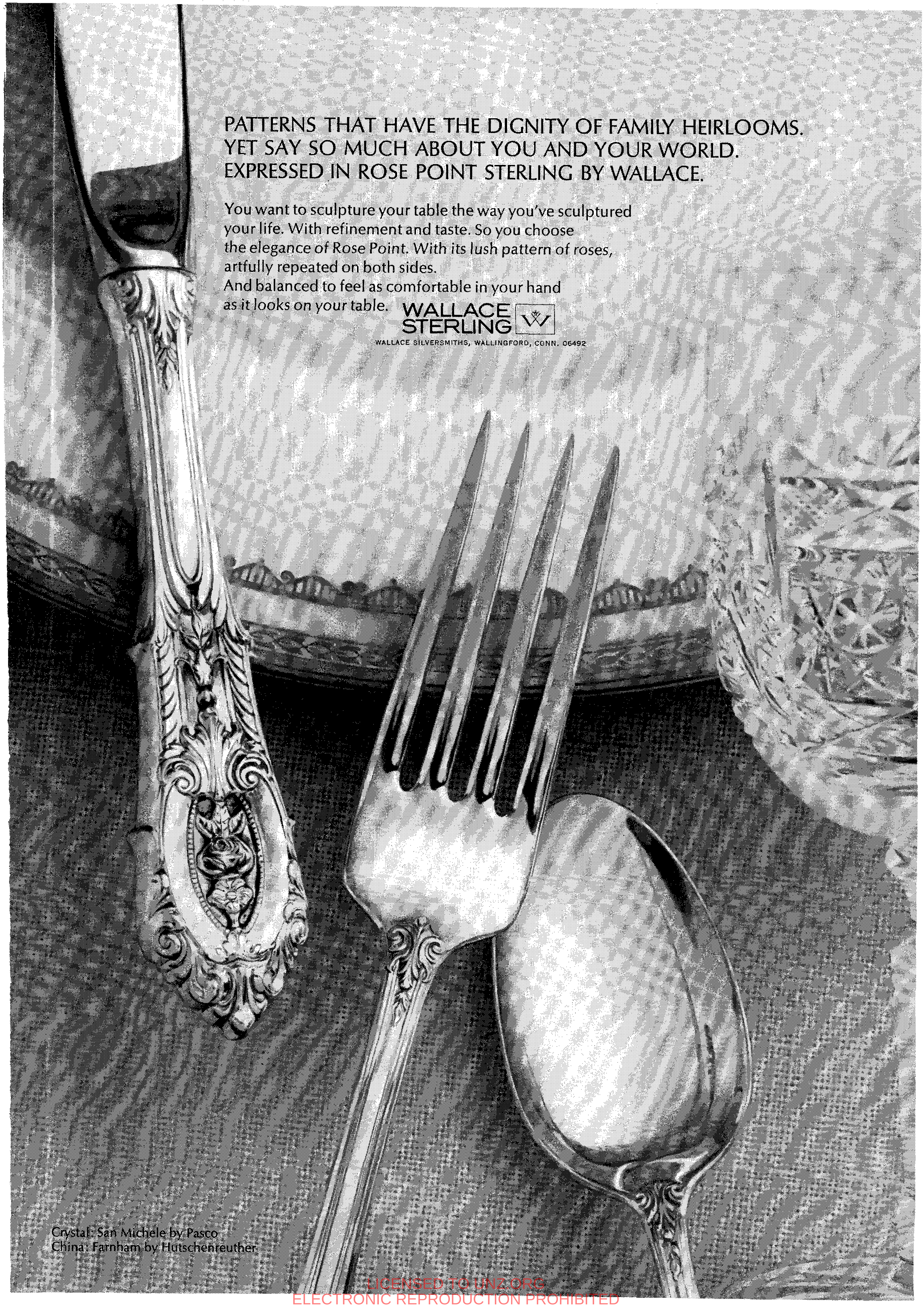
What broke the planning logjam was a suggestion by Rauschenberg at a meeting on November 10th. Rauschenberg, the chairman of E.A.T.'s board, had been asked to join the original group of artists but had been unable to do so because of other commitments. He came to the meeting on November 10th, though, and during this highly argumentative session he made the observation that most of the ideas being debated were visual ideas; perhaps, he said, they should start to think more in terms of sound and the other sensory avenues, or, as he put it, in terms of "an invisible environment." Both Klüver and Breer are convinced that this suggestion jarred the others loose from their usual ways of thinking and brought about a much more productive atmosphere. Ideas poured forth. Rauschenberg himself talked of controlling traffic flow by "natural obstacles" rather than by rules and guards—he proposed a dance floor flooded to the depth of two inches, so that visitors could decide whether or not they wanted to dance in water. Other suggestions included air-cushion pods—miniature hovercraft—on which people could sit and float around; hot zones and cold zones, and zones where people's skin would seem to change color and their hair stand on end; a large overhead mirror; shafts of water pouring from the ceiling into holes in the floor; taste and smell fountains; "positive-silence" zones (anechoic chambers); a ceiling that would rise and fall; rear-projection films on a glass floor that would make one appear to be walking through flames, over water, or among vastly magnified newts and lizards; a fog cloud; a freak snack bar with edible plates; and even—this from the engineer John Pan—a "fountain of youth" that would catapult children and teen-agers, on a powerful air current, from one level of the pavilion to another. Although Pepsi-Cola did not know it yet, the concept of a rock-music discothèque was rapidly being superseded.



Most of the early ideas were discarded over the next few weeks, during which Breer, Myers, and Whitman mapped out the basic design scheme in a series of intense and somewhat alcoholic sessions in Whitman's loft studio. (Stern, the USCO artist, had withdrawn from the discussions, leaving E.A.T. in full command.) Pearce, the architect, proved invaluable at these meetings. He had been to the site of the Pepsi pavilion, and he was able to tell the artists that construction on it had not yet begun—the artists had assumed it to be nearly finished—and that they could make changes in the over-all design. As it turned out, they made a great many. The Japanese architect for Takenaka Komuten had designed what Breer called "a Buckled Fuller dome"—a false geodesic, which looked like a crude version of one of Buckminster Fuller's tension structures, its exterior broken by triangular peaks and troughs. The irregular roof construction would obviously make the interior space an acoustical nightmare, in addition to creating severe installation problems. With Pearce's architectural approval, the artists decided to build another structure inside the dome—a spherical room with a sloping floor divided into sections. Each section would have a different surface texture—stone, wood, plastic grass, bouncy rubber—and each would have its own corresponding sounds, which the visitor would listen to by means of a flashlight-size, hand-held receiving set that would pick up signals from audio loops under the floor.

Overhead, in addition to lighting effects and an audio system incorporating thirty-seven loudspeakers, Whitman proposed that they install a large hemispherical mirror. Whitman had already done several works using mirrors—one of them, a room-filling installation called "Pond," was on exhibition at the Jewish Museum. Although his knowledge of optics was limited, he was fascinated by the strange, ghostly images that a curved reflecting surface gives back, and by the way an image turns upside down when the subject moves back from it. He had also learned that a hemispherical mirror will produce what is called a "real image," a three-dimensional, upside-down image in the space in front of the mirror itself, in addition to the two-dimensional "virtual image," optically centered in the space behind the mirror's surface, that one sees when looking in an ordinary mirror. Moreover, the "real image" is repeated in a number of spots around the room. A large hemispherical mirror seemed ideally suited to Whitman's idea of a free space where each visitor's sensory experience would be unique and unrepeatable, and where the visitor himself would be, in effect, the show.

Under the floor of the spherical room would be a space that the artists decided to call, because of its shape, the



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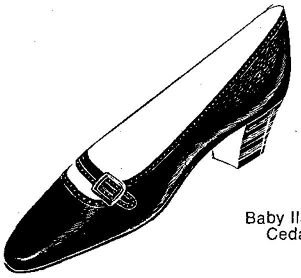

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Clam Room. This, they thought, could be a sort of orientation room—a dark chamber that visitors would pass through on their way to the mirror dome upstairs. In the Clam Room, visitors would receive their handsets and would be ceremonially bathed, if someone could figure out how to do this safely, in a shower of laser light. At one point, they thought of having Breer's moving floats in the Clam Room (the floats had been an accepted part of the planning right along), but it was later decided to place them outside, on a concrete plaza near the main entrance to the pavilion. There they would coexist with Myers' "Sun Track," a thirty-six-foot sculpture engineered to follow the sun's path and to cast, by means of two mirrors, a ten-foot beam of sunlight upon a fixed point on the pavilion.

The exterior of the pavilion, which would supposedly withstand earthquake or typhoon, was not subject to design changes. The artists thought its design was boring and ugly, and their joy was great when Myers, at an early meeting, proposed shrouding it in a permanent cloud of man-made fog. No one knew then how this might be done, but everyone agreed that it was a beautiful idea and that the engineers would find a means of carrying it out. Breer later told people that the fog was related to Japanese prints, such as those by the nineteenth-century artists Hiroshige and Hokusai; it seemed, at any rate, a curiously Japanese solution to the problem.

All through November, Thomas continued to give his employers carefully worded versions of E.A.T.'s evolving ideas. Thomas thought it best not to dwell on the concept of a sensory environment, and stressed instead the more readily comprehensible ideas, such as the rear projections of magnified newts—for some reason, several Pepsi executives loved the idea of walking through flames and among newts. In a crucial five-minute interview with Peter K. Warren, the president of Pepsi's international division, Thomas managed to get the budget for the pavilion interior raised from three hundred thousand dollars to five hundred thousand. Warren said that he didn't quite grasp what the pavilion was going to look like inside but that he had faith in Thomas's judgment. Until the end of November, all the E.A.T. thinking had been filtered through Thomas's rather acute sense of what his employers would and would not accept, but the time was rapidly approaching when both E.A.T. and the Electric Circus, competitors in what was still not

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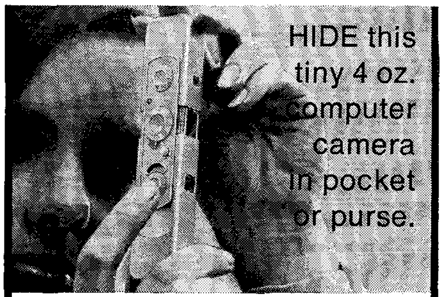

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admitted to be a competition, would have to make their formal presentations, in person, to the client. For Thomas, this prospect was not without anxiety.

The Electric Circus made its presentation at Pepsi's Park Avenue offices on the second day of December. It was a polished, professional job, complete with a scale model in color and oral and written explanations that were models of confident lucidity. At the end, one of the Pepsi executives present asked whether such an impressive proposal—for a multimedia discothèque rather like the Electric Circus—could really be carried out on a budget of five hundred thousand dollars. Stanton Freeman coolly replied that it could not; it would cost at least a million, he said. Thomas was furious. He later told Freeman that the Electric Circus owed him another presentation, for the agreed-on budget of five hundred thousand. Freeman said it would be impossible to do anything interesting at that price.

E.A.T.'s presentation took place the following day, and, by comparison, it was ludicrously inept. Before the formal presentation, however, Thomas took Pottasch and several other Pepsi executives to the Museum of Modern Art, which was then featuring an exhibition called "The Machine." This exhibition had been organized by an old friend of Klüver's—K. G. Hulten, the director of the Moderna Museet, in Stockholm. "The Machine" included several art-and-technology pieces that had been entered in an international competition sponsored by E.A.T.—the rest of the entries were in "Some More Beginnings" at the Brooklyn Museum. After viewing the exhibit, the Pepsi group went up to the museum's sixth-floor restaurant to have lunch with Breer, Klüver, Pearce, and Rauschenberg. Rauschenberg's presence obviously made an impression on Pottasch. Pottasch, it developed, was moving back from Japan in a few months to take over Thomas's job. Thomas would resign from Pepsi-Cola soon afterward, but for the time being he was doing his best to transfer his own enthusiasm for E.A.T. to his successor, and he was pleased to see that Rauschenberg's talk was having such a favorable reception. After lunch, they went down to the third floor of the museum, where Rauschenberg's "Soundings," a thirty-six-foot-long mixed-media work on Plexiglas, was on temporary exhibition. In the gallery where "Soundings" hung, any noise, such as a voice or a footstep, would activate light sources behind the Plexiglas surface and thus

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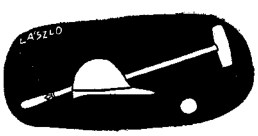
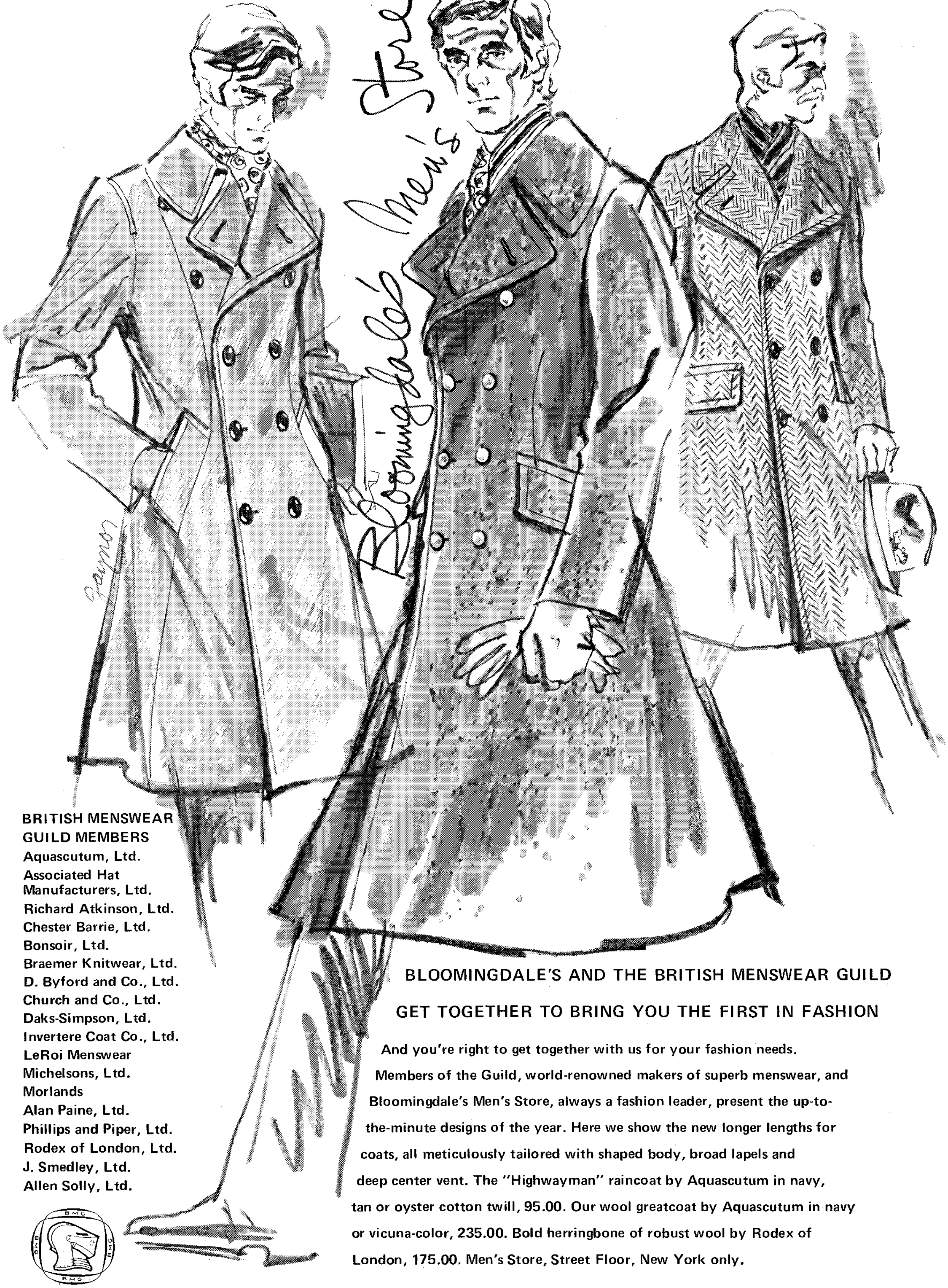
disclose images that had previously been invisible. It was similar in spirit to some of the ideas that had been discussed at lunch. And here it was, hanging prominently in the Museum of Modern Art.

Rauschenberg left to keep another appointment, and the rest of the group went back to the Pepsi offices, at Fifty-ninth Street and Park Avenue. Trooping in past a rather startled secretarial corps (both Whitman and Myers affect shoulder-length hair, flowing mustaches, and high-visibility clothing), the E.A.T. team sat down in a conference room and proceeded to spread amiable confusion. The only drawings they had to show were some rather fanciful rough sketches of the pavilion that Breer had made, and these were taped up along one wall and never referred to again. Klüver, who speaks in a flat, Swedish-accented voice, talked abstractly about invisible environments and the necessity of humanizing technology. He was followed by Breer, Whitman, and Myers, who gave their versions of what the pavilion would be like—versions that did not always coincide. Pearce had brought along a small model of the pavilion to show, which helped some; his obvious capability and good sense also made a favorable impression. When everyone had finished talking, though, and Pottasch asked to see their budget, it turned out that E.A.T. did not have one—not on paper, anyway. Growing increasingly baffled, the Pepsi executives left the room for an hour while the E.A.T. group drew up a budget. As they estimated and added up their costs, they were disconcerted to find that their figure was going to be well above five hundred thousand dollars. In the end, they settled, a bit arbitrarily, for the figure of eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The Pepsi group returned. After some more discussion, Klüver and Pearce conceded that their budget represented a "fat" eight hundred and fifty thousand, and could be reduced considerably by hardheaded cost-cutting. On this basis, the meeting adjourned.



Whether or not a firm decision was ever made by PepsiCo regarding the E.A.T. presentation is an interesting question. No hardware contract was signed until more than a year later—less than a week before the opening of Expo '70. A day or so after the meeting, though, Thomas advised the Electric Circus that its proposal was regretfully declined, and told E.A.T. to go ahead on the Expo project—with a budget that was to be "squeezed down" from eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars to five hundred and fifty thousand. Most of the subsequent disputes between E.A.T. and Pepsi had to do in one way or another with the budget. There was, however, an underlying uncertainty about the entire project and what it was supposed to achieve—a confusion that deepened when Thomas, the only effective communications link between E.A.T. and its client, resigned later in 1969. "I don't think there ever was a decision made about anything," Klüver announced several months later, half seriously. "I think Pepsi just sort of slid into the whole thing."

KLÜVER likes to describe E.A.T. as "an experiment in organization." The artist and the engineer, he says, are still poles apart in their thinking. All too often, the engineer who consents to work with an artist finds himself reduced to being a kind of source material, a mere cog in an art machine whose value seems dubious at best. ("All the art projects I have worked on have at least one thing in common," Klüver once remarked. "From an engineer's point of view, they are all ridiculous.") From his own experience, though, Klüver knew that the artist's unfettered approach to art and life could open up all sorts of new insights to the engineer—insights to which many engineers were becoming increasingly responsive now that technology had come to be seen as a very mixed blessing. As the long-range poisoning of the environment by unrestricted technological progress became better known, it had begun to appear that technology was far too dangerous to be left to the technologists. The more Klüver thought about technology, in fact, the more he came to believe that the engineering community needed the artist—his insights, his respect for the human element—even more than the artist needed the engineer. In Klüver's mind, E.A.T.'s role had taken on broad social overtones, environmental as well as aesthetic. He spoke of working toward a new aesthetic that would go beyond any previous conception of art or technology, an aesthetic that would have "an organic relationship with the contemporary world." E.A.T., he said, would become involved in all sorts of projects in the developing countries of the world, where the imaginative insight of the artist joined to the technological power of the engineer would develop solutions to problems that the politicians had been unable to master. E.A.T. was going to situate



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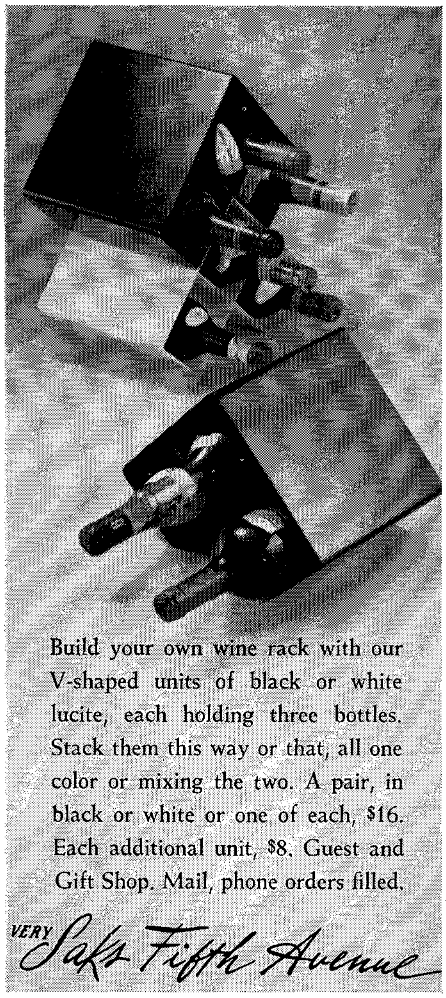

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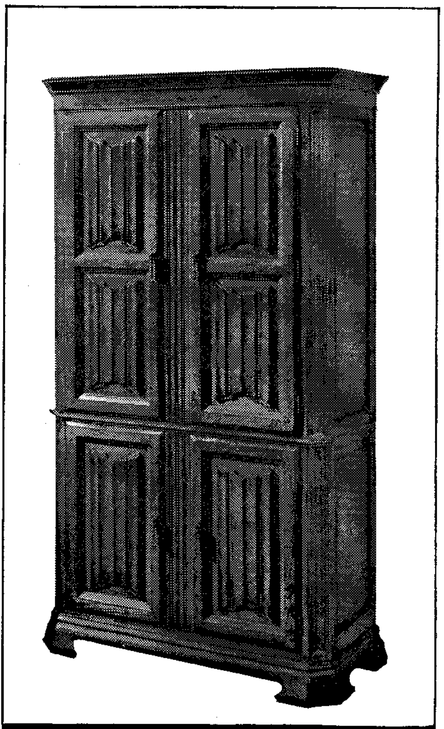
itself at the "interface" between technological hardware, on the one hand, and the programs, or "software," that would be designed to improve the quality of human life, on the other. Its future commitment would be to what Klüver called "projects outside art."

This kind of talk, of course, had made enemies for Klüver and E.A.T. within the New York art world. If contemporary art was indeed headed toward Klüver's new aesthetic (and a good many young artists seemed to hope that it was), then a lot of reputations and entrenched positions were being undermined. Even the Art Workers Coalition, a radical artists' group based in New York, had taken to protesting E.A.T.'s involvement with the capitalist Establishment. The art-world grapevine buzzed with rumors that E.A.T.'s Expo project was sure to be an even worse disaster than its "9 Evenings."

Klüver had become, as his friend Kheel put it, a zealot in the cause of art and technology. If zealots do not always make the best administrators, they do have the advantage of knowing precisely what they want, and the extraordinary fact is that throughout the next year, and in spite of almost continuous disputes and disagreements with Pepsi-Cola over funds, Klüver managed to get just about everything his artists wanted while giving up virtually nothing that they prized. Three weeks after the presentation meeting, for example, Klüver, Pearce, and Waldhauer were scheduled to fly to Osaka and reconnoitre the pavilion site. At the last minute, it occurred to Klüver that the four "core" artists should go, too, and he informed Thomas that he was taking them along. Since Pepsi was paying for the tickets, this caused Thomas a certain amount of anguish. The four artists went to Osaka, however, and between that first visit and the official opening of Expo, Pepsi paid for more than one hundred E.A.T. trips to Japan and back. There were complaints, but there were no compromises.

Financed now almost completely by Pepsi-Cola funds, E.A.T. took office space in a building on Park Avenue South, where Klüver, installed in a smallish room with a huge blackboard and a stuffed cobra on a bookcase, conducted his experiments in organization. Recruiting engineers was the next major step. Klüver got a lot of help in this from Waldhauer, whose career as a specialist in electrical-circuit development for Bell Labs had undergone seismic changes as a result of his in-



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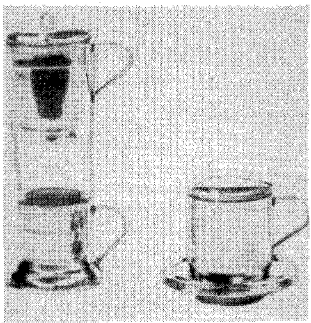

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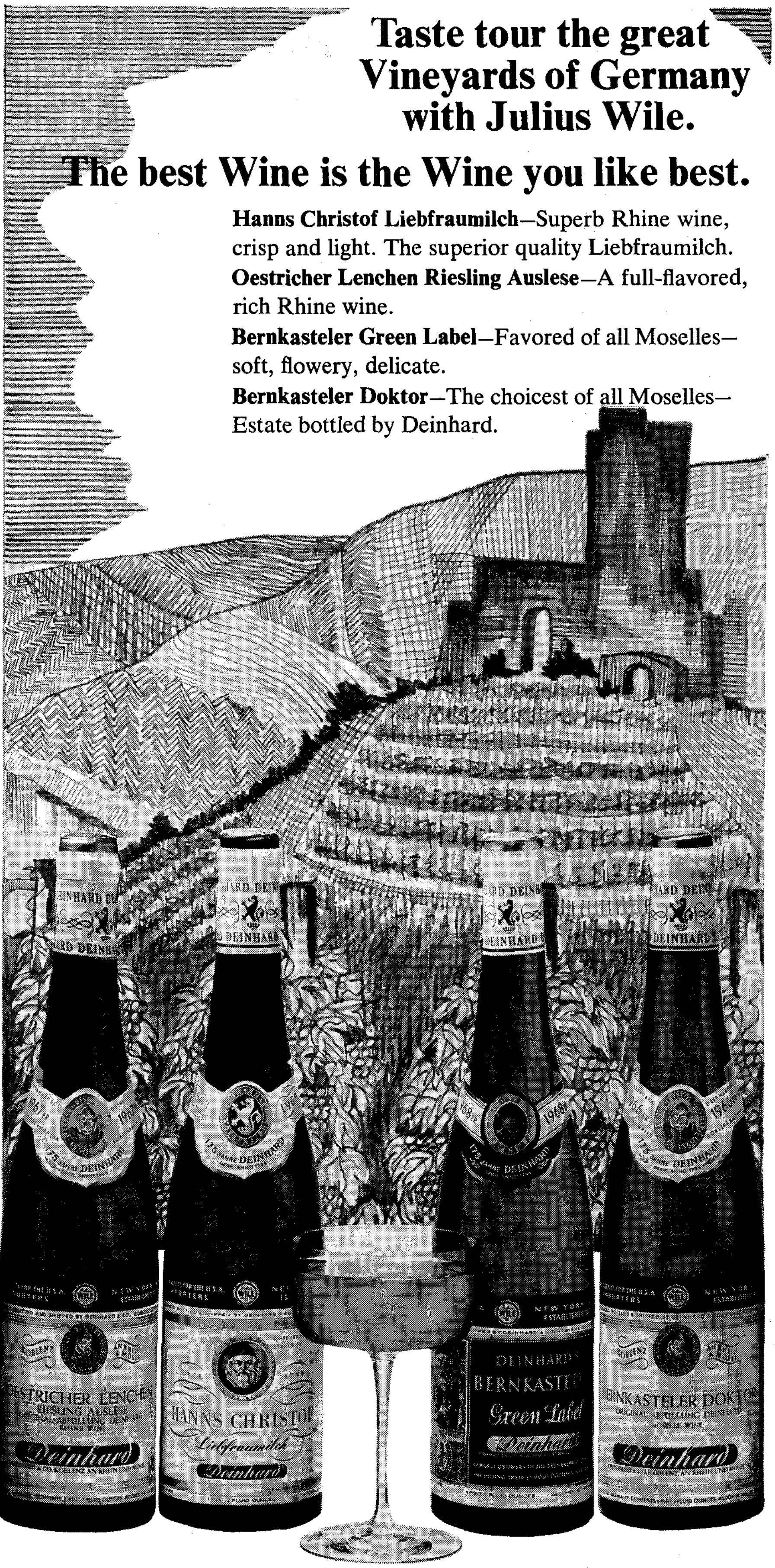
volvement with "9 Evenings." Although Waldhauer's personal view was that "9 Evenings" had been rather a mess, he had been deeply impressed by the sense of commitment that the artists and several of the engineers brought to the enterprise. Since 1966, he had become a strong believer in E.A.T.'s future role "outside art," as a bridge between technology and the individual. Waldhauer and his family were on vacation in the Adirondacks when Klüver got in touch with him about the Pepsi project. Overcoming his initial resistance to the idea of world's-fair commercialism, he had devoted nearly all his spare time to the project ever since, his main efforts going into planning the sound system with Tudor and Gordon Mumma, another electronically oriented composer.

A total of thirty-six engineers worked on various aspects of E.A.T.'s Expo project during the next year. Some of them became involved on a full-time basis, taking leaves of absence from their jobs, or even quitting jobs they had held for many years to work with E.A.T. The artist-engineer relationships that developed were among the more interesting by-products of the enterprise; not all the engineers felt that their contributions were sufficiently recognized, perhaps, but for a good many of them the experience was every bit as stimulating and as unsettling as "9 Evenings" had been for Waldhauer. Getting topflight engineers to work on the project was, in any case, no real problem.

Klüver also managed to find the ideal liaison between East and West in Fujiko Nakaya, an engaging, tireless, and quietly efficient young woman who served as E.A.T.'s coördinating artist in Japan. Miss Nakaya, a sculptress and a friend of Rauschenberg's, is the daughter of the late Ukichiro Nakaya, a famous Japanese physicist who had done pioneering work in the study of snow crystals and, incidentally, had invented the process for making artificial snow. Klüver had not been thinking of this when he persuaded Miss Nakaya to join E.A.T., but once the project got under way it seemed natural to put the girl whose father had invented snowmaking in charge of the project to make fog. At first, it was thought that both the fog and the mirror projects could be carried out in Japan. The center of fog research these days is in the United States, though, and it was soon apparent that this was where the work would have to be done. After considering several chemical methods of producing fog,



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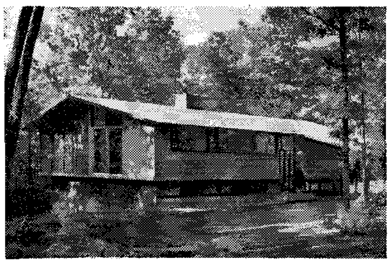

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Klüver and Miss Nakaya decided that the best prospects lay in a pure-water system. Miss Nakaya, on a trip to the United States that June, discovered that a pure-water system that would meet their needs was being developed, largely for the purposes of outdoor frost protection, by a California firm called Mee Industries, Inc. Thomas R. Mee, the firm's president, was an atmospheric physicist himself and a great admirer of Ukichiro Nakaya, whom he had met several times. He was delighted to be able to collaborate with the eminent scientist's daughter, although this was the first time he had had anything to do with art or artists.

From an engineering standpoint, the toughest problem of all was the mirror. Having decided relatively early in the planning to build a complete hemispherical mirror ninety feet in diameter, the E.A.T. planners faced the question of how, or even whether, it could be done. No one had ever built a hemispherical mirror that large. Should it be a rigid hemisphere, made up of hundreds of hand-fitted panels, or an air structure—a balloon with a reflective inner surface? The engineering consensus was that a rigid structure offered better optical properties and fewer problems; with an air structure, for example, entrances and exits to the pavilion would require air locks to retain the interior pressure. A Japanese firm was engaged to manufacture the panels. Month after month, sample mirror segments were flown to New York, tested, and found to be optically inaccurate. Because the tolerances were so fine, not even the slightest degree of warp or variation could be permitted. Klüver and his associates kept hoping that the difficulties could be corrected. Fortunately, some work had also been done on the air structure as an experimental model, so that when the rigid-panel concept was finally abandoned, in October of 1969, there was something to fall back on.

The costs of basic research, as Pepsi-Cola was beginning to realize, are nearly impossible to estimate in advance. Nine months were spent in trying to perfect the rigid mirror panels, which could not be perfected. Several more months went into researching the alternative air structure. In May, 1969, Klüver, who needed a model of the mirror for some optical experiments he wanted to conduct, went to the G. T. Schjeldahl Company, a Minnesota engineering firm whose development of special Mylar tapes had led to its involvement in space technology. (Schjeldahl had built Echo I, the aluminized Mylar balloon that was the first communications satellite, and several of its successors.) Schjeldahl's estimate of the costs seemed discouragingly high to E.A.T., so Klüver turned the project over to a South Dakota firm called Raven Industries. Raven produced a balloon mirror ninety feet in diameter, which Ardison Phillips and David McDermott, two young California artists associated with E.A.T., managed (with the help of some architectural-school friends of theirs) to install in an old dirigible hangar near Los Angeles. This prototype—which had come to be thought of as an alternative to the rigid-panel structure—was successfully tested and shown off to the press on September 30, 1969. The optical properties of its mirrored interior delighted Klüver's people and greatly impressed several Pepsi officials, including Pottasch, who came out to see it, but there were still a number of bothersome technical problems—the balloon leaked, for one thing. At this point, Klüver went back to Schjeldahl, which was responsible for the final version. The costs, meanwhile, were mounting steadily. Pepsi-Cola had quietly added ten per cent to E.A.T.'s estimated costs, to cover unforeseen expenses, but it soon became evident that this figure was going to be far too optimistic. The E.A.T. budget, which had theoretically been squeezed down from eight hundred and fifty thousand to five hundred and fifty thousand, was back up to eight hundred thousand by the fall of 1969 and was obviously headed higher. Whenever anyone brought this to Klüver's attention, he seemed vaguely annoyed. Klüver thought Pepsi-Cola should be grateful that so many top-notch engineers were working on the project, in many cases for little or no remuneration. Good engineers, he said, could be trusted to find the most economical solutions; whether those solutions lay within the budget remained to be seen.

To Pottasch, who by this time had returned to New York as vice-president for marketing services, with direct responsibility for the Pepsi pavilion at Expo, the project was rapidly becoming a nightmare. The cash-flow problem was a particularly unnerving one for him. E.A.T.'s somewhat casual accounting methods did not encourage Pepsi-Cola to advance large sums of money out of the operating budget at any one time; E.A.T., however, having virtually no cash reserves of its own, was continually in need of funds that

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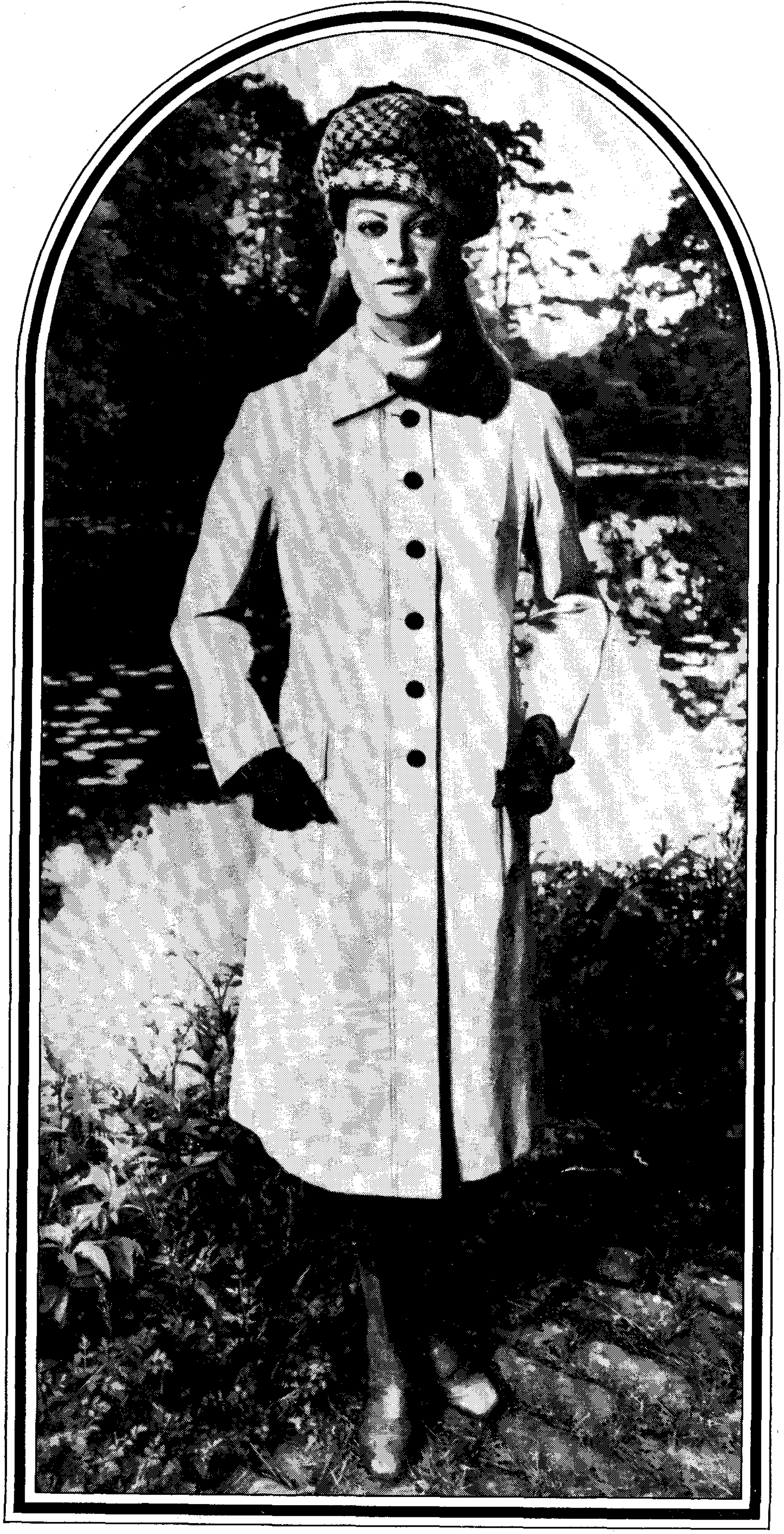

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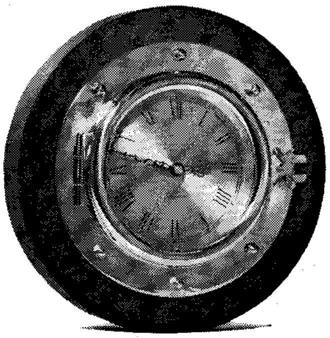

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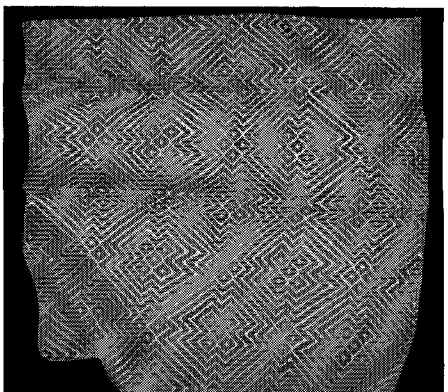
had to be forwarded *right away*. One of Pottasch's nightmares was that when the final bills came in, the total costs would run a lot higher than the current estimates. Most of the electronic equipment was being purchased in Japan, for example, but it now appeared that, instead of costing less there, this equipment, for various reasons, was going to cost more than it would have in the United States. To complicate matters further, the president of PepsiCo, Inc., the parent company in New York, was not enthusiastic about E.A.T.'s plans for the pavilion. He had told Pottasch that no money from the New York office could be used toward the project; all the funds would have to come from Pepsi-Cola Japan and from the Japanese bottlers, he said, and their soft-drink sales had better show an improvement as a result. At his lowest moments, lying awake in the dead of night, Pottasch was sure that nobody would ever understand what they were trying to do. "I don't understand more than half of what Billy Klüver says myself," he confided to an acquaintance. "And sometimes I don't think he does, either."

SIGVARD STENLUND, the engineer in charge of the E.A.T. balloon project at Schjeldahl, seemed to have surprisingly little trouble in communicating with Klüver and his group. A tall, rugged Minnesotan who had worked on Echo I and been project engineer on the Pageos satellite, Stenlund, like Tom Mee, had never had anything to do with artists before, and his initial reaction to Whitman, Phillips, and other long-haired E.A.T. personnel was somewhat dubious. Having seen few hippies in his life, he assumed that hippies were what he was seeing now. He didn't let it bother him, though, and within a short time Stenlund and his artist-collaborators had come up with an extremely simple and elegant solution to the technical problems. Instead of a balloon inflated from the inside, they designed a *negative* air structure. It was decided to build an airtight plywood shell slightly larger than the circumference of the balloon, so that when air was pumped out from between the shell and the balloon, the balloon's own natural air pressure would cause it to expand to full size. This did away with the need for air locks at the entrances and exits. The balloon was made of a plastic film called Melinex, only one two-thousandth of an inch thick but quite strong; it had been cut in long strips, or gores, which were then sealed together. Aluminum-coated on the inside surface, it was not so



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sharply reflective as glass, but the optical effects—the three-dimensional "real" images hanging upside down in space and repeated here and there around the room—were mysterious and striking. The Pepsi executives who went out for the press viewing, Pottasch included, seemed favorably impressed. As far as Klüver was concerned, this was the turning point; from here on, he had no doubt whatever that the pavilion was going to be a work of art.

While the hardware for the project was being designed and built, Klüver and Whitman spent a lot of time thinking about what Klüver called its software—the events that would take place inside the pavilion. The original idea of a rock-music discothèque had been superseded by the concept of an automated "environment," with sound and lighting and other effects programmed in advance. By the spring of 1969, though, the infinite range of possibilities offered by the sound system, the lights, and the optical marvels of the mirror led Klüver, Whitman, and Tudor to decide that automation would be too limiting. Only if this unique theatrical space was made available to other artists as well, they felt, could that range of possibilities be tapped. Live programming would mean, of course, a substantial increase in the operating budget—something in the neighborhood, Klüver thought, of a hundred thousand dollars. Pottasch agreed with the new idea in principle, but he did not quite see the need for inviting as many artists as Klüver had in mind—at least twelve Americans and an equal number of Japanese, each of whom would spend four weeks at the pavilion during Expo's six-month run. Why not just get four *good* artists, Pottasch suggested, and let them come up with a basic program that could then be repeated several times a day? Klüver said that nobody could tell who was going to be good until he had actually made a program, because nothing like the mirror dome had ever existed before. The situation was still experimental, and this, as Klüver kept trying to tell Pepsi, was *what it was all about*. The experimentation—the process—was what interested E.A.T., far more than any conceivable result. Success or failure hardly entered into the picture. It was this kind of argument that drove some of the Pepsi executives up the wall.

As usual, E.A.T. got its way. A tentative live-programming budget of a hundred thousand dollars was approved—although no contract was signed. Whitman and Peter Poole, a

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young British geologist who joined E.A.T. in 1969, began lining up American artists on the basis of proposals submitted for programs fifteen minutes long; Miss Nakaya and Toshi Ichiyanagi, a Japanese composer, did the same for Japanese artists. Proposals involving formal dramatic presentations or performances were discouraged. The New York group wanted to have the mirror dome used as a generalized theatrical space, in which the spectator himself would participate as much as possible. Some spectators might pass through with hardly a pause; others might stay there for hours. The best programs of all, everyone said, would undoubtedly come toward the end of the fair, by which time all concerned would really have learned how to use the mirror and the sound and light systems. To Pepsi, it all seemed a long way from travelling troubadours and singing dolls. The Pepsi public-relations department was having a terrible time thinking up a name for the pavilion. Someone hit on the word "Sensosphere" to suggest the kind of total sensory experience visitors would have there; the name stuck for several weeks, until it was discovered that in Japanese "*senso*" means "war."

THREE weeks before the official opening of the fair, on March 15, 1970, the E.A.T. artists and engineers, who had been scattered over an area from New York to California, started to come together in Japan. E.A.T. had reserved a number of apartments and hotel rooms in and around Osaka. Klüver and Whitman, who had brought their wives and children, were living in a brand-new suburban apartment house called Senriyama Grand Heights, about ten minutes from the Expo site by taxi, provided a taxi could be found. The real problems, Klüver said wryly, had turned out to be taxis and food. Miss Nakaya had persuaded her friend Sachiko Tamai, a Tokyo girl with a delicate face and a saving sense of humor, to come and help out with the various logistical arrangements, and both of them spent a large part of each day trying to get people from one place to another and seeing to it that the engineers at the pavilion got something for lunch that they could eat. (Engineers, it seems, have a great resistance to raw fish and other Japanese staples.) In the evenings, Miss Nakaya's mother came to the E.A.T. apartment house at Senriyama Grand Heights and cooked dinner for a group whose number was never predictable. The language barrier made it hard for the Americans to fend for themselves.

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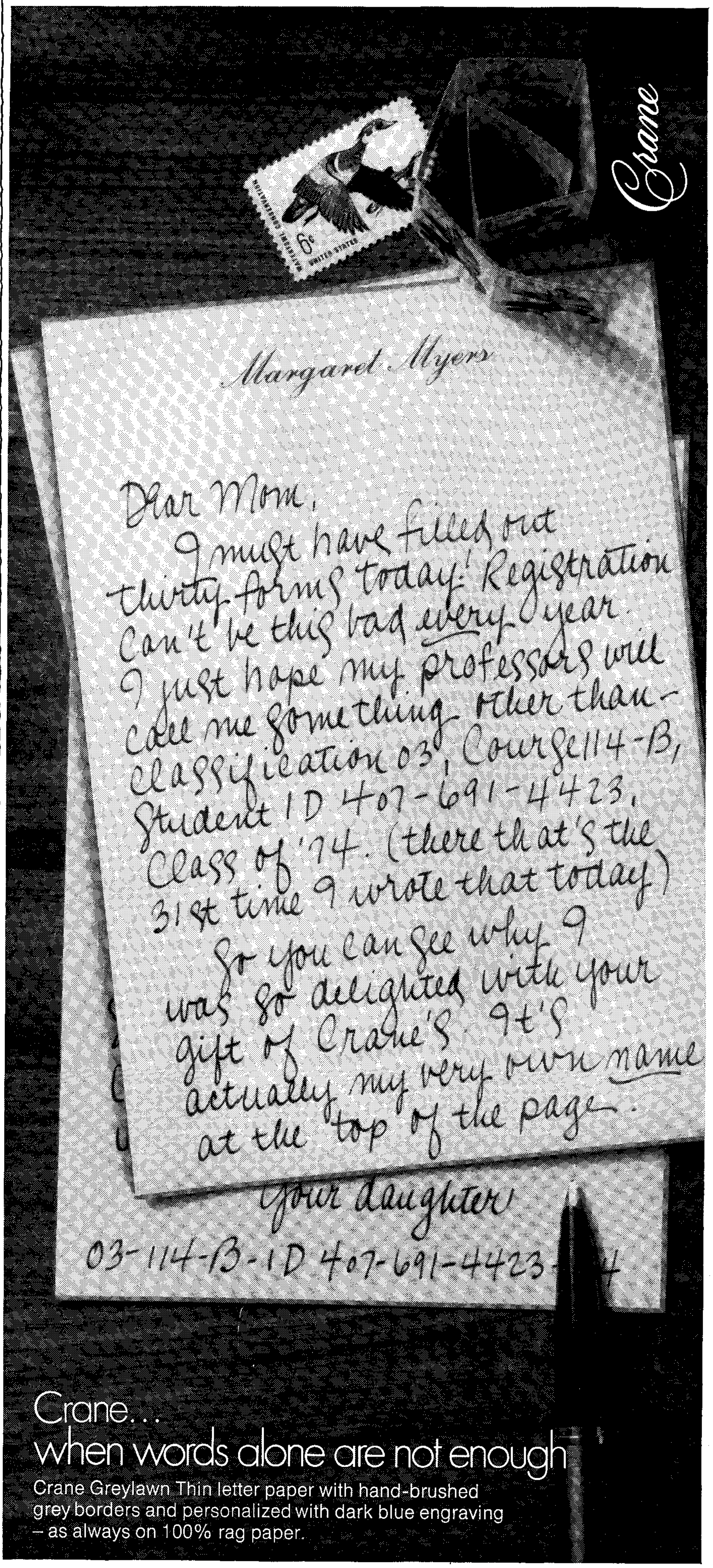
Tudor and one or two of the other artists were at home in Japan from the start, as artists often are anywhere, and most of the E.A.T. people learned enough Japanese to direct a taxi-driver in the general direction they wanted to go, but people were always getting stranded all the same. Carla Harrison, a good-looking girl whom Klüver had hired to serve as E.A.T.'s liaison with the Pepsi public-relations people at Expo, confronted with Japanese traffic conditions, managed to smash up two rented cars in two days; Klüver then engaged an immensely agreeable Japanese taxi-driver to work full-time for E.A.T., and this arrangement helped somewhat. Ozaki-san, the driver, wore a silver E.A.T. button and displayed photographs of Klüver and Julie Martin, Klüver's assistant, on the visor of his windshield. He drove at breakneck speed, and greeted each near-collision with a smile.

Taxis and food were not the *only* problems. Thanks largely to Miss Nakaya and John Pearce, who had been on hand all the time the pavilion was going up, relations between the American and the Japanese contractors were generally smooth, but there had been a few misunderstandings. The Japanese could not seem to help making their work look tasteful and finished. This conflicted with the basic approach of the American artists, who took a rough-and-ready attitude toward craftsmanship and wanted cruder effects; when they specified that one sector of the floor in the mirror dome should be "rough wood," for example, what they had in mind was old planks taken from a barn or a railroad siding, and not the hand-planed, artistically uneven floor that the workmen gave them. The most serious dispute of this kind concerned the main entrance to the pavilion. Breer, the artist entrusted with over-all responsibility for the "aesthetics" of the pavilion, threw out the Japanese architect's design for an elegant entrance to the tunnel that led down to the Clam Room and substituted for it a simple, cylindrical opening. The architect, who did not yet know that his building was going to be shrouded in fog most of the time, took serious offense at this development. He had gone along grudgingly with the other design changes requested by E.A.T., but this was evidently too much; hints were dropped that Takenaka Komuten might withdraw from its contract with Pepsi-Cola. Breer, who was then in New York, flew to Osaka and held a day-long meeting with the architect and his associates, which ended with



Margaret Myers

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Breer's making an impassioned personal plea for his own design. After a great deal of Japanese translation, with frequent references, Breer thought, to the words "art" and "fun," the architect bowed coolly, said that he himself had played in empty water pipes as a child, and agreed to Breer's design.

E.A.T.'s problems with Pepsi-Cola continued to revolve around money. The budget for the pavilion interior now hovered close to a million two hundred thousand dollars, and, in addition, Pottasch had agreed orally to an additional budget of a hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars for live programming. But the cash-flow problem persisted. The E.A.T. artists and engineers had expected to get five hundred dollars a week for their services in Osaka, but Pepsi would advance only what Klüver considered ridiculously small sums at a time. As a result, E.A.T. continually ran out of money and could not pay anyone. Klüver bitterly resented having to spend time on such matters. "What they can't seem to realize is that they're getting these things at cost," he said. "The artists are doing the programming for five hundred dollars a week. I don't understand why Pepsi is complaining." Twice, Klüver threatened to pull all the E.A.T. people off the project and go home. Since Pepsi had no one immediately capable of operating the complex technological hardware of the pavilion, this was an effective threat. Relations between E.A.T. and the man Pepsi had designated as general manager of the pavilion, a youngish executive named Richard J. Collins, were polite but guarded. On specific operations, E.A.T. preferred to work through Sebastian Hiraga, the pavilion's deputy commissioner and secretary, a tough, bullet-shaped Oriental who had once been chief of the riot police in Tokyo, and whose influence, when it came to getting E.A.T. equipment through Japanese customs in a hurry, was gratifyingly potent. Collins, Hiraga, and other members of the Pepsi staff occupied comfortable offices in the rear of the pavilion. E.A.T. had one small, unheated, temporary office, with two telephones and an improvised desk, where the thirty-odd artists and engineers congregated once a day, for lunch. They all wore silver E.A.T. buttons, and they worked, on the average, from twelve to fourteen hours a day.

A week before Expo '70 opened, it began to look as though the Pepsi pavilion might conceivably be ready on schedule. The mirror had been installed and was functioning, in spite of a rip that had opened up in the Melinex when it was inflated for the first time; fortunately, the rip was near an opening for one of the overhead spotlights, and Sig Stenlund and John Pearce were able to reach through the spotlight housing and repair the damage with pressure-sensitive tape. Stenlund, the Schjeldahl balloon specialist, had a back-up balloon that he said could be installed in eighteen hours if necessary. Klüver was trying hard to talk Pepsi into paying for a third one, just in case.

The electronic console that controlled the lights and the sound system had been a week late in arriving—a faulty waybill had kept it sitting at Kennedy Airport while E.A.T. sent frantic tracers. Larry Owens, the young Bell Labs electrical engineer who had built the eight-foot-long console in New York and who was serving as E.A.T.'s coördinating engineer for the pavilion, was having problems getting the console installed and functioning. Not all the sound circuits worked properly, but enough were operating so that each evening, after six o'clock, when the workmen knocked off for the day, the artists could experiment with programming. Actually, the sound system was more fully operative than the lighting, which was simple in concept but extremely difficult to handle. Essentially, there were only three lights—two sets of quartz-iodide theatrical spots situated on either side of the dome near its apex, which could be directed by means of pan-tilt, motor-driven mirrors to throw an eight-foot circle of light anywhere in the space, and the winch light, a semicircular reflector containing three bulbs, which could be lowered on a cable from the apex of the dome to the floor, a spectacular process that caused light to blossom in rippling waves down the mirror walls. Anthony Martin, the artist who had taken over and designed the lighting when Whitman became involved in another art-and-technology project, was the only person who could make the spotlights do what they were supposed to do; the pan-tilt mirrors did not work properly, and getting the light where it was wanted was fiendishly difficult even for him.

A genial, quiet young man who had also helped design the original lighting system for the Electric Circus, and whose independent interest in spherical mirrors and real images had led him to E.A.T., Martin hoped that the interior

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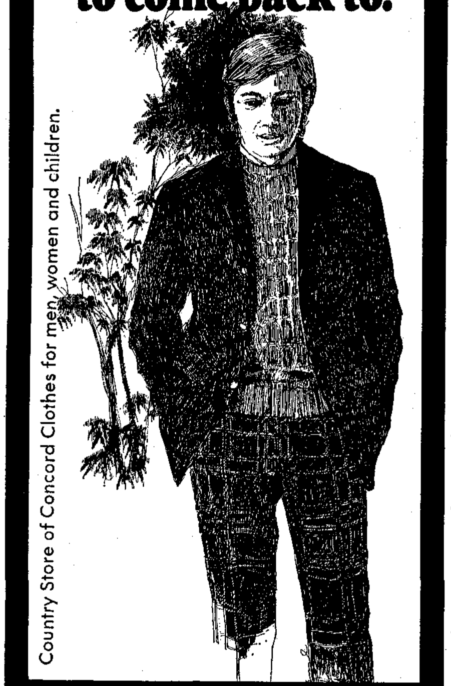

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lighting would help visitors to get involved with the E.A.T. environment and with each other. He spoke of individuals' "spiralling out, becoming participants and performers," and he was not happy about the program that was being planned for the E.A.T. press preview, scheduled for March 11th. The programmer for this lead-off event was Remy Charlip, an artist, designer, and theatre director best known for his work in the field of children's theatre (he was a founder of the Paper Bag Players, in New York). Charlip had made up several large squares of bright-colored, very thin China silk, which the participants in his program (in this case, E.A.T. wives, girl friends, and female staff members) held by the corners and lifted, so as to make them billow and float. The reflections were colorful, but Martin and several others felt that they did not exploit the mirror's extraordinary properties to best advantage. For the sound accompaniment to his piece (which he had decided to call "Homage to Loie Fuller"), Charlip had made a tape recording of his own breathing. Amplified over thirty-seven loudspeakers that were mounted in a rhomboid grid behind the mirror walls, it sounded very much like a man breathing into a tape recorder.

While Charlip rehearsed, the engineers continued to work on the sound system. In addition to the loudspeakers and the console, there was the sound-loop system under the floor. The sounds came from loop antennas embedded in each of the eleven floor sections; they could be heard over the flashlight-size, hand-held receiving sets that would be given out to visitors as they arrived and—or so it was hoped—collected from them when they departed. Any sounds required could be fed into the loops; for the time being, each floor sector had been given more or less appropriate sounds—birdsong for the plastic grass, breaking glass for the stone floor, a car stopping and starting for a section with a surface like a bumpy road, a "boing, boing" noise for the rubber "bounce" section. The floor sloped upward to a center section of clear glass. Just to one side of the glass section was a sort of raised platform called the "berm" (architects use the word, for some reason, to refer to a hill), upon which one was at the ideal elevation for viewing one's own real image.

The Clam Room, directly under the mirror dome, was at this point a fairly forbidding orientation chamber. Its only light source was the glass floor of the mirror room. The krypton laser that was to go into the Clam Room

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had arrived with its plasma tube broken; another tube was on order from Los Angeles. Lowell Cross, the electronic composer, who had collaborated with David Tudor and an engineer named Carson Jeffries on the laser's design, kept his spirits up, while waiting for it, with the aid of tequila. Except for the Pepsi offices, where heat had been installed, the entire pavilion was numbingly cold. The Clam Room, being underground, was the coldest of all.

On March 6th, to make matters slightly worse, E.A.T. turned on its fog system for the first time. It was immediately evident that the fog project was an enormous success. In fact, when Mee and Miss Nakaya gave the signal to turn on only half the twenty-five hundred jet-spray nozzles that had been mounted along the ridges of the pavilion roof, the ensuing fogbank was so thick that it drifted, intact, into the neighboring Amphitheatre, an outdoor stage, and silenced a Canadian high-school band that was practicing for a concert there. The sight of fog pouring from the roof of the Pepsi pavilion also brought several fire engines to the site, sirens screaming. Miss Nakaya, who made the necessary explanations, heard the fire chief relay the news to his headquarters by radio. "It *looks* like smoke," he said. "But they say it's water." The fire chief demanded that he be notified in advance whenever E.A.T. intended to turn on its fog. He simply refused to believe that it was going to be on for ten hours a day.

FOR an experiment in organization, E.A.T. had come through, on balance, rather well so [illegible] Its unique strength, the ability to [illegible] upon talent from almost any sector of industry or art, had brought thirty highly skilled people to Osaka, where they did what was required of them without supervision. There was no real chain of command. Klüver, the zealot, had a small group of people with whom he communicated; in it were Whitman, Pearce, Stenlund, Waldhauer, Mee, Miss Nakaya, Julie Martin (Klüver's assistant), and, at times, Tudor, the infinitely gentle, infinitely solid father figure for countless fellow-artists. Others on the project found Klüver all but unreachable. Tall, gangling, and habitually distracted, Klüver was often so totally focussed on one set of problems that his mind automatically shut out all others. At other times, he might listen attentively to critical advice, and he sometimes changed his mind with bewildering rapidity. His regular costume at Expo was a worn suède jacket and a nondescript fur hat. Soon after he ar-

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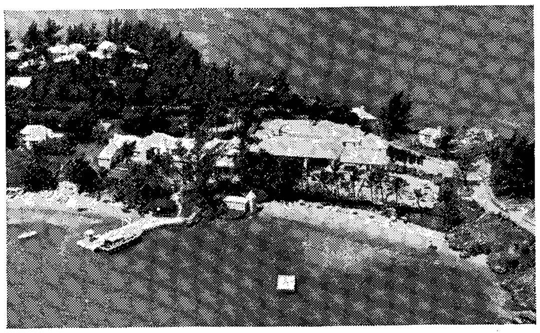

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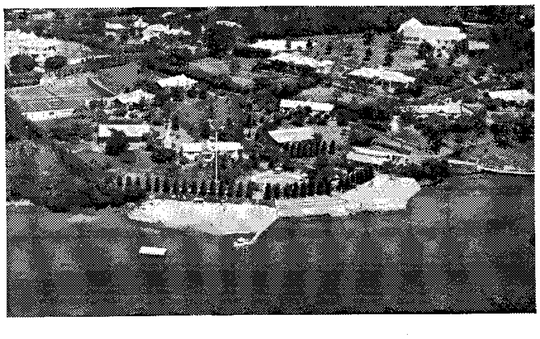

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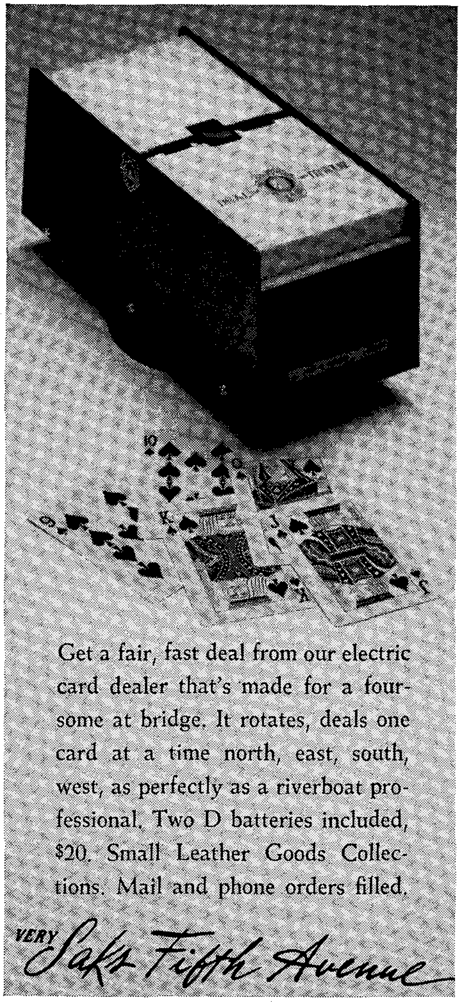

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rived in Japan, one of his front teeth had fallen out, and this bothered Miss Nakaya no end. She kept making appointments with a dentist for him, and he kept breaking them.

Some of the engineers were getting a little fed up with Klüver and E.A.T. Owens, harassed by continuing problems with the control console, became increasingly irritated by the atmosphere of casual confusion on the project. Owens himself was accustomed to the tight organization of Bell Labs, but, beyond that, he felt that he was being expected to compensate for the inefficiency of others. Owens and Pearce were the indispensable men on the job, the ones who climbed up scaffoldings to fix lights, who arrived first in the morning and were the last to leave at night. As far as Owens was concerned, some of the artists might as well have stayed home.

The reactions of some of the other engineers on the project were rather surprising. Stenlund was now working full time for E.A.T. A few weeks previously, his boss at Schjeldahl had told him to turn over the E.A.T. project to someone else so that he could supervise a large government contract that he had been in charge of before he started the E.A.T. project. Stenlund had refused and, when the issue was pressed, had quit. He had a few things in mind for the future, but for the time being he was going to stay in Osaka and see to it that the Melinex mirror did what it was meant to do. Stenlund, who wore a pair of white coveralls and a construction worker's hard hat at all times, was on congenial terms with everyone, artists included. The artists seemed like capable people, he said, but he was not familiar enough with their "skills" to have an opinion on what they were accomplishing. He was reserving judgment on that.

A similar reticence kept Mee from saying much about the fog system, which had proved so disconcertingly successful. Mee was clearly pleased with his fog, though, and so was Miss Nakaya. She said that the jutting triangular planes of the roof actually worked to their advantage, causing the fog to eddy and billow in interesting and unforeseen ways. Mee and Miss Nakaya tested a different section of the fogmaking nozzles every day, flushing out the system and making minor adjustments. On wet or humid days, the system would operate only at half strength or less; dry, windy days would require more pressure. Miss Nakaya had recorded the atmospheric conditions and the precipitation in Osaka during the last year, and Mee had de-

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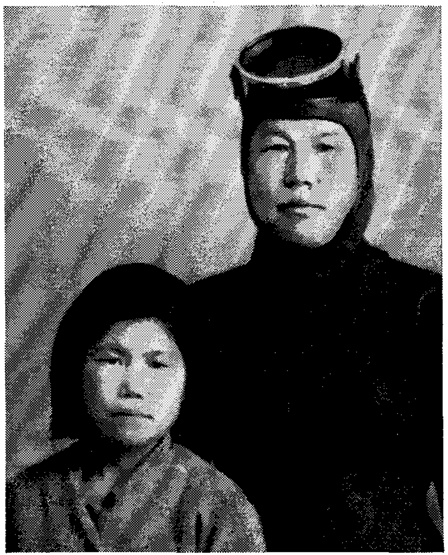
signed his system accordingly. Each time he turned it on, though, no matter how small an amount of the hissing fog appeared, workmen throughout the area dropped their tools and came running, and the manager of the Amphitheatre complained.

THE official opening of the Pepsi pavilion was to take place on Saturday, March 13th, two days before Expo '70 itself opened to the public. E.A.T. had scheduled its own press preview on the afternoon of March 11th, to be followed that evening by an E.A.T. party on the premises. Two days before this event, a great many things started to go wrong.

The replacement tube for the laser arrived and was found to have been broken in transit. Another tube was ordered. Klüver tried to get Elsa Garmire, a California Institute of Technology physicist who works closely with E.A.T. on the West Coast, to buy a first-class airline seat for the tube and bring it with her from Los Angeles, but Dr. Garmire was already on her way to Osaka. Meanwhile, Frosty Myers was having serious problems with his "Sun Track." The contractors had exceeded the specified weight ratios, and the "Sun Track's" two mirrors had had to be scrapped and rebuilt. A further irritation was that E.A.T. had lost its office space in the pavilion. No real provision had ever been made for an E.A.T. office, and the room that E.A.T. had been occupying temporarily was the dressing room for Pepsi's forty Japanese hostesses. These young ladies reported for duty on March 10th, and for the next twenty-four hours, until Pearce and his crew knocked together a makeshift room in an unused corner of the pavilion, E.A.T. was cast adrift. At Pepsi's urgent request, Klüver made a little speech to the E.A.T. group about the hostesses—they had been carefully selected, most of them were strictly brought up, and there were to be no liberties taken. Some of the girls spoke a little English, but they all seemed much too shy to recognize liberties.

Breer's floats were delivered on the morning of March 10th. There were seven of them—large, dome-shaped objects consisting of a white Fiberglas shell, six feet high and six feet in diameter, resting on a four-wheeled chassis. In each was a motor powered by four automobile storage batteries. Each float weighed about eight hundred pounds. The floats moved slowly and noiselessly, just as Breer had intended, so that somebody standing next to one might not be aware



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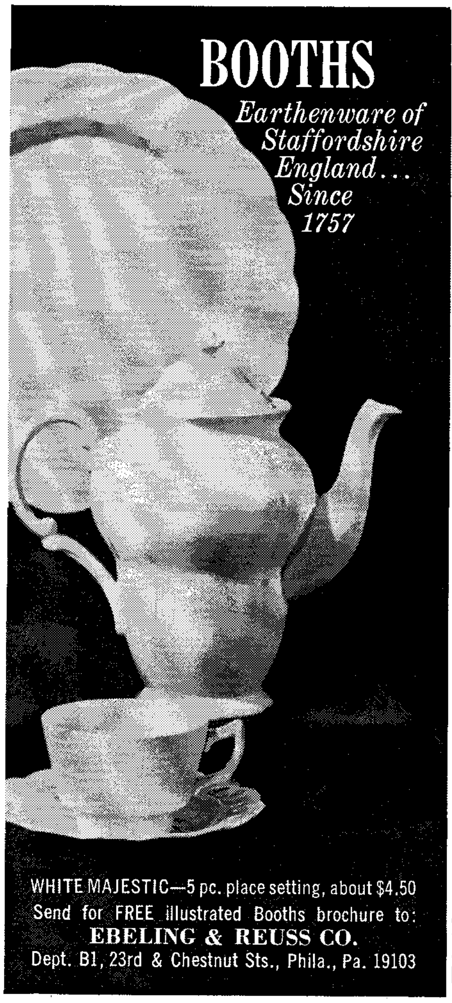

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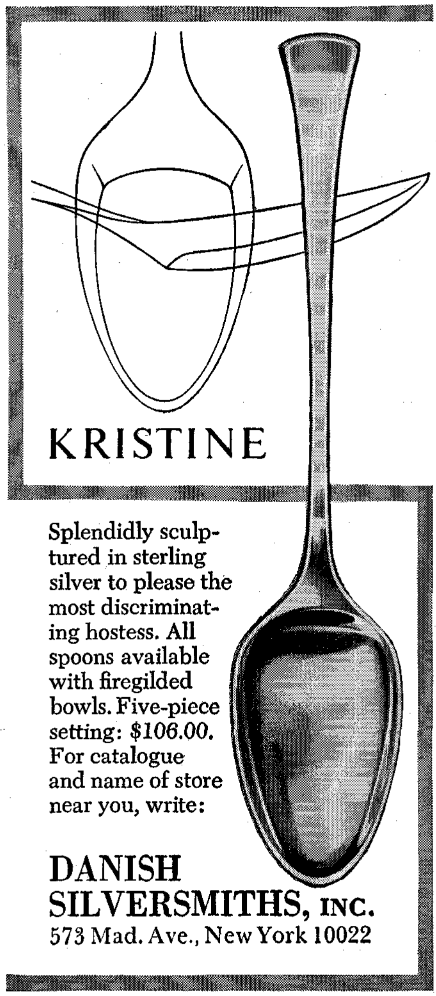

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of its motion until it nudged him. When a float encountered a solid obstacle, a switching device caused it to reverse direction. Inside each shell was a transistorized tape player equipped with a continuous tape loop that made various sounds at irregular intervals—a bird singing, a man sawing wood, a car starting and slowing down, a man and a woman discussing a landscape. Smooth and noncommittal on the outside, the floats became oddly appealing on better acquaintance; they were like large, friendly sheep. Breer even thought of getting a man with a shepherd's crook to round them up in the evening for their nightly battery recharge. When they first arrived, it was thought that the Japanese contractor had done a flawless job, but closer examination disclosed several bugs. Breer and John Ryde, his collaborating engineer, had to adjust the switches and the wheel bearings on all seven. Also, the Fiberglas shells were too close to the ground; whenever a float came to a slight incline in the plaza, it would run aground and stop. A lot of work remained to be done on them.

THE United States pavilion had its press preview on the afternoon of March 10th. A few of the E.A.T. people went over to it and brought back reports. The pavilion, a low-lying air structure that was something of an architectural breakthrough in itself, was given over inside to exhibits of United States space technology (including a moon rock), American folk art, the pageant of sport (Babe Ruth's uniform), and blown-up photographs of Americans in what used to be called "all walks of life." There was also a section of art and technology, organized by Maurice Tuchman, the chief curator of the Los Angeles County Museum, which included a laser display by the California artist Rockne Krebs; an "environmental light sculpture" by Newton Harrison, another West Coast artist, based on the principle of glow discharges of rare ionized gases; and a mirror piece by Robert Whitman. Maurice Tuchman's project involved the pairing of more than twenty artists with an equal number of West Coast industrial and other companies; the results, of which these were in a sense the first, would all be exhibited at the Los Angeles County Museum in the spring of 1971. Whitman had designed his work in collaboration with John Forkner, an engineer at Philco-Ford Aeroneutronics, in Newport Beach, California. Forkner, who believed that his superiors had chosen him for the collaboration because he was the only Philco-Ford engineer with a beard (and a considerable beard it was, arrestingly red and reaching to his breastbone), had found the project so mind-expanding that, after seventeen years at Philco-Ford, he was thinking seriously of leaving in order to continue working with Whitman and other artists.

Most of the E.A.T. people were aware by this time that some of the things they were doing at the pavilion were not exactly unique. If Montreal's Expo '67 had been the fair for film projections, Expo '70 was shaping up as the fair for mirrors, air structures, and multi-channel sound systems. The Canadian pavilion and half a dozen others had made striking use of mirrors, while both the main Festival Plaza and the steel pavilion had far more elaborate sound systems than Pepsi's. There was no other ninety-foot mirror dome at the fair, though, and no other negative-pressure air structure, nor was there another krypton laser; the other Expo laser displays, at the United States pavilion and the steel pavilion, employed helium-neon or argon lasers, which produced single-color (red or blue) beams; the krypton beam could be broken down into four colors. Of course, E.A.T. did not yet have an *operating* krypton laser, but the third tube was on the way by air from Los Angeles. Furthermore, nobody else had a fog cloud. With the fog turned on, the Pepsi pavilion stood out as the only soft shape among the hard-edge wonders of Expo, visible from nearly any point at the fair. At night, framed in a square of brilliant white xenon light from four black metal light towers, designed by Myers, the fog looked like snow blowing off the top of a high mountain.

On the afternoon of March 10th, the fog was making things increasingly miserable for Breer and Myers. A cold rain had been falling since noon, and when Mee turned on the fogmaking apparatus the high humidity caused a dense cloud to settle over the Pepsi plaza, reducing ground visibility to zero. Myers, a tall scarecrow in a tight-fitting black raincoat, his long hair hanging in wet strings and an empty cigarette holder clamped between his teeth, bore it with fortitude. Nothing had gone right for him all day. Twice, the heavy steel armature that held the "Sun Track's" two mirrors had been hoisted into position atop its cone-shaped base, and twice the base had buckled; the armature was too heavy for its support. Pearce clung

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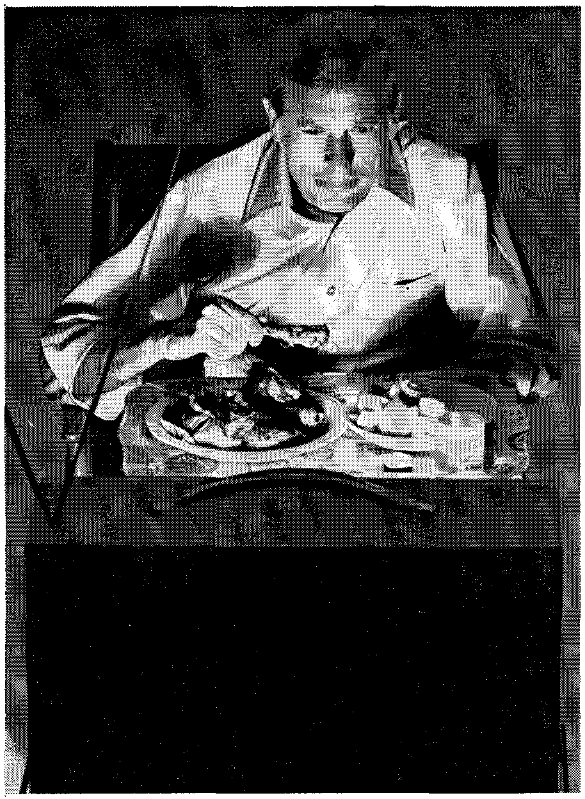

Discovery. Discovery Goes to Ireland; Trans-Atlantic Voyage; Finland; Fast Freight to Nashville; Cherokee Past; Portugal; Thoroughbred Yearling; To All the World's Children. Sundays, Oct. 4, 11, 18, 25; Nov. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 (11:30-12 noon).

Wild Kingdom. Lions of Gir Forest; Netting a Jaguar; Ruler of Kalahari; Queen of Everglades; Caribou; Giants of Dadanawa; Voyage of Golden Dolphin; Bobcat Bayou; Miracle of Motion. Sundays, Oct. 4, 11, 18, 25; Nov. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 (7-7:30 pm).

The Catholic Dilemma. CBS News views problems facing the Church. Tuesday, Oct. 6 (10-11 pm).

World Series. High spot of the national pastime. First game: Saturday, Oct. 10.

Zoos of the World. National Geographic films zoos from Central Park to Tanzania. Tuesday, Oct. 13 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Television and Politics. CBS News probes TV's influence. Tuesday, Oct. 27 (10-11 pm).

NBC's Children's Theatre. The Wonderful World of Jonathan Winters; Pets Allowed, with Sid Caesar. Saturdays, Oct. 31, Nov. 28 (12 noon-1 pm).

Tales of Washington Irving. Animated versions of *Legend of Sleepy Hollow, Rip Van Winkle.* Sunday, Nov. 1 (5-6 pm).

Election Coverage. Countrywide reports of 1970 voting. Tuesday, Nov. 3. Consult local listings for time.

Kifaru—the Black Rhinoceros. Study of endangered African rhino. Thursday, Nov. 12 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Klowns. Backstage tour of Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey Circus. Sammy Davis, Jr., host. Sunday, Nov. 15 (8-9 pm).

Hamlet. Richard Chamberlain, Sir Michael Redgrave, Margaret Leighton, Richard Johnson, Sir John Gielgud in a new production of the Shakespearean play. Tuesday, Nov. 17 (9-11 pm).

Tragedy of the Red Salmon. Jacques Cousteau on life cycle of Alaskan salmon. Tuesday, Nov. 24 (7:30-8:30 pm).

A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. Animated version of Twain satire. Thursday, Nov. 26 (12 noon-1:30 pm).

Festival at Ford's. America's contributions to world music from historic Ford's Theatre, Washington, D.C. Thursday, Nov. 26 (8:30-9:30 pm).

To All the World's Children. Film essay on children of today's world (continued on *Discovery*). Friday, Nov. 27 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Winnie the Pooh and the Blustery Day. Milne classic, Disney style. Monday, Nov. 30 (7:30-8 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/ Misterogers' Neighborhood

Tuesday: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month)/CBS News Hour

Saturday: In the Know/The Reluctant Dragon and Mr. Toad/ The Tomfoolery Show/Hot Dog/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Camera Three/ Bullwinkle/Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/ Issues and Answers/Wild Kingdom/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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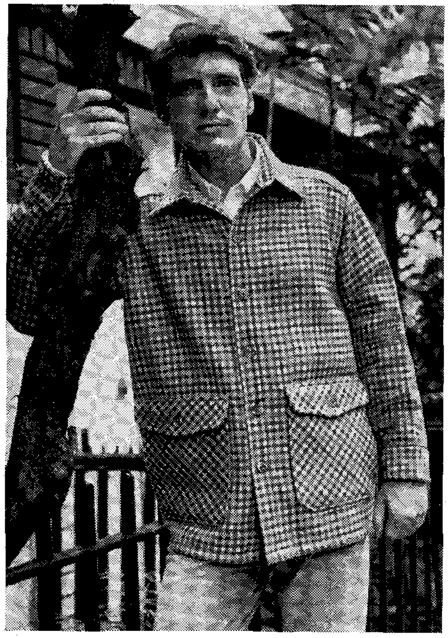

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morosely to the log-and-baling-wire scaffolding that the Japanese riggers had thrown up around the object. He blamed himself for not having given enough attention to the "Sun Track." The riggers were going to try once more to mount the armature.

Breer and Ryde had spread tarpaulins over the uncovered chassis of several floats to protect them from a torrent of water pouring down off the roof. Breer, in a battered storm coat and a long orange-and-blue scarf that his eleven-year-old daughter, Sophie, had knit, was nursing a heavy cold. The only bright spot in his afternoon occurred when a Japanese carpenter who was sawing a one-inch strip from the bottom of each Fiberglas shell paused for a moment and heard, from another float that had crept up behind him, the rather startling sound of a man sawing wood.

The only project that seemed to be going well at this point was the installation of a large Pepsi-Cola sign at the northern end of the pavilion. The sign, a revolving silver globe with "PEPSI-COLA" in raised block letters, was not an E.A.T. design. Whitman and Forkner had made a proposal to Pepsi, three months before, for a sign based on the same principle as their optical piece in the United States pavilion—two concave mirrors casting a three-dimensional real image of the company's trademark out into the space in front of the mirrors. Pottasch liked the idea until he learned that it would cost thirty thousand dollars to build and that it could not be finished until a month after Expo opened. Whitman then came up with another idea, which was for a man to be painting "Pepsi-Cola" continuously on a large cylinder while another man continuously washed it off. Pottasch seemed a little hurt by this proposal; his associate Charles Quigley, director of public relations for PepsiCo International, said it "was not worthy of E.A.T." Pepsi had then gone ahead and designed its own sign. It was, however, with the exception of a modest snack bar tucked away behind the pavilion entrance, the only obtrusively commercial blot on E.A.T.'s invisible environment.

At eight o'clock that evening, a Japanese electrician working on the winch light accidentally raised it beyond the safety stop and sent it right through the top of the mirror. The balloon sagged immediately, and lost all its reflective power; it looked, Waldhauer said, like the inside of a large silver prune. Owens and Pearce climbed up to assess the damage: a rip eighteen inches long. It was too late

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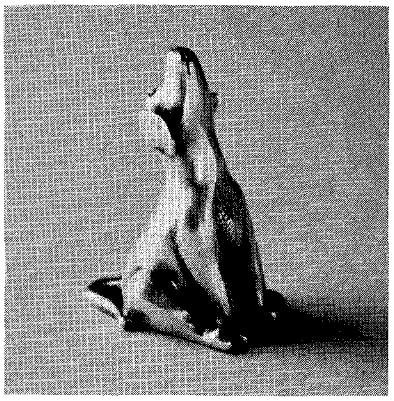

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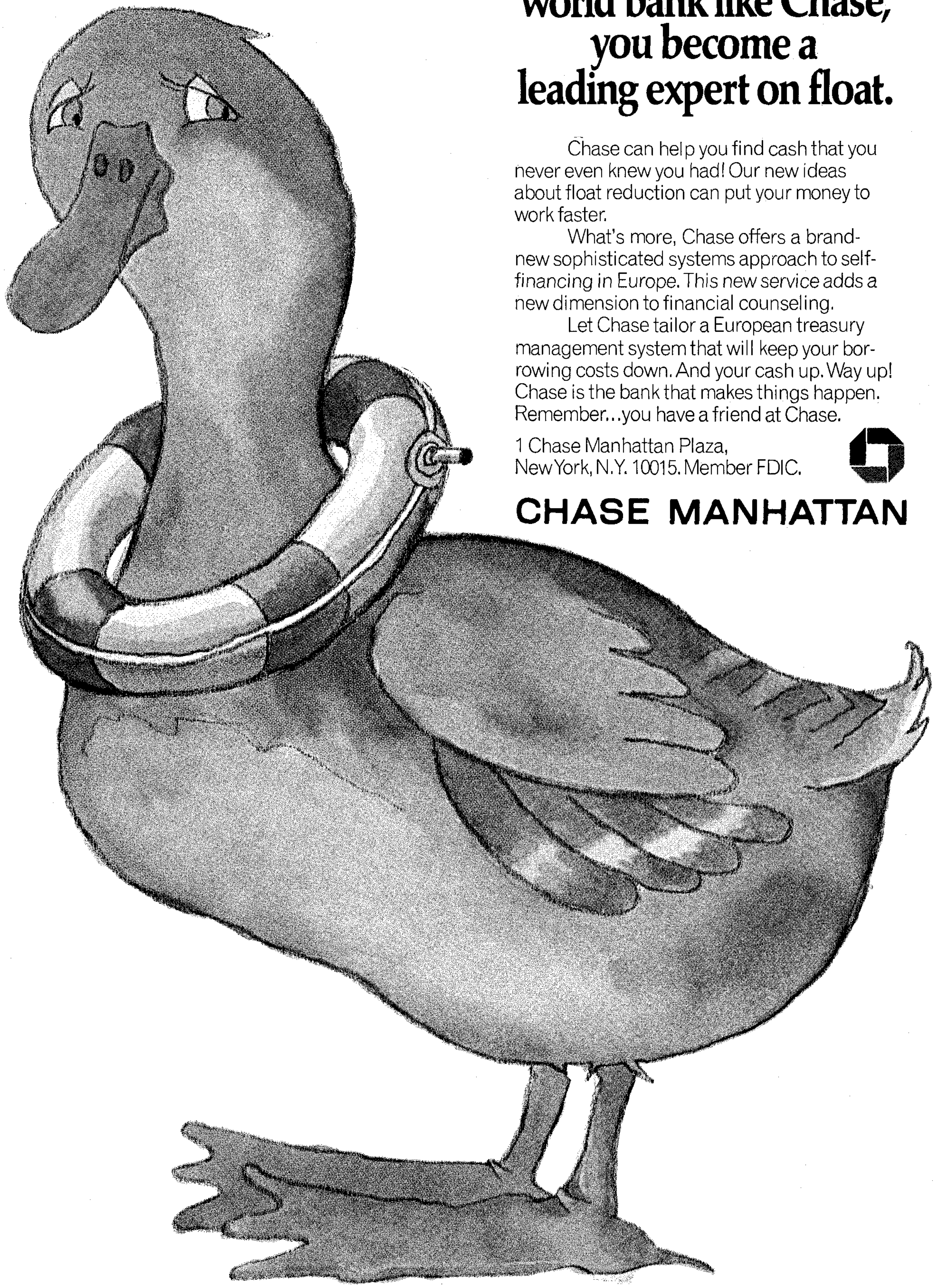

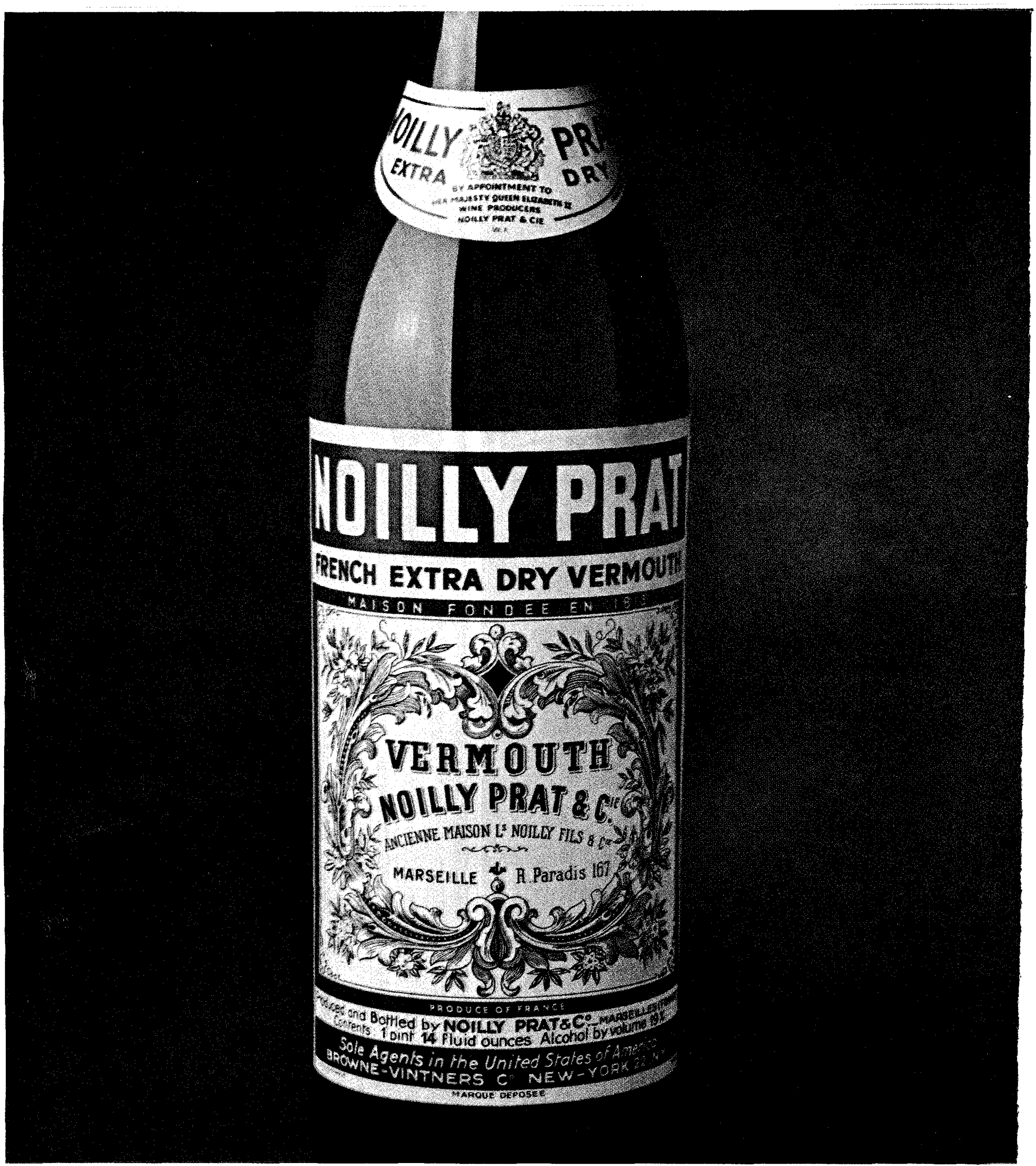
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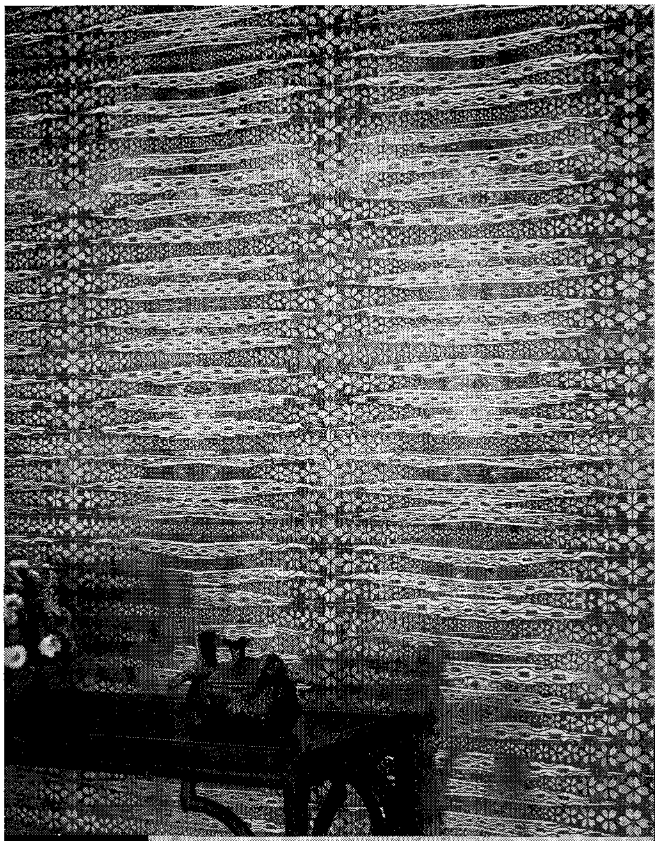
in the evening to attempt repairs. They would start the first thing in the morning—the day of the press preview.

In spite of these misfortunes, the press preview took place as scheduled, beginning at 1:30 P.M. on March 11th. Owens, clinging for an hour to a rope ladder suspended through the winch-light opening, had patched the rip in the mirror. The balloon was tight again, and was casting real and virtual images in profusion. The presence of a large number of people in the mirror dome added a new element of animation, which greatly pleased Whitman and Breer. Half a dozen hostesses in bright-red maxicoats and red cloches had been stationed at intervals around the perimeter, and their reflections lent a festive note to the scene. The trouble was that very few of the visitors ever looked up into the mirror. Handsets held to one ear, they walked around looking down at the variously textured floor sections, or else they watched the E.A.T. girls playing with Charlip's silk scarves. A good many of the visitors came over to stare at the control console, which stood on a raised part of the floor behind the berm; its dozens of switches and buttons and colored signal lights exerted a fascination all their own. Ardison Phillips, the E.A.T. pavilion manager, went around the room directing visitors' attention upward and pointing out the real images, but the majority of those who came left in a spirit of perplexity. There had not been enough Japanese-language press kits to go around, and the hostesses, who had stood like statues, had been no help at all. Yasuharu Tamiya, Pepsi's Japanese press chief, was visibly concerned. "Everyone ask me what do it to, what do it mean?" he reported to Breer. "I tell them it mean nothing. O.K.?" Breer assured him that this was an excellent answer. But everyone was depressed. The preview seemed to bear out Pepsi's fears that the Japanese would not get what was going on in the pavilion at all. The Japanese were too literal, too used to being told what to look at and why.

Outside, on the plaza, the "Sun Track" was being dismantled and removed. It had been decided to have it made over again at the factory, which would take from four to six weeks. Myers, his natural exuberance gone for the first time that anyone could recall, had disappeared. It had stopped raining, but the weather was turning even colder. The third laser tube had not arrived.

E.A.T.'s party began at seven o'clock that evening. Friends from other pavilions, Takenaka Komuten construc-



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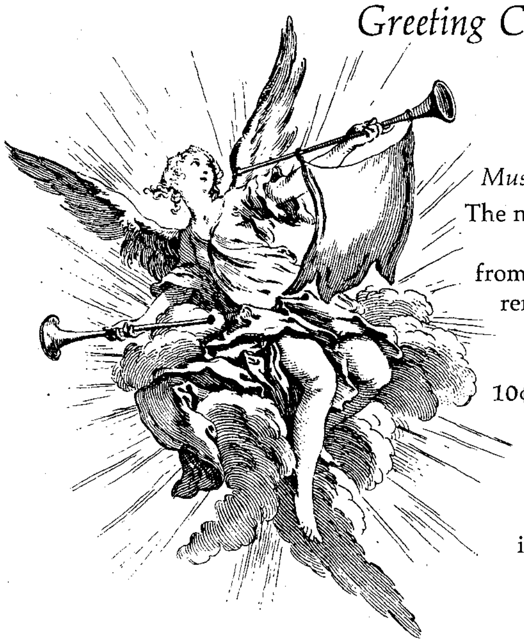

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tion engineers, Pepsi people—anyone who had had anything to do with E.A.T. was invited, and more than a hundred showed up. They came in through the Clam Room, dimly lit and icy cold, where they were served small sandwiches and Suntory whiskey in plastic tumblers, and for a while the party showed no signs of coming to life. Gradually, though, people started to drift upstairs into the mirror dome, where Tudor was putting a tape of monkey chatter through electronic modifications while Martin worked the lights. The balloon was tighter than it had ever been, and, consequently, more reflective. There was a greater brilliance and variety to the light. After a while, Tudor and Martin switched to a tape that Martin himself had made by what he called "fooling around with a square wave." The electronically generated sounds had a changing, rhythmic beat that suggested rock music, and Martin had keyed it in to an automatic light program on the console. A lot of people were in the mirror dome now, and some of them began reacting to what Martin and Tudor were doing. Four Japanese men in black suits found Charlip's China silks and started to play with them the way the E.A.T. girls had done at the press preview. Several couples danced. Breer, still wearing his storm coat and his daughter's scarf, picked up a blue silk by one corner and ran around the room with it trailing out behind him, catching people up momentarily in its folds. Nearly everyone was gazing up into the mirror, from which the movement and light and color were thrown back transformed into upside-down real images. Little by little, the spectators were themselves being transformed into participants and performers. Time passed imperceptibly. At one point, the chief project engineer of Takenaka Komuten, a dour Japanese who had not been seen to smile for six months, stood all by himself on the berm, doing a strenuous dance with three of the silks, shaking and whipping them with both arms and eventually winding himself up in them and subsiding vividly to the floor amid wild applause. "My God, this is *it!*" Larry Owens said. "This is how it ought to be. No program, no nothing—just all this marvellous hardware." Unfortunately, by this time the Pepsi-Cola executives had gone home.

Donald M. Kendall, the president of PepsiCo, Inc., arrived in Osaka on March 12th. Kendall was the chairman of the Emergency Committee for American Trade, an extremely high-level delegation of American business-

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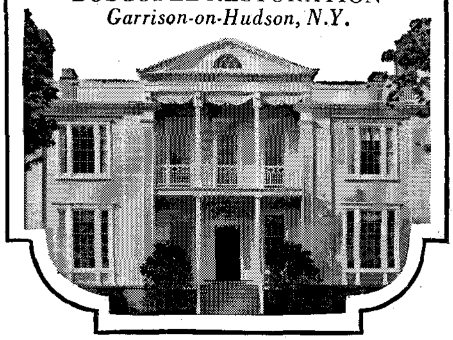

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men who had come over to see what could be done about solving some of the tariff and import-quota problems that were disturbing trade relations between the United States and Japan. On his arrival in Tokyo the day before, Kendall had made a statement that rather ruffled Japanese sensibilities—the Japanese, he said, would have to liberalize some of their trade and investment policies if they expected American businessmen to help hold off protectionist pressures in the United States—and there had been a few personal attacks on him in the Japanese press as a result. This had led to a certain increase in the nervousness of Collins and the other Pepsi employees at the pavilion. When Kendall and his entourage came through the pavilion on March 12th, however, he gave every indication of being delighted with what he saw. Klüver took him on a tour, pointing out what had been accomplished and demonstrating some of the unforeseen optical effects of the mirror dome. The most striking of these was what Klüver called "the berm effect." If one person stood on the berm and someone else stood on the plastic-grass floor section on the other side of the room, and they turned their backs to each other and faced the wall, each could converse, in whispers, with the other's upside-down image in the mirror before him. What each of the two actually saw was the virtual image of the other's real image—a real image reflected. The acoustical properties of the hemisphere made it possible to converse in whispers. Klüver had Mr. and Mrs. Kendall try the berm effect, and they were both entranced by it. The mirror, Mrs. Kendall said, was "a toy for grownups." Kendall was extremely surprised to learn that several of the E.A.T. engineers had taken leave from their jobs to work on the project, or else were doing it on their vacation time. The president said he thought E.A.T. had done "a magnificent job." It was the first time any Pepsi executive had ventured a forthright opinion one way or the other, and it cheered Klüver no end.

The third laser tube arrived, intact, on the afternoon of March 12th. Cross and Dr. Garmire, whose special field at Cal Tech is lasers, worked until after midnight getting it installed on a narrow platform suspended from the ceiling of the Clam Room, and they were working at it again at eleven o'clock the next morning, when the Japanese bottlers of Pepsi-Cola began arriving for a private tour of the pavilion before the formal opening ceremonies, which were scheduled for 1 P.M. Kendall,

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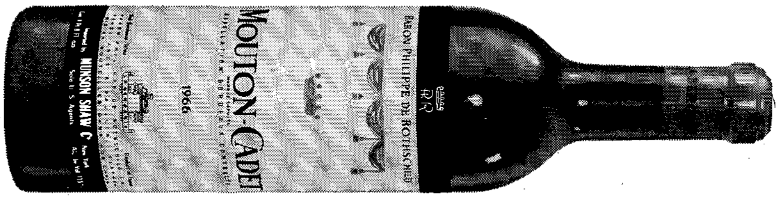

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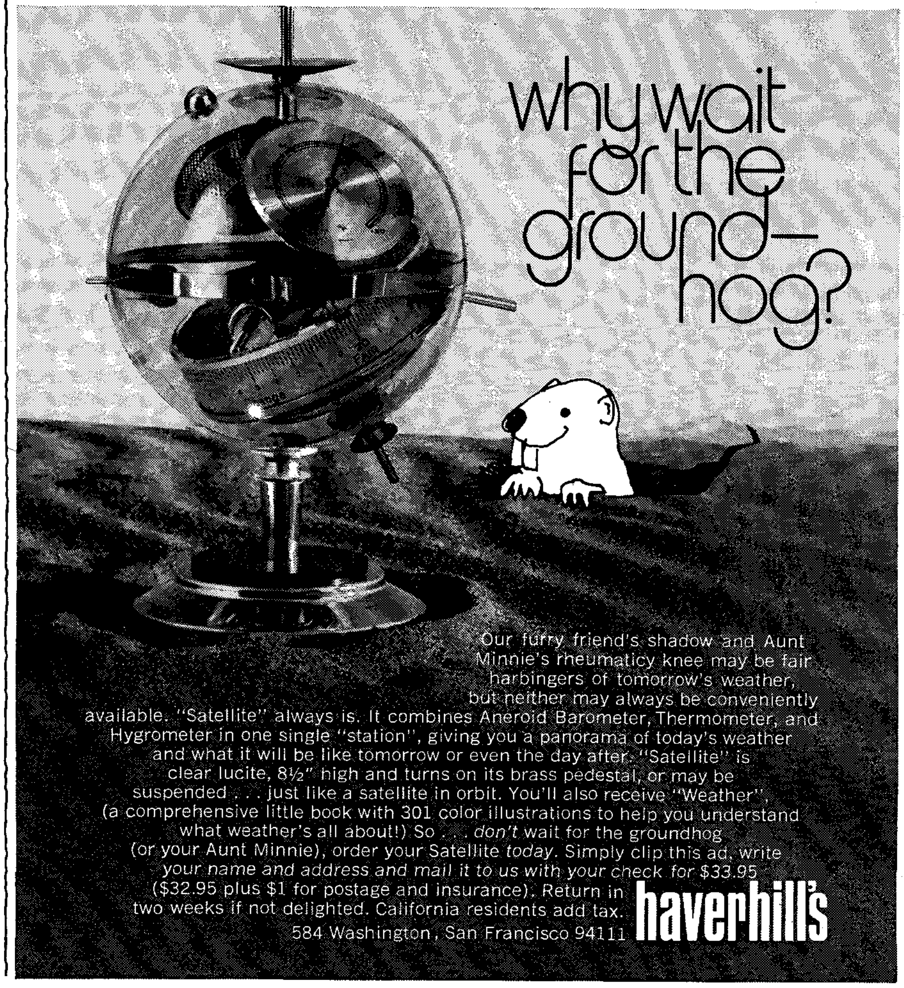

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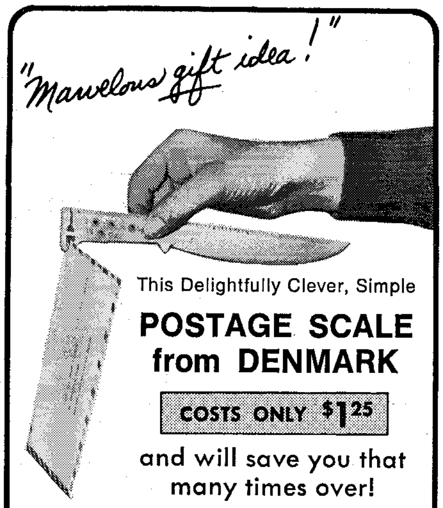
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Pottasch, and the rest of the top Pepsi executives made their appearance at noon and retired to their heated offices to wait for the ceremonies to begin. In spite of Kendall's favorable reaction the day before, Pottasch was worried. "I just wish the sound wasn't all that electronic business," he said. "People get tired of that after five minutes. I wish that once in a while they'd play some kind of melody, something that people could relate to." Katsuhiko Fujiyama, the most important of the Japanese bottlers and the nominal commissioner of the pavilion, joked with Peter K. Warren, the president of PepsiCo International, about the time two years previously when he had volunteered in an expansive moment to put a million yen into the Pepsi pavilion, and had then been unable to get out of it.

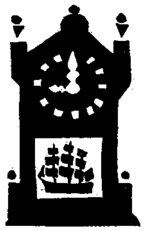
Kendall, a distinguished-looking man with a luxuriant growth of white hair, was telling Mr. Fujiyama's wife about the number of engineers who had taken leaves of absence to work for E.A.T. He said he wanted to give a reception for the E.A.T. people. He also noted, however, that the whole E.A.T. group was too "engulfed" by the project to have an objective point of view about it, and that the real test of the pavilion's success would come with the reactions of people seeing it for the first time, without advance knowledge.

In the mirror dome upstairs, Japanese workmen were setting up an altar for the traditional Shinto dedication ceremony. It was an elaborate structure, curtained off on three sides and laden with fruit, vegetables, *mochi* (boiled, beaten rice), salt, dried fish, and several bottles of *sake*, and it was being set up in the center of the room, directly above the glass floor, which had been covered for the occasion with a blue carpet that effectively cut off the main source of illumination for the Clam Room underneath. This had come as quite a surprise to Klüver, but the Shinto priest seemed to know exactly what he was doing, and it had been thought unwise to interfere with his instructions. Myers, his high spirits restored, stood in front of the altar while his girl took his picture; he was dressed for the occasion in red herringbone trousers and a zebra-striped shirt.

At ten minutes to one, Cross got the krypton laser working perfectly. An interlacing pattern of red, green, blue, and yellow lines, reflected downward from a mirror opposite the laser, looped and flowed across an area half the length of the Clam Room, tracing what the art critic Barbara Rose, who was preparing a book on the E.A.T. operation, called "an electric Pollock." The light played over the faces and clothing of the people walking through it, most of whom were unaware of the effect, and none of whom, fortunately, were blinded by it. Dr. Garmire had recalculated the light factors and decided that they were within safe limits. She stood admiring the patterns for a few minutes before going upstairs for the dedication.

Shortly afterward, the daughter of Emperor Hirohito was ushered down the tube into the Clam Room. Pepsi's public-relations people had scored a major coup in securing such an exalted personage for their opening ceremonies—the Emperor and his son, the Crown Prince, were officiating only at the major national pavilions—and a phalanx of photographers greeted her appearance with volley on volley of flashbulbs. The former Princess Suga (now the wife of a Japanese businessman named Hisanaga Shimazu) proved to be an exquisitely beautiful young woman wearing a white suit in the best tradition of Paris couture. The Pepsi hostesses bowed uncontrollably, like windup toys, as she slowly made her way past the photographers and was escorted up the stairs to the mirror dome.

The Shinto ceremony began promptly at one o'clock and lasted twenty minutes. While three seated, green-robed musicians produced plaintive sounds on bamboo flutes, a white-robed priest alternately chanted, clapped his hands loudly, and thrashed the air with a leafy branch. After about fifteen minutes, he made a complete circuit of the room, thrashing the air at intervals; when he came to the "bumpy road" section of the floor his heavy wooden clogs caught on a bump and nearly sent him sprawling. He returned to the shrine with his dignity unimpaired, placed his branch on the central part of the altar, and proceeded to hand out similar branches to Kendall and the other assembled Pepsi-Cola executives, who came forward one by one to receive them and to place them—with appropriate bows and handclappings—upon the altar. The last to receive and place a branch was Klüver, who looked unusually solemn in a business suit, white shirt, and necktie. This concluded the Shinto part of the ceremony.



Brief addresses followed, by Kendall, who said that Pepsi-Cola was proud of what "searching minds and

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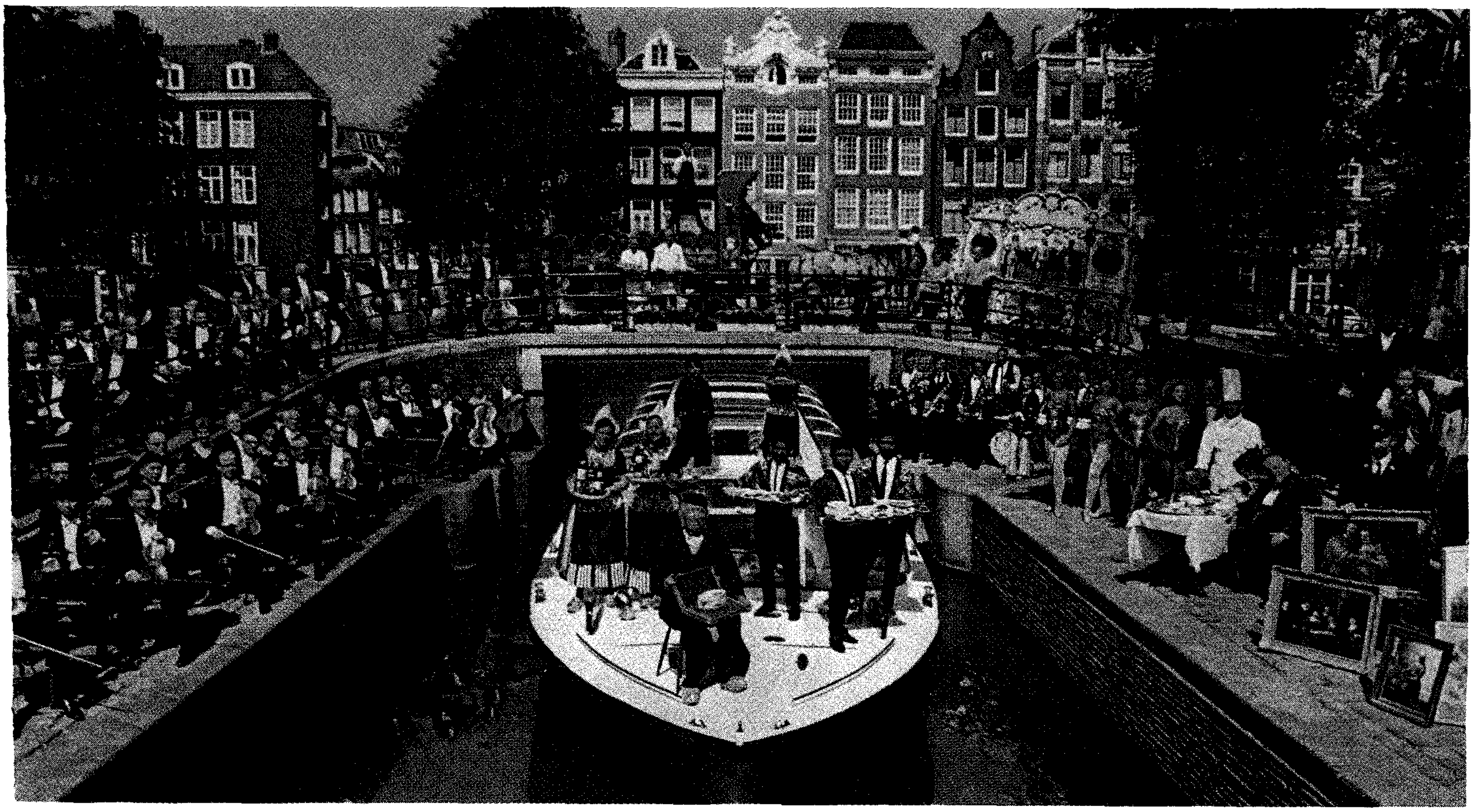

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skilled hands have created here;" by Mr. Fujiyama, who spoke in Japanese; and, finally, by Klüver. Klüver said that Pepsi-Cola had shown "enormous vision" in sponsoring the project, and prophesied that the pavilion would "set a precedent in the new corporate participation in the arts."

Tethered by a red ribbon to one corner of the altar throughout the ceremony was a large helium balloon, bearing aloft one of Charlip's somewhat wrinkled China silks. Immediately after Klüver's speech, the Princess was led forward to the berm, where she posed for photographers while holding the balloon's ribbon in one hand. Unnoticed, Kendall went over to the control console, where one of the engineers showed him which button to press to lower the winch light. The Princess cut the ribbon, Kendall pushed the button, and the balloon floated up past the winch light coming down. Rippling light filled the mirror and thunder rolled around the room from thirty-seven speakers. The Pepsi pavilion, ready or not, was officially open.

ON the day of the Expo opening, a nearby "aerial snack bar" suffered a mechanical failure that trapped about a hundred people—many of them reporters and Expo officials—aloft in glass cages for upward of three hours. Compared to this disaster, the E.A.T. problems seemed almost manageable, although from an engineering point of view the pavilion was still only about fifty per cent operational. The console had fallen far short of its promise; many of its intricate switching functions were still unusable. Fred Waldhauer and Skip Savard, another electrical engineer, were working with Owens on the console; Owens' nerves were visibly frayed, however, and he spoke of going away for a few days to preserve his sanity. The lighting system in the mirror dome remained highly recalcitrant. The fog and the moving floats worked splendidly, but both presented problems of another sort. Pottasch and several other Pepsi executives were worried that visitors would not realize that the floats were moving or making sounds. They urged Breer to speed up the motors and increase the volume of the tape players inside. Breer listened politely and suggested that perhaps Pottasch was suffering from "motion anxiety." To Breer, one of the most interesting things about the floats was their surprise element—people suddenly realizing, with a slight shock, that the floats were moving. Their speed and volume were exactly the way he

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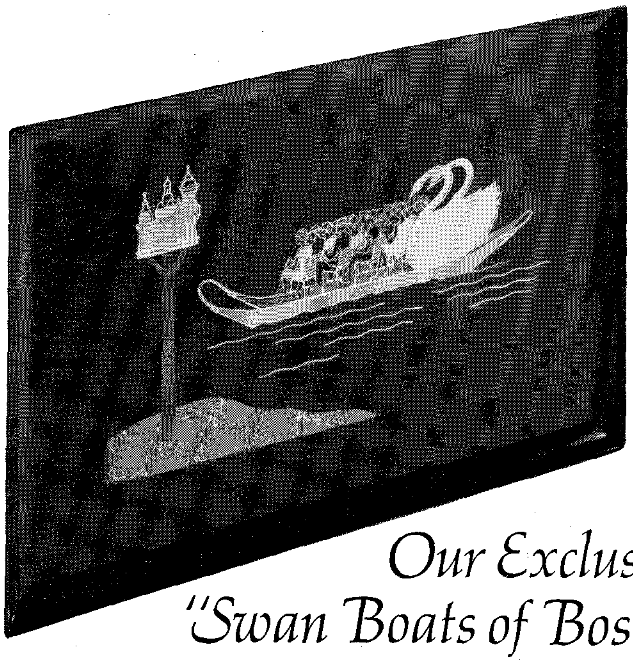

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wanted them, and if people failed to notice the floats that was their problem.

There was no danger that anyone would fail to notice the fog. In fact, whenever it was turned on, some neighboring pavilion or concession lodged a frantic complaint. The manager of the Amphitheatre had finally gone to the Expo authorities about it, with the result that on the day following the Pepsi opening Klüver was informed that any further fogbanks would cause Pepsi's water *and* electricity to be shut off. Klüver had learned by this time that in Japan it is standard business practice to issue an ultimatum and then negotiate, and after considerable discussion E.A.T. agreed to put up a "fog trap"—a large polyethylene net—between its pavilion and the Amphitheatre.

Expo '70 opened to the general, paying public on Sunday, March 15th, to a crowd that was much smaller than had been expected. Even so, there were huge lines in front of the major pavilions, with the biggest crowds waiting patiently for hours to get a look at the United States pavilion's moon rock. For most of the day, in spite of a wet snow that began falling toward mid-afternoon, a line of some sort waited to get into the Pepsi pavilion. The line built up each time the fog was turned on, but then so did the complaints from nearby pavilions and concessions, as a result of which it was on for only about two hours all told.

Although a depressing majority of the Japanese fairgoers passed through the Pepsi pavilion in exactly the same way as they passed through all the others, keeping rigidly to the shuffling, rapid gait that Klüver would later call "the Expo trot," quite a few of the younger visitors did react to the mirror dome with wonder and delight. The red-coated Pepsi hostesses, responding to Klüver's pleas, took a much more active part than they had on previous occasions. They explained to visitors about the real and virtual images, and showed children how, if they threw a hat in the air, the hat's real image appeared to soar faster and faster up to the ceiling. Nearly every child had on a hat of some sort, so the dome was full of rising and falling headgear. Some of the children became a little overexcited once they found that there was no formal exhibit to look at. By noon, several sections of the floor were showing evidence of youthful exuberance; the edges of the berm were scuffed ragged, and at least half the rubber tiles of the bounce floor had come loose. Shortly after 3 P.M., a Japanese teen-age boy, who had discovered that by shaking the

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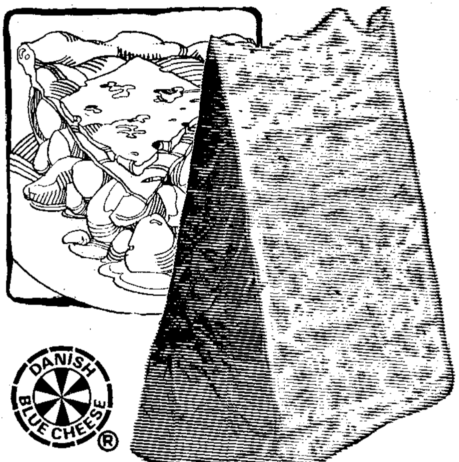

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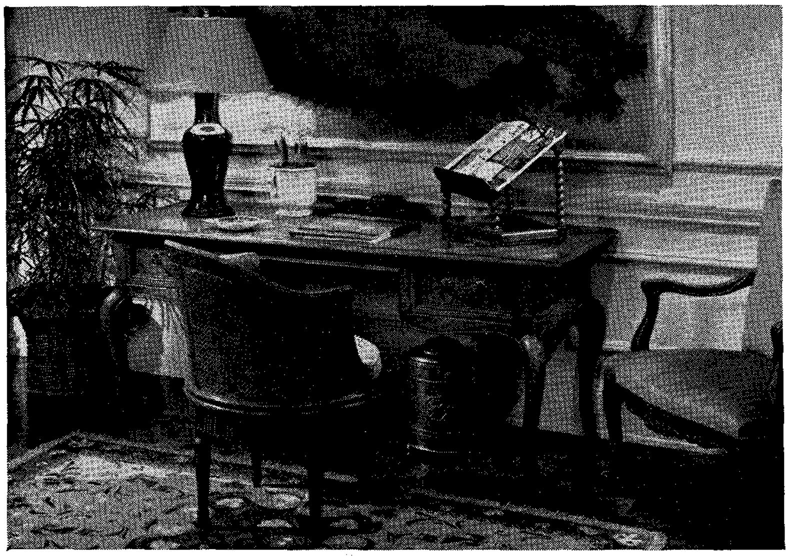
handset he could make the light in its bottom end flash off and on, shook too hard and sent the handset crashing through the mirror wall at eye level. The balloon had to be deflated to its silvery-prune condition, and it remained that way for forty minutes, until Owens taped the rip. The culprit seemed properly contrite, and no one thought that his act had been deliberate. Anticipated student protests at the opening had failed to live up to expectations, for that matter; all that the massed concentrations of Japanese police had to cope with was a small left-wing group handing out leaflets saying that the government should spend its money on schools and housing instead of world's fairs, and an even smaller right-wing group whose leaflets demanded that the government spend its money on building up Japan's Army and Navy.

At four-thirty that afternoon, Kendall gave a cocktail reception for E.A.T. in a newly furnished V.I.P. lounge behind Pepsi's pavilion offices. Kendall himself could attend only briefly; he was returning to Tokyo that evening for further trade meetings with Japanese businessmen. By five-thirty, in fact, most of the Pepsi people had left the party. The E.A.T. group stayed on for a while, enjoying the warm lounge and Pepsi's imported Scotch. They might have stayed indefinitely if the team of European photographers who had been documenting the Pepsi pavilion and a few other Expo projects had not come around and asked them all to pose for a group photograph. Everyone trooped outside into the fog and the snow, which was falling heavily now, and, in a rare burst of unanimity, it was decided that the picture should be taken among Breer's floats. Four passing members of a Canadian high-school brass band—the same band that had been silenced several times by E.A.T. fog—were cajoled into coming over and posing with their instruments, and three small Japanese boys ran out of the pavilion line to get in the picture. When it was over, the manager of Pepsi's snack-bar concession, an angular Canadian named Van Godbout, came up to Klüver in something of a rage. No one had come around all day to buy his imported hamburgers, he said, because no one could even see the snack bar through the fog. Klüver gave him a characteristically vague reply; he saw no need to squander diplomacy on concessionaires. There were plenty of other problems to cope with, including a potential new E.A.T. project with which he was becoming rather deeply involved just then. A "project outside



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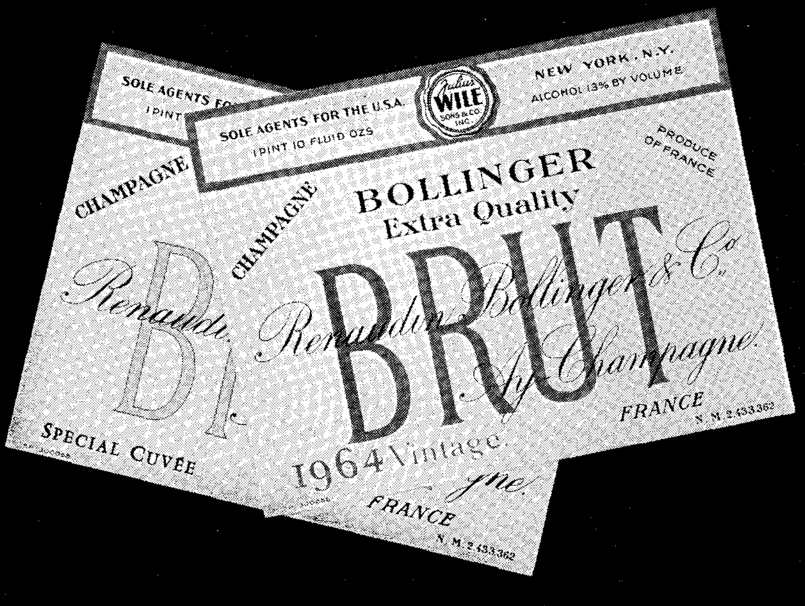

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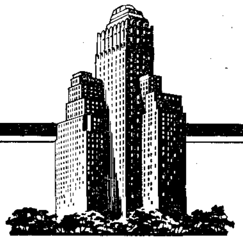
art" on an even larger scale than the Pepsi pavilion, this one concerned a plan to develop educational-television programming that would help the members of a large dairy coöperative in India to improve the processing and distribution of milk from their buffaloes. The chairman of the dairy coöperative had put Klüver in touch with Dr. Vikram Sarabhai, who was chairman of India's Atomic Energy Commission. Dr. Sarabhai had arrived in Japan on March 14th. Klüver gave a dinner for him that evening in Kyoto (which is only about forty minutes by taxi from the Expo site), and Dr. Sarabhai, who had left a Japanese government reception to attend the dinner, spent a long evening talking with Tom Mee, Dr. Garmire, Sig Stenlund, and other engineers who were interested in coöperating with E.A.T. artists on what they referred to as "the buffalo project."

WHEN Klüver stood on the berm during the opening-day ceremonies and praised Pepsi's "enormous vision," which he said would set a precedent for all future collaborations between art and industry, he was simply stating what he had hoped all along would be the case. Klüver saw the Pepsi pavilion as a stepping stone to other and grander projects "outside art," and it came as a severe shock to him to find, in spite of Kendall's warm words, that the precedent was still endangered by the old problems of budgets and operating costs.

The contract for E.A.T.'s maintenance and programming operations at the pavilion had not yet been signed. Once Klüver saw the degree of wear and tear inflicted on the premises by the Expo crowds and calculated some other unforeseen expenses, moreover, he realized that a six months' operating budget of a hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars, which was the sum he and Pottasch had been discussing, would be woefully inadequate. The argument over operating costs dragged on for several more weeks after the opening, complicated by the knotty question of who would own what after Expo closed in September. Pepsi, of course, would keep all the hardware and materials that it had paid for, but Klüver wanted to make sure that the artists retain rights to their own program ideas, tapes, and other items of "software." Early in April, Klüver wrote a letter to Donald Kendall, in which he suggested that Kendall declare the Pepsi pavilion "a work of art;" that way, he said, there "would be no thought of its being used in



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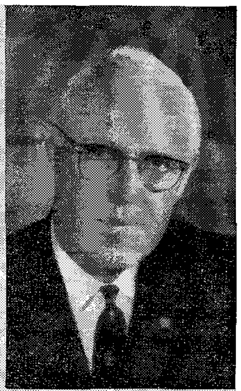

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Asked by Pottasch to propose a new operating budget that E.A.T. considered realistic, Klüver deliberated long and hard. The figure he finally came up with—four hundred and five thousand dollars—cast a very large, very dark cloud over Pepsi's enormous vision. Such a sum, Pottasch said, was utterly out of the question. Klüver insisted that the pavilion could not be run for six months for less. The ominous silence that ensued was broken, on April 20th, by a letter from W. Perry Keats, counsel for Pepsi-Cola Japan, to Robert Mulreany, the lawyer recently retained by E.A.T., stating that inasmuch as Mulreany's client had withdrawn its offer to perform programming operations for the agreed-on figure of a hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars, E.A.T.'s services in the pavilion were no longer required, effective immediately.

Mulreany advised Klüver and his stunned colleagues to go back to New York without arguing the matter, which they did, on April 25th—managing, in spite of Keats' explicit warnings, to remove all their programming tapes from the pavilion before they left. Pottasch, who had returned to Osaka at the peak of the crisis, stayed up all that night getting together substitute tapes, some of which he borrowed from a Japanese television station. For the next few days, the pavilion's thirty-seven loudspeakers filled the mirror dome with band music and the theme song from "It's a Small World," Pepsi's offering at the 1964-65 New York World's Fair.

Having spent several years as a television producer-director before he joined PepsiCo, Inc., Pottasch was not entirely without resources in coping with the emergency. He also had the assistance of Larry Owens, who, alone of all the E.A.T. personnel, agreed to stay on and work for the exhibit. (Owens explained that he felt his primary responsibility was neither to Pepsi nor to E.A.T. but to the equipment that he had spent so much time building and installing.) Within a week, Pottasch, Owens, and the Japanese engineers they were able to recruit had worked out a six-minute, repeatable program for the mirror dome that included what Pottasch described as a "happy section," with lots of light and color and more or less singable melodies, and a more serious, "poetic" section with night-sky effects and electronic sounds. The Pepsi team also made some changes in the Clam Room,

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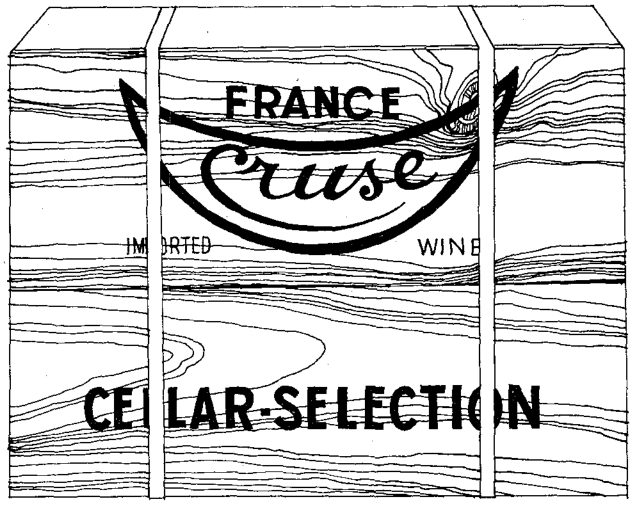

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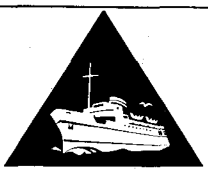

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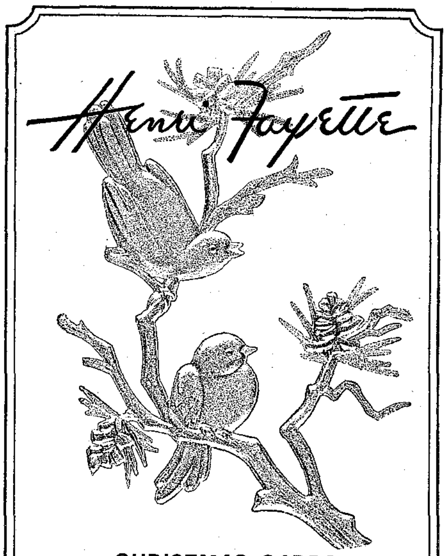
bringing the laser down to the floor, where people could watch it in operation, and on the outdoor plaza, where Breer's floats were speeded up slightly and identified as "moving sculptures." The fog was turned on at intervals, but gingerly. The daily attendance figures were not encouraging.

AMID the tangled wreckage of E.A.T.'s hopes, there was occasional talk of retaliation. It was suggested that Klüver had only to give the word and a militant protest against Pepsi-Cola would be unleashed by Japanese artists, several of whom had signed a telegram to Klüver deploring Pepsi's "imprudent action" at the pavilion. Klüver, however, was anxious to salvage whatever he could, and his mood, though bitter, was conciliatory. He could not fully understand why matters had turned out so badly. He wondered whether the real basis of the dispute had been aesthetic rather than economic—whether Pepsi had just disliked what E.A.T. was doing and decided to put on its own show. Asked about this later, Pottasch conceded that Pepsi had never gone along with E.A.T.'s concept of *constant* experimentation, or even with the idea that there would be twenty-four different programs by twenty-four different artist-programmers during the six-month period. "We wanted to give the artists freedom, and to let them have the experience of working with industry," Pottasch said. "But we also wanted to get a pavilion that would serve our needs, in the sense that people would like it and talk about it. If the program is going to be totally different each week, though, you're never going to get that sort of word-of-mouth working for you. We *have* to think about these things, you know. And if artists want to work with industry, they're going to have to make more of an effort to understand the ground rules we operate under. The corporate people here have been willing to bend those rules quite a lot for the artists, because they realize that artists can't work the same way they do, but I honestly don't feel the artists in this case made an equal effort to understand us or our needs."

In the end, though, Pottasch thought it all came down to the question of money. "If we hadn't been presented with a programming bill that was so far in excess of anything previously suggested, we would still have gone along with their evolving concepts," he said. "But when that happened—and it has to be seen in context, as part of a pattern of constantly escalating costs



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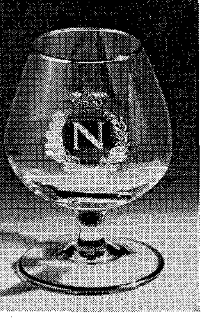

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that had been a problem right from the beginning—we had no alternative."

For a few weeks after the debacle, it seemed that E.A.T., heavily in debt and with all Pepsi funds cut off, might have to go out of business. This threat has now eased, as a result of negotiations carried on by Theodore Kheel with PepsiCo, Inc., for a cash settlement of E.A.T.'s outstanding expenses. Klüver is currently pressing ahead with the buffalo project and other schemes. The notion of projects outside art in which artists and engineers pool their energies to serve social change is far from dead, in any case, although the methods by which such collaborations can be administered and financed remain as uncertain as ever.

The Pepsi project may nevertheless have established some lasting precedents for the individual artists and engineers who were involved with it. The day after Expo opened to the public, for example, Tom Mee was flying home to Pasadena to attend to several business matters that had cropped up in his absence. At dinner in Senriyama Grand Heights the night before, the art critic Barbara Rose had warned him jokingly that he would not be able to get his affairs in order so easily. "You'll see," she said. "You'll get back and try to put the pieces together, and you'll find they won't fit!" Mee was inclined to agree with her. He was thinking of making a contribution to the buffalo project—specifically, by hiring Stenlund and giving him a laboratory in which to work out some of the technological problems. Mee also planned to bring Miss Nakaya to California. He wanted to give her the equipment and the opportunity to make fog sculptures in the desert—"not for any particular reason," he said. "Just because I'd like to see them."

Immediately after takeoff from the Osaka airport, Mee unfastened his seat belt and, to the stewardess's annoyance, went across the aisle to look back at Expo '70. The site was already vanishing under low clouds, but two structures on it were clearly visible: the Soviet pavilion, whose forty-foot sickle-shaped roof made it the fair's tallest building, and the Pepsi pavilion—or, rather, its enveloping cloud of fog. The fog, he noted with pleasure, was going full blast. —CALVIN TOMKINS

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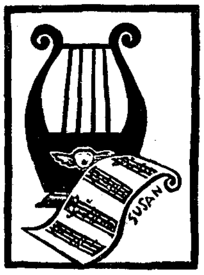
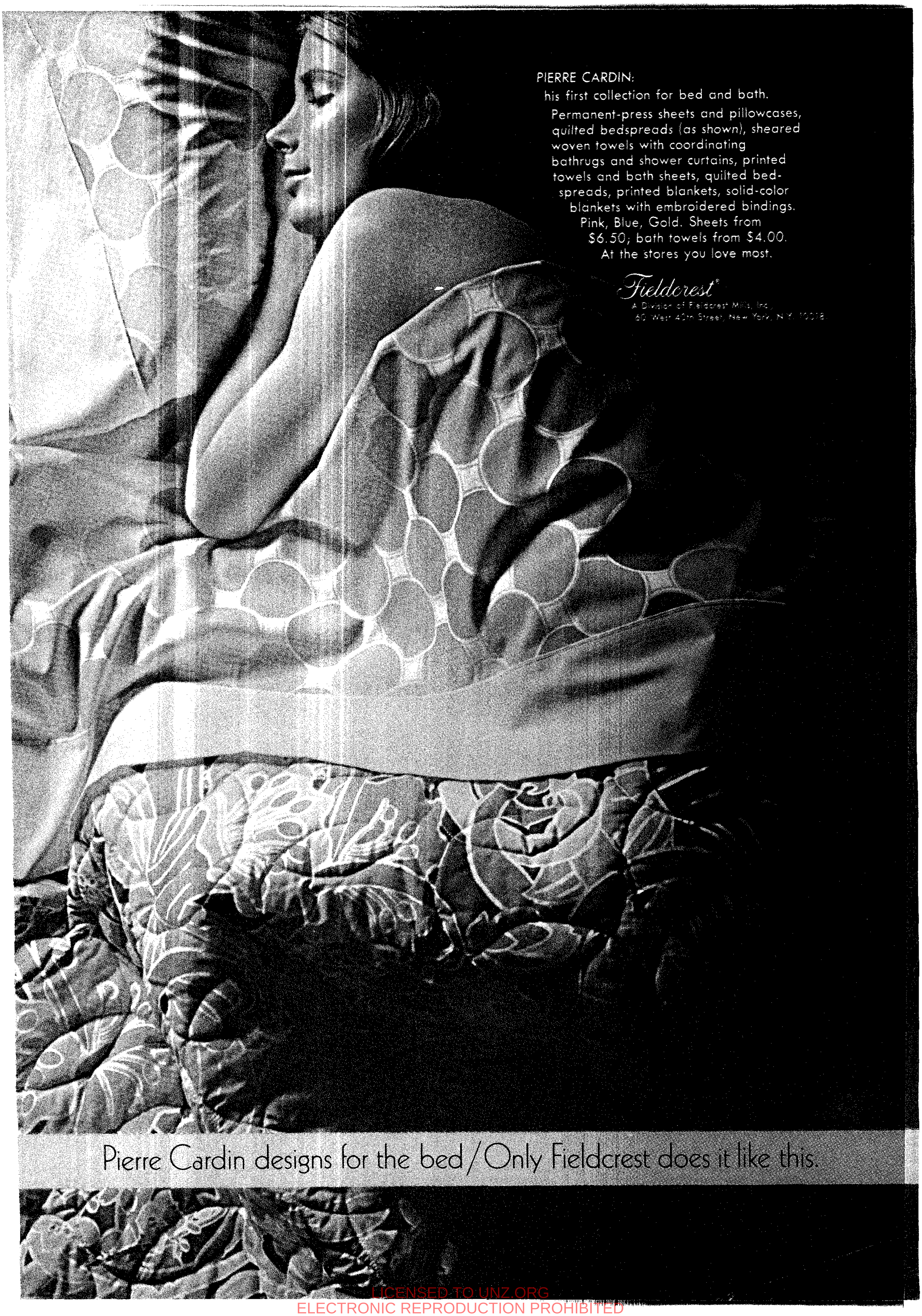
MUSICAL EVENTS

Sticks and Stones

IT is a well-known fact that Joan Sutherland makes her arrangements with various opera houses in a way that enables her husband, Richard Bonynge, to do the conducting of those operas in which she appears. These arrangements have meant that the performances of "Norma," for example, that we have heard in recent years have been redeemed only by the brilliant singing that Miss Sutherland and her colleagues provide, for Mr. Bonynge is a very poor conductor. But that is the way the great coloratura soprano wants it, and it must be said in fairness that this is not the first instance on record of a famous opera singer's demanding the conductor of her choice. This season, however, Mr. Bonynge has been branching out to conduct operas in which his wife does *not* happen to be singing. The disastrous "La Traviata" of the week before last was an instance of this. And last Friday night, in a brand-new production of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice," Mr. Bonynge turned up again in the orchestra pit. The result was that one of the purest of operas from a musical standpoint got an extremely ragged performance. From the very beginning of the overture, he seemed unable to keep the orchestra together. Later on, there were serious lapses, too. But the most disheartening feature of all was that "Orfeo ed Euridice" plodded along with no elegance of classical line, no sense of form, no propulsion, no feeling of continuity. It is a very easy opera to conduct; most of its music is leisurely and clear in outline. Consequently, Mr. Bonynge did not actually get lost, as he did in the "Traviata" of the week before. But it was a bad show. I cannot help wondering why Mr. Bing can let this sort of thing take place. There are dozens of young American conductors, and probably some deserving students at Juilliard, who would love to use the Metropolitan as a place to learn how to conduct—which is exactly what Mr. Bonynge is doing. For an opera house that regards itself as the world's greatest, and sometimes is, this sort of thing is a dreadful departure from standards of quality. It is perhaps merely the most spectacular instance of Mr. Bing's long record of seeming indifference where conductors are concerned—an indifference that led long ago to the resignations of such able maestros as the late George Szell and the late Fritz Reiner. Aside from Herbert von Karajan, who recently brought two items from his version of Wagner's "Ring," already packaged in Salzburg, and an occasional appearance by Karl Böhm, Josef Krips, and such younger men as Thomas Schippers and Claudio Abbado, the Metropolitan pit has been largely inhabited by mediocrities. This has had a peculiar effect not only on operatic production but on the public's musical taste. The Bing regime has been big on lavish and expensive spectacles and on famous star singers. But, musically, things have gone from bad to worse. And after twenty years of Mr. Bing's policies even the Met's public seems to have lost its musical sensibilities. The other night, when booing should have rung out throughout the auditorium, Mr. Bonynge was applauded and even took a bow.



The new production, too, was an example of Mr. Bing's methods. Again, as in the case of "La Traviata," "Elektra," and several other operas, a beautiful old production had been scrapped in favor of an inferior new one. I cannot easily forget the utterly lovely and simple production choreographed by Zachary with Alicia Markova, several years ago (and for which, to give him credit, Mr. Bing was also responsible). The new production is, to say the least, vulgar. Milko Sparemblek, the Met's new choreographer, has produced a mishmash, half of it a fourth-rate imitation of what Martha Graham does so brilliantly, the other half—I am thinking of the Elysian Fields episode—totally lacking in spiritual atmosphere. The whole thing, the other night, looked very much like something that might have been put on at Radio City Music Hall. The sets and costumes, by Rolf Gérard, were, I suppose, adequate (one wondered, though, how Orfeo managed to take along a complete change of wardrobe on his way to Hades), but they were lost in the continual hubbub of Mr. Sparemblek's choreography. Then there was the singing. Under other circumstances (viz., with a conductor of some stature to support her), Grace Bumbry would have made a fine Orfeo. She is not a great actress, but her voice has the requisite range as well as considerable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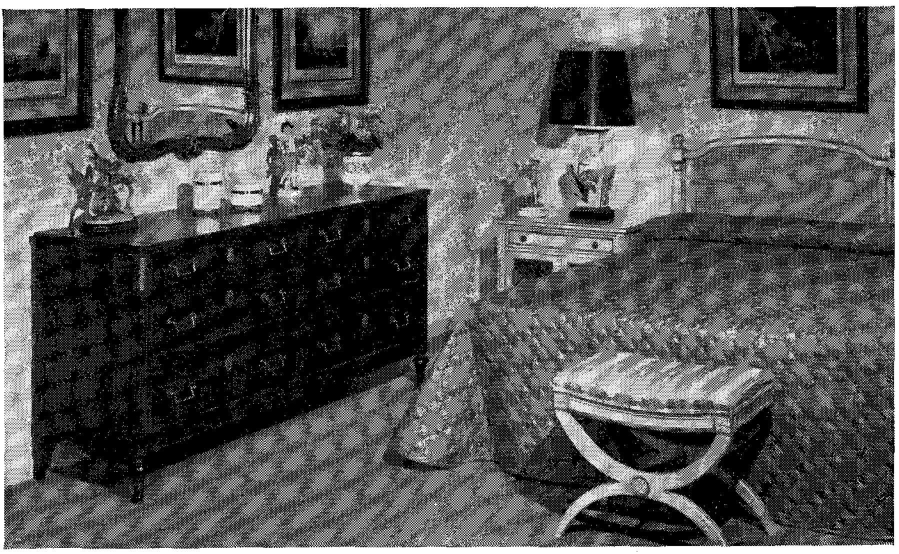
emotional power. Gabriella Tucci was certainly an acceptable Euridice, and Gail Robinson, though her voice sounded very small, sang her role as Amor with good intonation and phrasing.

I need not add that I hate to say all this when the Metropolitan is suffering from severe box-office trouble. The old "sold-out" signs have disappeared except for the few performances in which Miss Sutherland, or somebody of comparable drawing power, appears. The fact is that at present you can walk up to the box office on most nights and buy a seat just before the curtain goes up. The drop in the stock market has done away, I hope temporarily, with the legend that the Met plays to a full house every night.

THE New York Philharmonic opened its season last week with two programs—the first a pension-fund benefit affair on Tuesday night, and the second a program (I attended the Thursday-night performance) in memory of Sir John Barbirolli and George Szell, two great conductors of the old school who died during the summer. The conductor at both events was Leonard Bernstein. The Tuesday-night program consisted of Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture, the same composer's Fourth Symphony, and Rachmaninoff's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 3, with the young Soviet pianist Alexander Slobodyanik as soloist. The performances were on the robust side, and Mr. Slobodyanik again proved himself to be a very good pianist of the impetuous Romantic type. But whenever I see Mr. Bernstein after a lapse of time, I am freshly shocked by his podium dramatics. True, the orchestra plays quite well for him, but when he gets into the Romantic repertoire, as he did in the Rachmaninoff, he jumps into the air, bends his knees, assumes a suffering-Jesus expression, reaches for Heaven, and stamps his feet like a flamenco dancer. All this drama means very little to the orchestra. Mr. Bernstein has a fairly clear beat, and *this* is what the orchestra follows. The dramatic gestures merely show how the music makes Mr. Bernstein feel—something that those in the audience who cannot feel the music themselves may find helpful but something that experienced concertgoers can only view with dismay. However, Mr. Bernstein is a pioneer—the first American conductor to reach the position of top-rank maestro—and therefore he deserves our indulgence. I thank Heaven, though, that a whole generation of gifted young American maestros is



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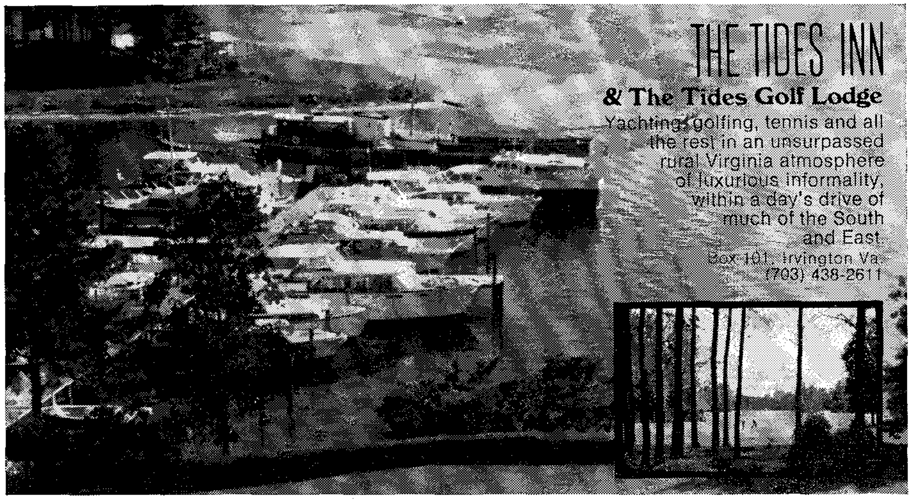

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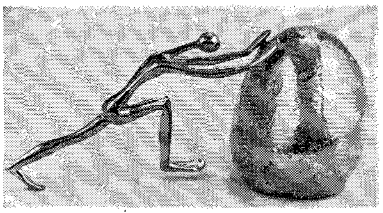

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The memorial concert on Thursday night was devoted entirely to Gustav Mahler's Ninth Symphony, a work that Mr. Bernstein does rather well. It is a great symphony—perhaps the last of the great symphonies, certainly the last of those emerging from the Central European symphonic tradition (if one disregards the unfinished Tenth, which has its own claims to greatness). The music is decadent, but it represents the decadence of the German and Austrian school of symphonic composition, and there has been none other in any way like it. The music is also among the most personal that has ever been composed. Any steps further in the direction of subjectivity on the part of a composer would result in chaos. Everything Mahler wrote toward the end of his life was autobiographical, and the portrait is of a deeply troubled man, expressing his preoccupation with death, his often self-mocking sentimentality, his great sophistication, which is superior to that sentimentality, and his ambivalence of mind. He was a sort of Charles Chaplin of music—and by that I do not mean any derogation. Mr. Bernstein's performance of the symphony was again on the robust side. I have heard more searching readings of this score. But he managed to convey most of its tragicomic feeling and most of the sense of real tragedy with which the symphony ends. As a tribute to Barbirolli and Szell, it was appropriate. Both of them had conducted the work many times, and Mr. Bernstein's sensitive performance reminded us of what we have lost with the departure of these two Old Masters. A generation gap has ensued. Now nearly all our hopes rest in youth, and in the prayer that youth will not forget these men as examples.

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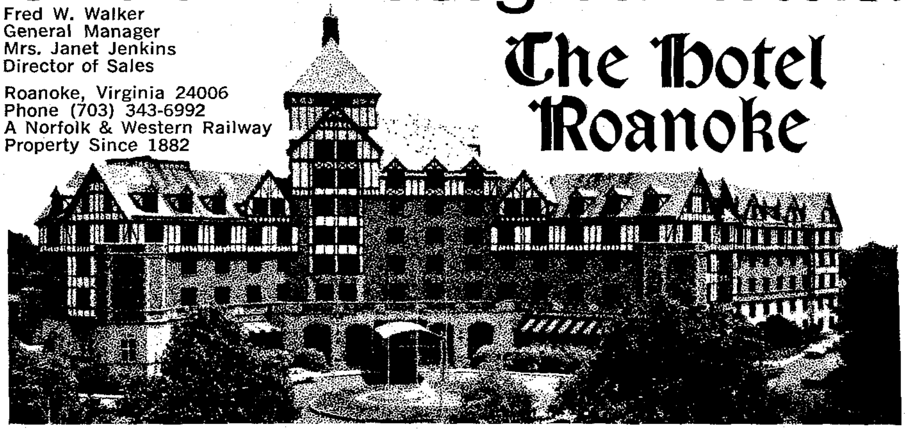

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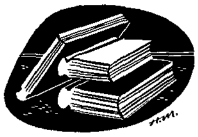
BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

Shaw: An Autobiography 1898-1950: The Playwright Years (Weybright & Talley). Stanley Weintraub, the editor of this second fine collection of Shavian writings (as well as of the first, which covered the years 1856-98), has selected such entertaining bits and pieces of Shaw about Shaw (a subject Shaw was never reticent about, except when he wanted to be) and has arranged them so unobtrusively that the reader is likely to forget that Shaw never wrote an autobiography. There are Shaw's thoughts on jury duty, life imprisonment, religion, and immortality (noted when he was over ninety). There is his essay on how to write a play ("If you can't write a play without being taught, don't"). There is an admission that he does not consider himself to be a "really great author," and the naming of the plays he thought of as potboilers ("Pygmalion," "Fanny's First Play," "You Never Can Tell," and "The Devil's Disciple"). There is a list of persons who served him as models for characters in his plays (Gilbert Murray, Sidney Webb, Lloyd George, and Jaggers in Dickens' "Great Expectations"). There are wonderful pages on his relationship with Beerbohm Tree, and an affecting passage on his sister Lucy, who died of starvation at sixty-five while holding his hand. (During the First World War, Lucy, shell-shocked by anti-aircraft fire, had lost her appetite, and she never regained it. This is the only thing in the book, really, that touches on Shaw's private life.) There is an homage to Rodin, as adulatory as any schoolboy's to his hero. And, finally, there is his will, a forty-seven-clause affair, with its unguarded and somehow moving hint ("my dead body shall be cremated and its ashes . . . scattered in the garden . . . unless some other disposal of them should be . . . more eligible") that he wished to be buried in Westminster Abbey. Photographs. Ten dollars.



Wolves in the City: The Death of French Algeria, by Paul Henissart (Simon & Schuster). This book tells a complicated, terrible, gripping story of intrigue and action—of plots, counterplots, war, and terrorism. Two groups—the French Army and the European-descended Algerians—expected that de Gaulle's assumption of power in 1958 would preserve Algeria as part of France. Both felt betrayed when de Gaulle opened negotiations with the Algerian rebels. The civilians looked to the Army to rescue them, but when the French generals in Algeria attempted rebellion they were half-hearted, irresolute, and ineffectual, and they got beaten. Thereafter, the movement for maintaining the connection with France fell for the most part into the hands of oddballs, second-raters, crackpots, and killers. The ideal of European-Muslim coöperation, to which many Algerians of all backgrounds had held, faded in the face of atrocities these men perpetrated. Some of the leaders of the O.A.S. may be called Fascists and others simply believed that France still had a "*mission civilisatrice*," but most lacked even that much philosophical coherence; all they had in common was bitterness. Mr. Henissart writes with remarkable impartiality. He describes a huge, exotic cast—some characters are out of Joseph Conrad and some out of Graham Greene, and some have not yet been invented in fiction—so brilliantly that the work, besides historical importance, achieves artistic value.

The Real Majority: An Extraordinary Examination of the American Electorate, by Richard M. Scammon and Ben J. Wattenberg (Coward-McCann). This guide to the behavior of American voters is written for American voters and American politicians. In their earlier collaboration, "This U.S.A.," the authors examined the entire population as it was revealed by the census (Scammon used to be its director); here they study more deeply the segment of the population that goes to the polls. They find that "middleness" is the voters' outstanding quality: they are middle-aged, have middle incomes, and are searching for what, in their opinion, are middle-of-the-road positions on issues. The authors predict that the most important issue during the nineteen-seventies will be what they

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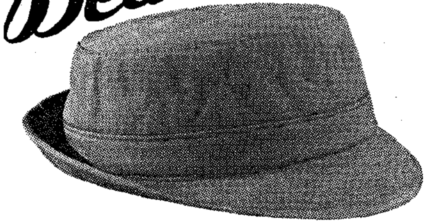

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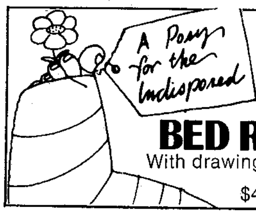
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call the "social issue"—behavior that these voters find distressing, such as violent crime, student militancy, black rioting, drug-taking, and, to a lesser degree, the relaxation of laws against pornography. To complicate the work of political leaders, some of these problems—particularly crime—are entangled with race, and while the Middle Americans' attitude on race has grown steadily more understanding and egalitarian, they have become fearful and bitter about the rise in crime. The authors examine their manifold subject carefully and bring it down to earth in their analyses of recent mayoralty elections. Probably their best advice to the reader is to assume that voters' decisions are rational; the other fellow is as smart as you are, though his troubles may be different.

NOTE: The New York Graphic Society has published "The New Yorker Album of Art & Artists," a selection of cartoons specifically concerned with art. All of them, it need hardly be said, first appeared in these pages.... Thirty of Dorothy Parker's book reviews written for this magazine between 1927 and 1933 have been reprinted by Viking under the title "Constant Reader," her byline of the time.... Simon & Schuster has published "My Crowd," a collection of cartoons by Charles Addams dating from 1937 to the present. Nearly all of them first appeared in *The New Yorker*.... Anthony West's novel "David Rees, Among Others" has been published by Random House. Four of its seven chapters were originally printed in this magazine.

•

White Hawk, a thirtyish toothless veteran of eight years on the road, rises, a snake skull dangling from a leather thong around his neck, a knife stuck in the top of one of his worn fringe boots. He is tripping on mescaline, and he has his dog, Shatunga, stoned too. White Hawk moves toward an approaching tourist, the dog staggering behind him, muttering, "Come on, tourist, I gotta make my bread for today."—*Newsweek.*

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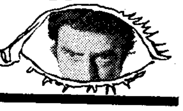

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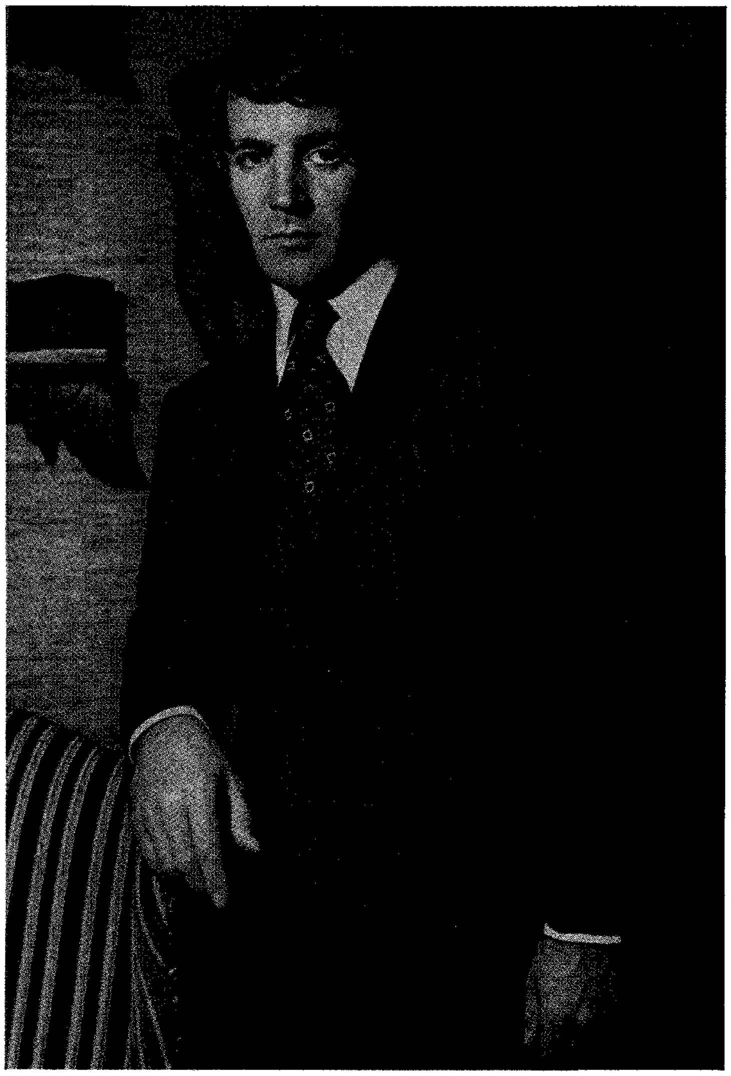

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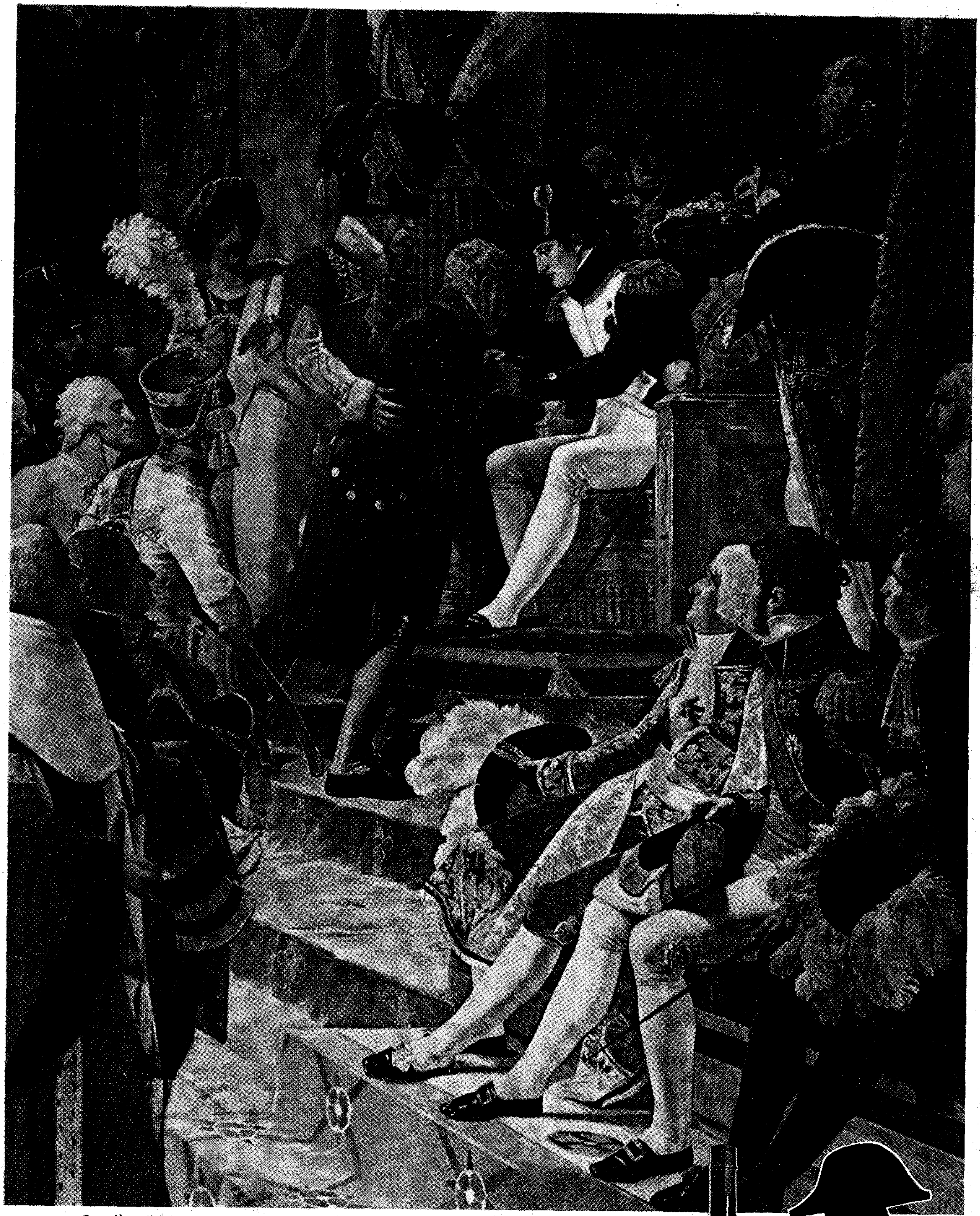

Première distribution des croix de la Légion D'Honneur. Detail from the painting by Jean-Baptiste Debret (1768-1848). On July 14, 1804, officers and soldiers of the Guard, magistrates, artists and other dignitaries came to the throne of Napoleon to receive the cross of the newly-formed Legion of Honor.

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